

THE BOYS OWN PAPER

Quicquid agunt pueri nostri farrago libelli.

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Frontispiece—First Come: First Served.

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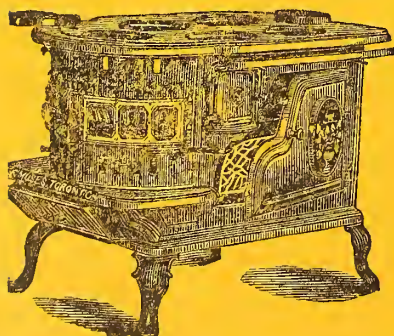
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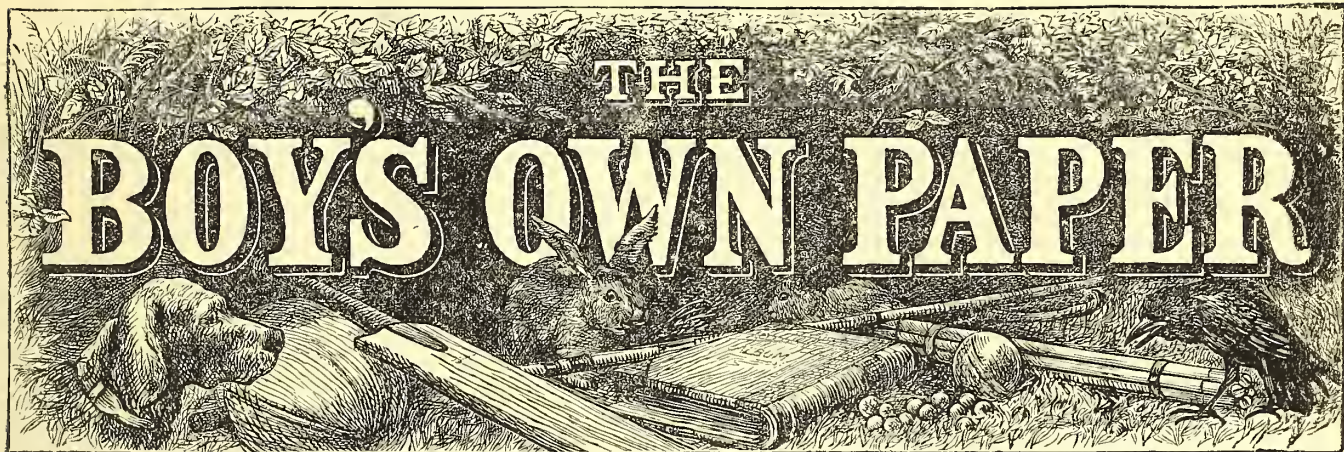
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"FIRST COME FIRST SERVED."

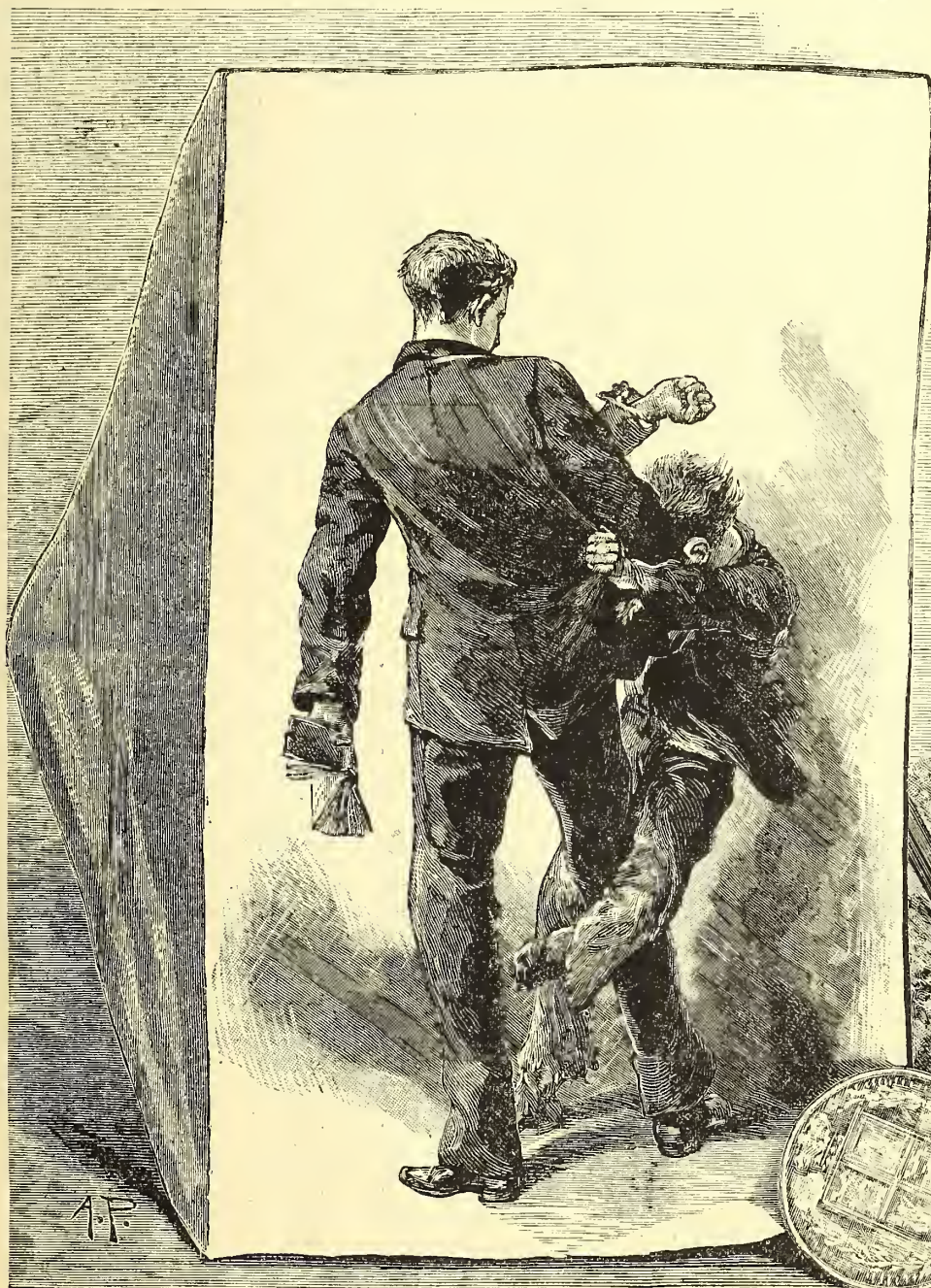
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REGINALD CRUDEN:

A
TALE OF CITY LIFE.

BY

TALBOT BAINES REED,
*Author of "My Friend Smith,"
etc., etc.*

CHAPTER XIV.—THE SELECT
AGENCY CORPORATION LOSES
ITS OFFICE BOY.

MR. MEDLOCK duly appeared next morning. He greeted the new secretary with much friendliness, hoped he had a good journey, and left them all well at home, and so on. He further hoped Reginald would find his new quarters

"Flung himself, tooth and nail, on Reginald."

comfortable. Most unfortunately they had missed securing the lease of a very fine suite of offices in Lord Street, and had to put up with these for the present. Reginald must see everything was comfortable; and as of course he would be pretty closely tied to the place (for the directors would not like the offices left in charge of a mere office-boy), he must make it as much of a home as possible.

As to money, salaries were always paid quarterly, and on Christmas Day Reginald would receive his first instalment. Meanwhile, as there were sure to be a few expenses, Reginald would receive five pounds on account (a princely allowance, equal to about thirteen shillings a week for the eight weeks between now and Christmas!)

The directors, Mr. Medlock said, placed implicit confidence in the new secretary. He was authorised to open all letters that came. Any money they might contain he was strictly to account for and pay into the bank daily to Mr. Medlock's account. He needn't send receipts, Mr. Medlock would see to that. Any orders that came he was to take copies of, and then forward them to Mr. John Smith, Weaver's Hotel, London, "to be called for," for execution. He would have to answer the questions of any who called to make inquiries, without of course disclosing any business secrets. In fact, as the aim of the Corporation was to supply their supporters with goods at the lowest possible price, they naturally met with a good deal of jealousy from tradesmen and persons of that sort, so that Reginald must be most guarded in all he said. If it became known how their business was carried on, others would be sure to attempt an imitation; and the whole scheme would fail.

"You know, Mr. Reginald," said he—

"Excuse me," interrupted Reginald, "I'm afraid you're mistaken about my name. You've printed it Cruden Reginald, it should be Reginald Cruden."

"Dear me, how extraordinarily unfortunate!" said Mr. Medlock; "I quite understood that was your name. And the unlucky part of it is, we have got all the circulars printed and many of them circulated. I have also given your name as Mr. Reginald to the directors, and advertised it, so that I don't see what can be done, except to keep it as it is. After all, it is a common thing, and it would put us to the greatest inconvenience to alter it now. Dear me, when I saw you in London I called you Mr. Reginald, didn't I?"

"No, sir, you called me Mr. Cruden."

"I must have supposed it was your Christian name, then."

"Perhaps it doesn't matter much," said Reginald; "and I don't wish to put the directors to any trouble."

"To be sure—I knew you would not. Well, I was saying, Reginald (that's right, whatever way you take it), the directors look upon you as a gentleman of character and education, and are satisfied to allow you to use your discretion and good sense in conducting their business. You have their names, which you can show to any one. They are greatly scattered, so that our Board meetings will be rare. Meanwhile they will be glad to hear how you are getting on, and will, I know, appreciate and recognise your services. By the way, I believe I mentioned (but really my memory is so

bad) that we should ask you to qualify to the extent of £50 in the shares of the company?"

"Oh yes, I have the cheque here," said Reginald, taking it out of his pocket.

"That's right. And of course you will give yourself a receipt for it in the company's name. Curious, isn't it?"

With which pleasant Mr. Medlock departed, promising to look in frequently, and meanwhile to send in a fresh directory marked and some new circulars for him to get on with.

Reginald, not quite sure whether it was all as good as he expected, set to work without delay to put into practice the various instructions he had received.

Mr. Medlock's invitation to him to see everything was comfortable could hardly be fully realised on 13s. a week. That must wait for Christmas, and meanwhile he must make the best of what he had.

He set Love to work folding and enclosing the new circulars (this time calling attention to some extremely cheap globes and blackboards for ladies' and infants' schools), while he drew himself up a programme of his daily duties in accordance with his impression of the directors' wishes. The result of this was that he came to the conclusion he should have his hands very full indeed, a possibility he by no means objected to.

But it was not clear to him how he was to get much outdoor exercise or recreation, or how he was to go to church on Sundays, or even to the bank on week-days, if the office was never to be left either wholly or in charge of the office-boy. On this point he consulted Mr. Medlock when he called in later in the day, and arranged that for two hours on Sunday, and an hour every evening, besides the necessary walk to the bank, he might lock up the office and take his walks abroad. Whereat he felt grateful and a little relieved.

It was not till about four days after his arrival that the first crop of circulars sown among the clergy yielded their first-fruits. On that day it was a harvest with a vengeance. At least 150 letters arrived. Most of them contained the two pounds and an order for the suit. In some cases most elaborate measurements accompanied the order. Some asked for High Church waistcoats, others for Low; some wished for wideawake hats, others for broad-brimmed clericals. Some sent extra money for a schoolboy's suit as well, and some contained instructions for a complete family outfit. All were very eager about the matter, and one or two begged that the parcel might be sent marked "private."

Reginald had a busy day from morning till nearly midnight, entering and paying in the cash and forwarding the orders to Mr. John Smith. He organised a beautiful tabular account, in which were entered the name and address of each correspondent, the date of their letters, the goods they ordered, and the amount they enclosed, and before the day was over the list had grown to a startling extent.

The next day brought a similar number of applications and remittances as to the globes and blackboards, and of course some more also about the clerical suits. And so, from day to day, the post showered letters in at the door, and the secretary of the Select Agency Corporation was one of the hardest worked men in Liverpool.

Master Love meanwhile had very little time for his "Penny Dreadfuls," and complained bitterly of his hardships. And indeed he looked so pale and unhealthy that Reginald began to fear the constant "licking" was undermining his constitution, and ordered him to use a sponge instead of his tongue. But on this point Love's loyalty made a stand. Nothing would induce him to use the artificial expedient. He deliberately made away with the sponge, and after a battle royal was allowed his own way, and continued to lick till his tongue literally claved to the roof of his mouth.

By the end of a fortnight the first rush of work was over, and Reginald and his henchman had time to draw breath. Mr. Medlock had gone to London, presumably to superintend the dispatch of the various articles ordered.

It was about this time that Reginald had written home to Horace complaining of the dulness of his life, and begging him to repay Blandford the 6s. 6d. which had been weighing like lead on his mind ever since he left town, and which he now despaired of ever being able to spare out of the slender pittance on which he was doomed to subsist till Christmas. Happily that festive season was only a few weeks away now, and then how delighted he should be to send home a round half of his income, and convince himself he was after all a main prop to that dear distant little household.

Had he been gifted with ears sharp enough to catch a conversation that took place at the "Bodega" in London one evening about the same time, the Christmas spirit within him might have experienced a considerable chill.

The company consisted of Mr. Medlock, Mr. Shanklin, and Mr. Durfy. The latter was present by sufferance, not because he was wanted or invited, but because he felt inclined for a good supper, and was sharp enough to know that neither of his employers could afford to fall out with him just then.

"Well, how goes it?" said Mr. Shanklin. "You've had a run lately, and no mistake."

"Yes, I flatter myself we've done pretty well. One hundred pounds a day for ten days makes how much, Durfy?"

"A thousand," said Durfy.

"Humph!" said Mr. Shanklin. "Time to think of our Christmas holidays."

"Wait a bit. We've not done yet. You say your two young mashers are still in tow, Alf?"

"Yes; green as duckweed. But they're nearly played out, I guess. One of them has a little bill for fifty pounds coming due in a fortnight, and t'other—well, he vagered me a hundred pounds on a horse that never ran for the Leger, and he's got one or two trifles besides down in my books."

"Yes, I got you that tip about the Leger," said Durfy, beginning to think himself neglected in this dialogue of self-congratulation.

"Yes; you managed to do it this time without botching it, for a wonder!" said Mr. Shanklin.

"Yes; and I hope you'll manage to give me the ten-pound note you promised me for it, Mr. S.," replied Durfy, with a snarl. "You seem to have forgotten that, and my commission too for finding you your new secretary."

"Yes. By the way," said Mr. Medlock,

"he deserves something for that; it's the best stroke of business we've done for a long time. It's worth three weeks to us to have him there to answer questions and choke off the inquisitive. He's got his busy time coming on, I fancy. Bless you, Durfy, the fellow was born for us! He swallows anything. I've allowed him thirteen shillings a week till Christmas, and he says, 'Thank you.' He's had his name turned inside out, and I do believe he thinks it an improvement! He sticks in the place all day with that young cockney gaol-bird you picked us up too, Durfy, and never growls."

"Does he help himself to any of the money?"

"Not a brass farthing! I do believe he buys his own postage-stamps when he writes home to his mamma!"

This last announcement was too comical to be received gravely.

"Ha, ha! he ought to be exhibited!" said Shanklin.

"He ought to be starved!" said Durfy, viciously. "He knocked me down once, and I wouldn't have told you of him if I didn't owe him a grudge—the puppy!"

"Oh, well; I dare say you'll be gratified some day or other," said Medlock.

"I tell you one thing," said Durfy, "you'd better put a stopper on his writing home too often; I believe he's put his precious brother up to watch me. Why, the other night, when I was waiting for the postman to get hold of that letter you wanted, I'm blessed if he didn't turn up and rout me out—he and a young chum of his brother's that used to be in the swim with me. I don't think they saw me, luckily, but it was a shave, and of course I missed the letter."

"Yes, you did; there was no mistake about that!" said Mr. Shanklin, viciously. "When did you ever not miss it?"

"How can I help it, when it's your own secretary is dogging me?"

"Bless you! I think of him dogging any one, the innocent! Anyhow, we can cut off his letters home for a bit, so as to give you no excuse next time."

"And what's the next job to be, then?" asked Durfy.

"The most particular of all," replied the sporting man. "I want a letter with the Boldham postmark, or perhaps a telegram, that will be delivered to-morrow night by the last post. There's a fifty pounds turns on it, and I must have it before the morning papers are out. Never mind what it is; you must get it somehow, and you'll get a fiver for it. As soon as that's done, Medlock, and the young dandies' bills have come due, we can order a cab. Your secretary at Liverpool will hold out long enough for us to get to the moon before we're wanted."

"You're right there!" said Mr. Medlock, laughing. "I'll go down and look him up to-morrow and clear up, and then I fancy he'll manage the rest himself; and we can clear out. Ha, ha! capital sherry this brand. Have some more, Durfy."

Mr. Medlock kept his promise and cheered Reginald in his loneliness by a friendly visit.

"I've been away longer than I expected, and I must say the way you have managed matters in my absence does you the greatest credit, Reginald. I shall feel perfectly comfortable in future when I am absent."

A flush of pleasure rose to Reginald's cheeks, such as would have moved to pity

any heart less cold-blooded than Mr. Medlock's.

"No one has called, I suppose?"

"No, sir. There's been a letter, though, from the Rev. T. Mulberry, of Woolford-in-the-Meadow, to ask why the suit he ordered has not yet been delivered."

Mr. Medlock smiled.

"These good men are so impatient," said he, "they imagine their order is the only one we have to think of. What would they think of the four hundred and odd suits we have on order, eh, Mr. Reginald?"

"I suppose I had better write and say the orders will be taken in rotation, and that his will be forwarded in a few days."

"Better say a few weeks. You've no notion of the difficulty we have in trying to meet every one's wishes. Say before Christmas—and the same with the globes and other things. The time and trouble taken in packing the things really cuts into the profits terribly."

"Could we do any of it down here?" said Reginald. "Love and I have often nothing to do."

It was well the speaker did not notice the fiendish grimace with which the young gentleman referred to accepted the statement.

"You're very good," said Mr. Medlock, "but I shouldn't think of it. We want you for head work. There are plenty to be hired in London to do the hand work. By the way, I will take up the register of orders and cash you have been keeping to check with the letters in town. You won't want it for a few days."

Reginald felt sorry to part with a work in which he felt such pride as this beautifully kept register. However, he had made it for the use of the Corporation, and it was not his to withhold.

After clearing up cautiously all round, with the result that Reginald had very little besides pen, ink, and paper left him, Mr. Medlock said good morning.

"I may have to run up to town for a few days," he said, "but I shall see you again very soon, I hope. Meanwhile make yourself comfortable. The directors are very favourably impressed with you already, and I hope at Christmas they may meet and tell you so in person. Boy, make a parcel of these books and papers and bring them for me to my hotel."

Love obeyed surlily. He was only waiting for Mr. Medlock's departure to dive into the mystery of "Trumpery Toadstool, or Murdered for a Lark," in which he had that morning invested. He made a clumsy parcel of the books and then shambled forth in a somewhat homicidal spirit in Mr. Medlock's wake down the street.

At the corner that gentleman halted till he came up.

"Well, young fellow, picked any pockets lately?"

The boy scowled at him inquisitively.

"All right," said Mr. Medlock. "I never said you had. I'm now going to take you to the police-station, I'm going to give you half-a-crown."

This put a new aspect on the situation. Love brightened up as he watched Mr. Medlock's hand dive into his pocket.

"What should you do with a half-crown if you had it?"

"Do! I know, and no error. I'd get the 'Neogate Calendar,' that's what I'd do."

"You can read, then?"

"Ray-ther, oh no, not me."

"Can you read writing?"

"In corse."

"Do you always go to the post with the letters?"

"In corse."

"Do you ever see any addressed to Mrs. Cruden or Mr. Cruden in London?"

"Bout once a week. That there sek-kery always gives 'em to me separate, and says I'm to be sure and post 'em."

"Well, I say they're not to be posted," said Mr. Medlock. "Here's half-a-crown; and listen: next time you get any to post put them on one side, and every one you can show me you shall have sixpence for. Mind what you're at, or he'll flay you alive if he catches you. Off you go, there's a good boy."

And Love pocketed his half-crown greedily, and with a knowing wink at his employer sped back to the office.

That afternoon Reginald wrote a short polite note to the Rev. T. Mulberry, explaining to him the reason for any apparent delay in the execution of his order; and promising that he should duly receive it before Christmas. This was the only letter for the post that day, and Love had no opportunity of earning a further sixpence.

He had an opportunity of spending his half-crown, however, and when he returned from the post he was radiant in face and stouter under the waistcoat by the thickness of the coveted volume of the Newgate Calendar series.

With the impetuosity characteristic of his age, he plunged into its contents the moment he found himself free of work, and by the time Reginald returned from his short evening stroll he was master of several of its stories. "Tim Tigerskin" and "The Pirate's Bride" were nothing to it. They all performed their incredible exploits on the other side of the world, but these heroes were beings of flesh and blood like himself, and for all he knew he might have seen them and talked to them, and have known some of the very spots in London which they frequented. He felt a personal interest in their achievements.

"Say, governor," said he as soon as Reginald entered, "do you know South wark Road?"

"In London? yes," said Reginald.

"This 'ere chap, Bright, was a light porter to a cove as kep a grocer's shop there, and one night when he was asleep in the arm-cheer he puts a sack on 'is 'ead and chokes 'im. The old cove he struggles a bit, but—"

"Shut up!" said Reginald, angrily. "I've told you quite often enough. Give me that book."

At the words and the tones in which they were uttered Love suddenly turned into a small fiend. He struggled, he kicked, he cursed, he howled to keep his treasure. Reginald was inexorable, and of course it was only a matter of time until the book was in his hands. A glance at its contents satisfied him.

"Look here," said he, holding the book behind his back and parrying all the boy's frantic efforts to recover it, "don't make a fool of yourself, youngster."

"Give it to me! Give me my book, you—"

And the boy broke into a volley of oaths and flung himself once more tooth-and-nail on Reginald. Already Reginald saw he had made a mistake. He had done about the most un-

wise thing he possibly could have done. But it was too late to undo it. The only thing, apparently, was to go through with it now. So he flung the book into the fire, and, catching the boy by the arm, told him if he did not stop swearing and struggling at once he would make him.

The boy did not stop, and Reginald did make him.

It was a poor sort of victory, and no one knew it better than Reginald. If the boy was awed into silence he was no nearer listening to reason—nay, further than ever. He slunk sulkily into a corner, glowering at his oppressor and deaf

to every word he uttered. In vain Reginald expostulated, coaxed, reasoned, even apologised. The boy met it all with a sullen scowl. Reginald offered to pay him for the book, to buy him another, to read aloud to him, to give him an extra hour a day—it was all no use; the injury was too deep to wash out so easily; and finally he had to give it up and trust that time might do what argument and threats had failed to effect.

But in this he was disappointed. For next morning when nine o'clock arrived no Love was there, nor as the day wore on did he put in an appearance. When at last evening came and still no signs of

him, Reginald began to discover that the sole result of his well-meant interference had been to drive his only companion from him, and doom himself henceforth to the miseries of solitary confinement.

For days he scarcely spoke a word. The silence of that office was unearthly. He opened the window, winter as it was, to let in the sound of cabs and footsteps for company. He missed even the familiar rustle of the "penny dreadfuls" as the boy turned their pages. He wished anybody, even his direst foe, might turn up to save him from dying of loneliness.

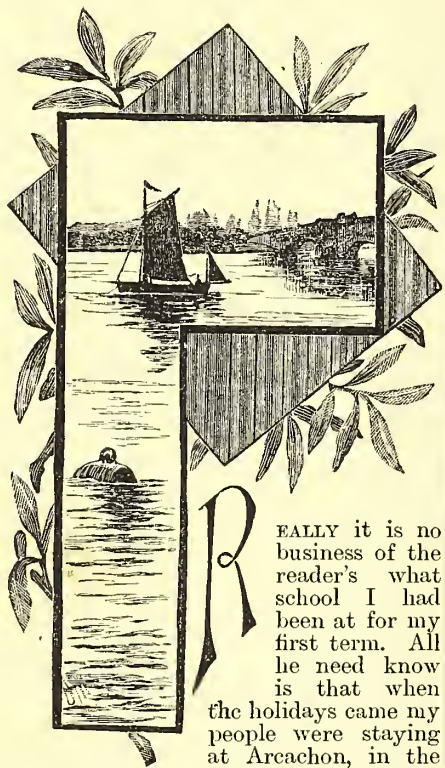
(To be continued.)

UP AND DOWN: A STORY OF THE OCEAN WAVE.

By ASCOTT R. HOPE,

Author of "The Tell-Tale," "The Amateur Dominic," etc.

CHAPTER I.—"UP!"



REALLY it is no business of the reader's what school I had been at for my first term. All he need know is that when the holidays came my people were staying at Arcachon, in the South of France, where

I was to join them by way of steamer from London to Bordeaux. This was the first voyage I had ever made in my short life, and it may be imagined that as a small John Bull I felt pleasingly excited at the prospect, holding myself an inch higher among my cronies on the strength of it, as became one about to confront the manly dangers of the ocean wave. All we young Britons have so much of the salt in our blood, though a little experience may soon prove enough to wash out such aspirations.

"I am going in a ship," I kept telling the fellows for at least a month before the holidays came, and I took nothing but Marryat's and Cooper's novels out of the school library.

But my satisfaction was dismally damped when I found who would be going to Bordeaux by the same boat—who but Gooderidge, a big, hulking fourth-form boy, and the last of my schoolfellows I should have chosen for a

travelling companion! Gooderidge was a notorious bully, one to whom we juniors took care to give the widest berth possible on land, so I thought I would almost as soon be shut up with a wild beast as spend three days in a situation where there could be no escape from such attentions as he might be pleased to show me. I had already had too good reason to know the sort of fellow he was. Even now when I have the nightmare I sometimes dream the horror of being a new boy in the hands of that merciless oppressor. But there was no help for it; my passage was taken, so was his, and we duly met on the quay like a wolf and a lamb going home for the holidays together.

An uncle of mine came to see me off at the docks, before whom Gooderidge did not condescend to bestow upon me the slightest sign of recognition. It was only when he got me alone on the tender that he beckoned me up and said patronisingly, in a tone that the holiday spirit made even gracious for him, "Well, youngster, so you are going to Bordeaux!"

"Yes, Gooderidge," I replied, smiling feebly as one does in the effort to propitiate great personages.

"What a joke!" quoth Gooderidge, loftily, as if it were presumption in the like of me to go anywhere. "You will be fearfully sick in the Bay of Biscay, you know. But one good job is that I shall have a fag to look after me, and I will look after you and see that you don't get too cheeky; so just mind what you are about, small boy! I'll tell the steward to give you a berth beside me, then I can keep an eye upon you. Fellows that belong to the same school should stick together always."

My heart sank within me at such an ominous utterance. By this time we were alongside the steamer, and, ordering me to bring along his portmanteau, and take care not to bump it, Gooderidge plunged into the crowd that was scrambling to be first up the gangway.

Most of the cabin passengers, as it happened, were schoolboys like ourselves, going home for the holidays. There were only two grown-up travellers, and, luckily for themselves, no ladies. The steward had need of all his patience and good-temper when we burst, a noisy mob, into

the saloon, each clamorously demanding the best berth, and swarming curiously into every hole and corner of the limited accommodation. Four or five boys had to be crammed into most of the cabins, but by means of a tip Gooderidge got for himself the empty ladies' cabin, the upper berth of which he secured for me, and though I would rather have taken up my quarters in the coal-hole, I durst make no objection.

By the time we were all shaken down a little into our places, the boat had been cast loose from her moorings and slowly got into motion, threading her way down the crowded river. London Bridge and the Tower soon disappeared behind us, but ever-new scenes of the stirring panorama of the Thames opened out in turn before our eyes, the busy warehouses and wharves, the endless maze of tall chimneys, the huge docks, one forest of masts after another, the numerous craft going up and down stream, great ocean steamers, their decks all alive with passengers, weather-beaten ships of every rig from all parts of the world, deep-laden barges toiling sluggishly, light skiffs shooting from side to side, the noisy shipbuilding yards, the dingy waterside houses, the low mud banks; farther down the widening reaches and sweeping bend of the great river as we came in sight of Greenwich, backed by its wooded heights, and saw the green hills and flats of Kent lying bright in the sunshine of a fine afternoon. Such a succession of inspiring sights might well cause us to congratulate ourselves that our journeying was not to be done in any stuffy railway train, and we looked forward to the three days or so for which it would last as all one halcyon trip no less agreeable than its auspicious commencement.

There were at least some score of us youngsters, of all sorts and sizes, from tail-coats down to puny knickerbockers like myself. There was a Bluecoat boy going out to asternish the Frenchmen with his long gown and yellow stockings. There was an Eton fellow in his neat round jacket and spotless turn-over collar, who appeared to give himself airs, holding grandly aloof from the common herd. There was a very knowing and dandified city youth, bound for an office in Bordeaux, where I trust he has by

this time begun to make his fortune. There were two tall King's College School boys with knapsacks and guide-books, for a walking excursion in the Pyrenees. There was another young London tourist equipped with very tight breeches and a very tall bicycle. There were two or three gorgeous young gentlemen from an army tutor's, who lighted big pipes the moment they came on board, and lost no time in seeking acquaintance with the captain. There were several French lads returning from English schools; they naturally drew together and formed a party by themselves. The rest of us were a miscellaneous collection from schools in different parts of the country, as we soon learned when we began to mingle and ask questions, just like so many boys coming to school and not leaving it. And you may be sure that we wandered restlessly all over the boat, pacing the decks with the most nautical swagger we could assume, bent on proving to ourselves and to each other that we were quite at home on board ship. The second-class passengers forward chiefly consisted of a troupe of foreign acrobats, very seedy-looking persons in private life, and altogether the captain declared that he never before had charge of such a Noah's Ark.

Before we got to Gravesend the teabell rang, and we flocked down into the saloon to find the table spread with the usual substantial dishes of a steamboat's bill of fare—ham, cold beef, pie, eggs and bacon, ship biscuits, and so forth. On these we fell heartily, and kept all the steward's staff busy in filling plateful after plateful for us of one viand after another, while the big-bearded captain from the head of the table watched us silently with a sly twinkle in his eye. He was a man of few words, the captain, but perhaps thought all the more for his taciturnity.

"What sort of weather are we going to have, captain?" asked one of the older lads in an offhand manner, as if giving to understand that he for his part did not much care how hard the stormy winds might blow.

"I'll tell you when it comes," quoth the skipper, drily, and I thought I saw him wink at the steward, who was going round asking if we would like to contract for our food at the rate of a pound a head till we got to Bordeaux. This seemed too good a bargain not to be accepted by all but two frugal youths who had come on board with their own store of sandwiches, biscuits, and oranges, for which they were somewhat looked down upon by the rest of us; but they turned out in the end to have the best of it.

The weather as yet was most promising. When we came on deck after tea we found our gallant craft slipping past the Nore into the open Channel, which looked like a placid lake shining in the glow of a clear sunset. We were all in high good humour as we steamed along in the pleasant twilight, watching the lighthouses flash out one by one, and the rows of lights marking towns on the coast, Margate, Broadstairs, Ramsgate, Deal, places well known to some of us from another point of view. The French acrobats began to stand on their heads and perform other antics on the fore-deck, to the amusement of the sailors and cabin passengers; some of the boys took

to playing leapfrog round the poop; others contented themselves by lolling about with the airs of full-blown midshipmen. Darkness did not come on till we had got opposite the Downs, by which time we had grown more or less familiar with our companions, and not a few of the party were proving somewhat boisterous.

As for me, after an effort to propitiate my formidable schoolfellow by an offering of raisins and dates, I addressed myself to keeping out of his way as well as possible. But Gooderidge soon found me skulking, as he called it, and invited me to show a more social spirit on pain of his high displeasure, of which he forthwith gave me a specimen by twisting my arm till I cried out for pain.

"What are you doing to that little fellow?" came a voice from the poop deck above; and Gooderidge left torturing me to reply, in his insolent fashion, "What business is that of yours?"

"You'll soon see," quoth the speaker, then it was the Bluecoat boy's queer legs that appeared on the ladder. When he reached the waist of the vessel, where we stood under the lee of a pile of boxes, he squared up to my tormentor with, "Now then, drop it!"

"Who'll make me?" blustered Gooderidge.

"I'll show you soon enough!"

"I'd just like you to show me!"

"None of your bullying!"

"None of your cheek!"

While thus they were taunting each other and ruffling themselves up like two turkey cocks, a number of other boys appeared on the scene, and quickly the cry was raised, "A fight! a fight!" goading the quarrellers into encounter. A ring of excited spectators closed round them at once, so that I could not see what happened next, standing outside doubtful whether to be thankful or sorry for this interference in my favour, since whichever won Gooderidge would hardly fail to find some opportunity of wreaking his spite on me.

At it they went in the dim light, amid a hubbub of voices asking what the row was about. But it did not last long.

"None of that!" roared a voice from the bridge above, and we saw the captain shaking his brawny fist as if to intimate that he might descend and take part in the fray. "No fighting on board this boat! Stop it, or I'll show you how!"

Half laughing and half serious, the crowd dispersed, the combatants separating in obedience to this masterful word of command. I think Gooderidge for one had already had enough of it. I stole away, but presently I ran against him again in the cabin hatchway. He was in a towering bad humour—and no wonder, for the Bluecoat had given him a black eye. So he turned furiously on me.

"You little sneaking imp! Why don't you stand up for your own school? I have a good mind to break every bone in your miserable carcass. I would be ashamed to have a cad of a charity boy taking my side. Mind you, I haven't done with him or you either!"

But he said no more, for the Bluecoat now hove in sight, and the valiant Gooderidge, muttering something about "tomorrow," plunged below to bathe his eye. I was so troubled to find myself an unwilling bone of contention that I had not the grace to thank my champion, but held

aloof from him too, and presently took shelter for a time with the stewardess, a motherly old person, who, seeing me the smallest and quietest of these boys, invited me into her cabin for a chat and a treat of cake, and promised to look after me if I should be sea-sick. But, sick or well, I foresaw that this voyage was going to be a terrible time for me, since I could not hope long to keep out of that young tyrant's way.

(To be continued.)

BOYS' PETS, AND HOW TO TAME AND TRAIN THEM.

By GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

II.—CATS, PARROTS, ETC.

SOME weeks ago I laid before my readers a paper on training dogs and teaching them "tricks," as they are called. I feel convinced that many boys will have found out by this time that it was a very practical article. I mean in my present paper to be quite as practical. I had intended at first to bring under your notice quite a happy family of cats, birds, monkeys, mongooses, and all the creatures we know by the name of "pets." I will not do so. I could not do justice to them in the space, but I may return to the subject some other day.

At this very moment one of my Persian cats—a great favourite—is seated on my shoulder, and rubbing the back of her head to the back of mine, apparently with a view to find out whether my hair or hers is the longer. Not far off, on the top of his age, is my "slender-bill cockatoo." Such an amusing, talkative old rascal you never probably saw in all your life. He is going on now like any village crone. He is crying for "a bit of sugar," for "a sop of bread," "a bone," and his "breakfast." He is beating against the cage with his bill; he wants me to play the violin or guitar that he may dance or sing.

"What are you doing, old boy?" he cries.

Now I do object to be addressed thus familiarly by a bird. I had meant to begin by describing the training of cockatoos. Now Polly can wait, and pussy comes to the front.

Every household possesses a cat, or should possess one. Let me say here parenthetically that pussy is as a rule a poor ill-used, much-neglected animal, and very little understood. Almost anything or everything is expected of her, and she gets very little in return. There is one thing I never can forgive the great naturalist Buffon for, and that is the way he wrote about cats—the disparaging, thoughtless, ill-considered way in which he describes them.

I could tell you the names of many of the bravest soldiers and sailors that ever drew sword on battle-field or on battle-deck, who would not think their firesides complete at home without pussy on the rug. But you will say, "There are cats and cats." With your boyish generosity you will be willing to admit that *some* cats are nice enough. But do you know that cats are very much what their masters or mistresses make them? No one who knows a cat from a barn-owl will attempt to deny that pussy is an exceedingly sagacious animal, wiser in some respects than even our friend the dog, for the cat has to look after her own interests, find her way from home, or to home, wander away for miles, and never get lost, and defend herself against a score of enemies of as many different sorts. The dog does not look after himself to the same extent, or anything like it. Its master does that for him.

Yes; but too many of those who are willing enough to admit the superior intelligence and sagacity of cats, starve and ill-treat them. They feed them, either not at all, or

at no stated times; they "can't be bothered"—they never consider that pussy is a feeling, sentient, and too often suffering being; that she cannot help being hungry at times, and longing for food. And being hungry, can you wonder if she should at times stretch out a paw and seize a morsel from her master's table? I tell you this, if you neglect to give pussy her breakfast, and then turn round on her when she helps herself, and call her a thief, you are—not wise.

But now for the training of a favourite cat. Perhaps you do not possess one. Well, pussy is of all pets the most easily kept, and costs but very little. Indeed, if you make a practice of giving her a morsel in her saucer at breakfast-time, dinner-time, and supper-

time, you will never miss what she eats. She will keep regular hours then, and stay indoors at night, and that is a great thing. She will come to love you very much too, and that is a greater thing if you mean to teach her tricks.

Well, I will suppose you do not at present own a cat, but want to. The question is, what is the best kind to have?

For simply learning clever tricks I think there really is nothing to beat a pretty old-fashioned brown or dark-grey tabby. Get a female, they train more easily than the males. Let it be a longish-headed one, and have it home as soon as ever it is able to lap.

You will naturally wish to have your favourite clean in the house. This is easily

taught, but pray never lose your temper. From the very beginning let pussy have no unkind remembrances of you. Get a large flower-pot saucer, and fill it with nice garden mould. The kitten will go to it almost naturally; if not, show it to her once or twice, that will be enough. By degrees you must entice her to play out of doors, and she will soon prefer this to a box of earth inside. There is one thing you must remember in teaching a cat to be cleanly; the box or flower-pot saucer ought to be emptied every morning and refilled with clean mould. Cats are exceedingly particular, and some of them would do almost anything rather than soil even a toe-nail.

(To be continued.)

IVAN DOBROFF: A RUSSIAN STORY.

By PROF. J. F. HODGETTS.

CHAPTER XXV.—SELF-CONQUEST THE BEST VICTORY.

A MONTH after the conversation recorded in our last chapter Ivan was sitting in a very pleasant room in Smirnoff's house. Everything seemed to thrive with the merchant. His speculations turned out well, and as there is nothing so successful as success, his fame was great through the length and breadth of the empire. His house was continually improving in taste and elegance, for he said wealth was given to circulate, not to hoard, and as Strammeller had performed a cure upon Ivan which maddened all the Russian doctors and made them call him a quack, Smirnoff had taken his advice in arranging special rooms for the invalid, to whom he owed his life. There was a lift contrived, by which Ivan could be moved from a low pony phaeton drawn by two cream-coloured ponies, in the litter invented and constructed by the doctor, by means of which he could, without change of posture or moving a muscle, be carried right into his own rooms.

The handsome manner in which Smirnoff rewarded Strammeller ought to be recorded. One day when the doctor called, Smirnoff sent word that if his time allowed he should be most happy to receive him for a few moments.

"Walk in, doctor," said Smirnoff, rising. "I want to have a talk to you about business. Let us put the ordinary etiquette of affecting not to speak of money matters to professional gentlemen on one side. I am a man of business and don't understand delicacy in such matters, so you must excuse my being blunt. You have rendered me a service in the cure of Ivan which I cannot measure by money, and don't mean to attempt to pay for!" Strammeller bowed and looked rather foolish and very much disappointed. "But I am about to speculate for the good of my country. If you were quite free of all pecuniary cares you would have time and means to pursue your inventions and to do great good to Russia. The investment I have made, therefore, is to secure your services for the nation by securing to you an income which is quite independent of your professional labours. An investment has been made in your name, which has placed ten thousand roubles to your credit in the Merchants' Bank at Moscow, and half that sum will arise annually in consequence. Allow me to present you with this cheque-book on the bank in question, which will enable you to

draw to that amount. At the same time the directors have requested me to present you with this official nomination as their medical inspector at a salary of three thousand roubles a year. The duty is light and the pay is not much, but then your practice goes on just as before."

"Really, Mr. Smirnoff! I cannot accept all this at your hands. It is monstrous!"

Smirnoff laughed good-naturedly, and said,

"Never mind the monstrosity of it, the business matter is settled. Not that I think I have *paid you* for your care of Ivan. I should never be able to do that, but I have been able to show my personal feeling towards you and to put you into a groove."

But all this time we have left Ivan waiting in his room. He was thinking, and did not hear the servant who came in to announce a visitor. At last he understood that a gentleman named Tenterton desired to see him.

"All right. Show Mr. Tenterton up."

"You are always welcome, Mr. Tenterton; I owe you so much for your sympathy and advice. I have done nothing else but think of all you said about the service ever since, and, what will seem very strange to you, now that you have convinced me of the perfect legitimacy and propriety of the military profession, I have resolved to give up all idea of being a soldier. When I half believed that there was something wrong in it I determined to be nothing else!"

"Tell me all about your conversion to the side of peace," said Tenterton.

"I am not converted to anything; I have only resolved never to enter the service because I feel how deeply grieved Mr. Smirnoff would be if I became a soldier, and I have resolved to do nothing to embitter a life which I am proud of having been the means of saving. Now you know all."

"You are quite right, Ivan, in your decision, and the sacrifice is perhaps the more complete as it has not been formally demanded of you. Mr. Smirnoff will be greatly delighted."

"If I can really give him pleasure, that will be a great triumph. Think how good he has been to me, and what pain and bitterness of spirit I have caused him! How are the Schaafstadts?"

"The count is to be promoted, I believe,

to some new dignity—at least, so his daughter tells me."

"Indeed! That looks bad."

"How do you mean? Are you sorry?"

"Very sorry. It is always the way in Russia when some Court intrigue against a man becomes successful, he obtains some petty rise in nominal rank which deprives him of the more solid advantages attached to any post he may hold. I shall not be surprised at hearing that he loses the Kremlin."

"The Countess Olga said something about their being about to retire, but she did not seem sad."

"It would have been very bad taste in her had she seemed sad. But now I am sure something is wrong. I wonder what it is. How is General Kakaroff?"

"He is very well and very active. There is a talk of his being made governor of Finland."

"That is different news altogether. I trust it is all as it should be."

"His drosky was at the door with the Cossacks when I came in."

"Oh, then perhaps he will come and see me. I wanted to see him very much."

The friends continued chatting, Ivan asking Tenterton's advice on various subjects connected with the course of reading he was to pursue to prepare himself for the mercantile profession.

As Tenterton rose to go Smirnoff entered the room, accompanied by Kakaroff, who looked extremely pleased.

"How is my young friend the wolf-slayer? We shall soon hear of his attacking nobler game on a larger scale."

"How do you mean, general?" said Ivan.

"Why, it means," said Smirnoff, "that General Kakaroff has obtained an appointment for you in the military college, and as soon as you are well enough to go to the Znaminski, which is not far off, you will see the general commanding the college, and, after passing an examination—a mere matter of form—you will be admitted."

"How kind everybody is to me!" said Ivan. "It seems so ungrateful not to accept what is so kindly offered, but I am afraid I can never serve."

"What nonsense! Strammeller says that you are in a fair way to recovery, and once get your foot on the ladder of promotion I will answer for your rising to the top."

"It is not that, but my future must be commerce. I have been adopted as a

son by the head of a great house, and I am bound in honour to maintain the reputation of that house, if only in common gratitude; but, besides that, I have quite made up my mind to devote myself to the cause of commerce. It is a very noble one, and it is that which must give Russia her future glory. I am the adopted son of a great merchant, and I must uphold the cause of Russian commerce."

Kakaroff looked at Smirnoff, and seemed about to express some feeling of resentment, but Ivan saw the look, and said quickly,

"Pray do not misunderstand me. I have all along been teasing Mr. Smirnoff to let me serve in the army, but since my accident I have been greatly thrown on my own resources, and have been thinking, thinking, thinking, and it seems to me wrong to set myself up, a mere peasant boy, to despise the very means which have enabled him to be so generous to me. I beg your pardon, Mr. Smirnoff, for my silly conduct, and thank you for interesting the general in my behalf, and he is too good and too noble to be angry with a poor little boy."

This was said very archly, and made Kakaroff laugh.

"I must tell my wife about this," he said. "She will enjoy it mightily. However, I shall not go back to the Znaminski until I hear further from you. You must talk this over, you know. Send for Annie. She can have her old rooms at the prefecture whenever she likes, and my wife will always be happy to receive her. Settle nothing till you have seen her. Good-bye, Ivan, good-bye."

And he was off in his drosky again, leaving our friends alone.

And so the days passed on, Ivan soon becoming quite his old self. Dr. Strammeller had obtained an air-gun for Ivan, with which our hero was very fond of practising through the wide doors of his rooms, which afforded him a charming shooting-gallery. It would not have been permitted had he requested to shoot with ordinary fire-arms, that being prohibited by the police; but the practice thus obtained was very good, and was helpful in training his hand and eye in the management of the weapon. Then Tenterton had imported from London a whole case full of English bows and arrows, foils, masks, and gloves for fencing, basket-sticks, and cross-bows, all of which could be used easily in the grand Russian rooms which he inhabited. Besides which, he had all sorts of games, conjuring tricks, mechanical apparatus, and tools and books *ad libitum*. He had worked a little at English, but during his long illness he had begged Tenterton to teach him more seriously. And he could with Tenterton's help make out and enjoy the capital stories for boys of which English literature has such excellent store. His favourite book was "Robinson Crusoe" (given him by Annie), of which he preferred the second part, and especially that portion of it which treats of the journey overland through Russia. He enjoyed all wolf stories, and was one afternoon telling Dr. Strammeller what he thought of the various wolf tales he had read, expressing his opinion that the writers of most of these stories, although writing in the first person, had never seen a live wolf.

"Did I ever tell you my wolf story?" asked the doctor.

"No. Pray tell it now. Do! Pray do. Did you ever hunt a wolf?"

"No; I was not an active party in the affair. It is only a tale told me among the many I have heard."

"Never mind; out with it, doctor."

"Well, a German traveller for a mercantile house at Berlin had to travel in the winter from Smolensk to St. Petersburg before the Smolensk Railway was thought of. Half way he was attacked by a whole pack of wolves, but the sledge-driver made for a large hollow oak-tree that stood in the neighbourhood, and was, as it were, a sentinel tree to a forest at no great distance. Unfortunately, however, the wolves were on him before he could reach the tree. They attacked and killed his driver, with whom they were busied while the terrified horse flew over the snow, until, striking against a tall fir-tree, the sledge was overturned. The German climbed up the trunk, and saw the brutes in pursuit of the horse and wrecked sledge.

"The animal was soon overtaken and devoured. Our German rapidly descended, and made his way down the interior of the stem of the old oak hollow, and saw that there was a fissure in it near the foot, through which he could observe the approach of the pack over the snow from their horrid feast on the flesh of the horse. It was not pleasant to be surrounded by these creatures, but he was a keen observer and a humorist, and discovered that one of the wolves seemed to be the leader of the band. He was an old grey brute, with a longer tail than the rest. He was the nearest to the tree, and kept moving round it in the hope of finding some inlet, every now and again turning round, snarling and biting at those which pressed too near him.

"On one of these occasions the German found him backing up to the tree against the hole, snapping at the others. In a moment he put out his hand and caught the monster's tail. With the eagerness of despair he drew it into the hole, gripping it with both hands. The wolf howled in the most unearthly manner, and the nearest wolves, frightened at his tones, backed into the denser pack. But our friend held on to the old wolf's tail until the comic idea seized him that it was like the handle of a street organ. Being, as I said, a great humorist, he commenced organ-grinding by turning the wolf's tail round and round, singing out lustily, 'Let's have another tune.' The yells of the animal and the howls of the rest of the pack became unearthly in the extreme, but the German kept hold of the tail. At last, from too vigorous a turn, the turning having invariably taken place in the same way, the tail came off in the traveller's hand. Away started the tailless wolf and all the others after him. Being well assured of their departure, our German emerged from the top of the tree, and sat down on a branch to see what would happen next.

"A peasant's sledge soon drove up. The driver, much astonished at the position of the German, approached the tree. But they could not make themselves mutually understood. At last the German mentioned the name of the town he wanted to reach before going on to St. Petersburg, and the peasant understood him. He next showed some money; he understood him better still, and at last he

drove off with the German to the town in question, stopping to pick up the articles which had been in the overturned sledge. The town was reached, the story told, and disbelieved by everybody until the tail was produced in proof of its accuracy. The business arrangements turned out much better than had been expected, and our German returned to Berlin well satisfied with the result of his trip.

"Some years after he was again induced to travel in Russia, and this time he resolved to have three horses and travel fast. The same journey from Smolensk to St. Petersburg, stopping again at the same town, had to be undertaken. He had forgotten all about the wolves, when just about the old spot the horses became restive, and the driver exclaimed, 'Wolves! wolves!'

"It was not pleasant, but our German friend ordered the man in the best Russian he could command to drive faster. The wolves appeared, and came unpleasantly near the back of the sledge. The unfortunate German gave himself up for lost, but looking intently at the advancing foe he distinguished a *very old grey wolf without a tail!* 'If that is my old acquaintance,' he thought, 'I shall perhaps get through!' So he waited until they came quite close, and then he roared out, 'Let us have another tune!'

"The old wolf stopped as if transfixed with horror, threw his head up, uttered a frantic yell, turned and fled, followed by all the pack!

"The German made a good thing of it this time, but returned to Berlin *via* Kovno. He was often asked to return to Russia on business for the same house, but he objected to the climate!"

"That is not a bad story, doctor. We may call it 'The Wolf's Tail, or the Tale of a Wolf.' Did they believe him at Berlin?"

"He had the tail to prove the story."

But what is Annie doing? She came by invitation of Madame Kakaroff to spend a good long holiday with her in Moscow. She had at first been quite of Ivan's opinion that the army must be his profession. In this view she was confirmed by Dr. Strammeller, who was very frequently at the Kakaroffs'. But she was induced to change her opinion by some rumours which were conveyed to her through Madame Kakaroff herself.

"My dear Annie, advise Ivan and Smirnoff to give up the military scheme and stick to business. Ivan's last resolution of sacrificing his personal feeling at the shrine of gratitude to Smirnoff is charming, and it will be most necessary. That house is a very good and a very safe one. But Smirnoff has become a speculator. He has been so universally successful that he imagines he has only to touch a speculation and it becomes good and sound directly, just as certain military men seem to bear charmed lives. But a change may come; nay, must come if he continues his reckless course. No one but Ivan could save him. And if Ivan be a soldier his opinion on business matters would have no weight. I have already spoken to General Kakaroff, and he quite agrees with me. Talk to the doctor and bring him round to our way of thinking. Now don't blush, he is so important a person with both Smirnoff and Ivan that he must be gained over."

(To be continued.)



"The German climbed up the trunk."—Page 631.

ON SPECIAL SERVICE: A NAVAL STORY.

BY GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.,

Author of "The Cruise of the Snowbird," "Stanley O'Grahame," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE TRUE STORY OF A PIRATE—GOLAVA'S ADVENTURES—CHRISTMAS AT MIDSUMMER.

CAPTAIN BLUNDERBORE was right; it was Benbow in his Waterwitch.

They were towed into the bay, for the wind had quite left them at midday, and very soon the long rakish clipper-barque was safely at anchor near the Theodora, and Benbow and Colin, both looking as fresh as brook-trouts but as brown as nuts in October, had gone on board their own ships and made their report and told the story of their voyage.

"You've done excellently well, both of you," said Blunderbore, laying one hand kindly on a shoulder of each.

our fellows idle altogether while they were at Sierra Leone, so I bought a few buckets of paint, and just touched her up a bit. Then I had the masts all scraped, and—there she is."

"And," said Mildmay, "she really is a pretty craft. Pity she is going to be burned. If she were mine, now, I'd knock that poop off her and give her a flush deck."

"That would be a decided improvement," said Benbow, holding his head to one side and viewing her with the critical eye of a sailor. "And, as you say, Mr. Mild-

may, it is a pity she should be burned. But I'm not so sure she ought to be. What do you say, Captain Blunderbore?"

"Oh, I'd keep her if it was my will. But it is service, you know, to burn slavers."

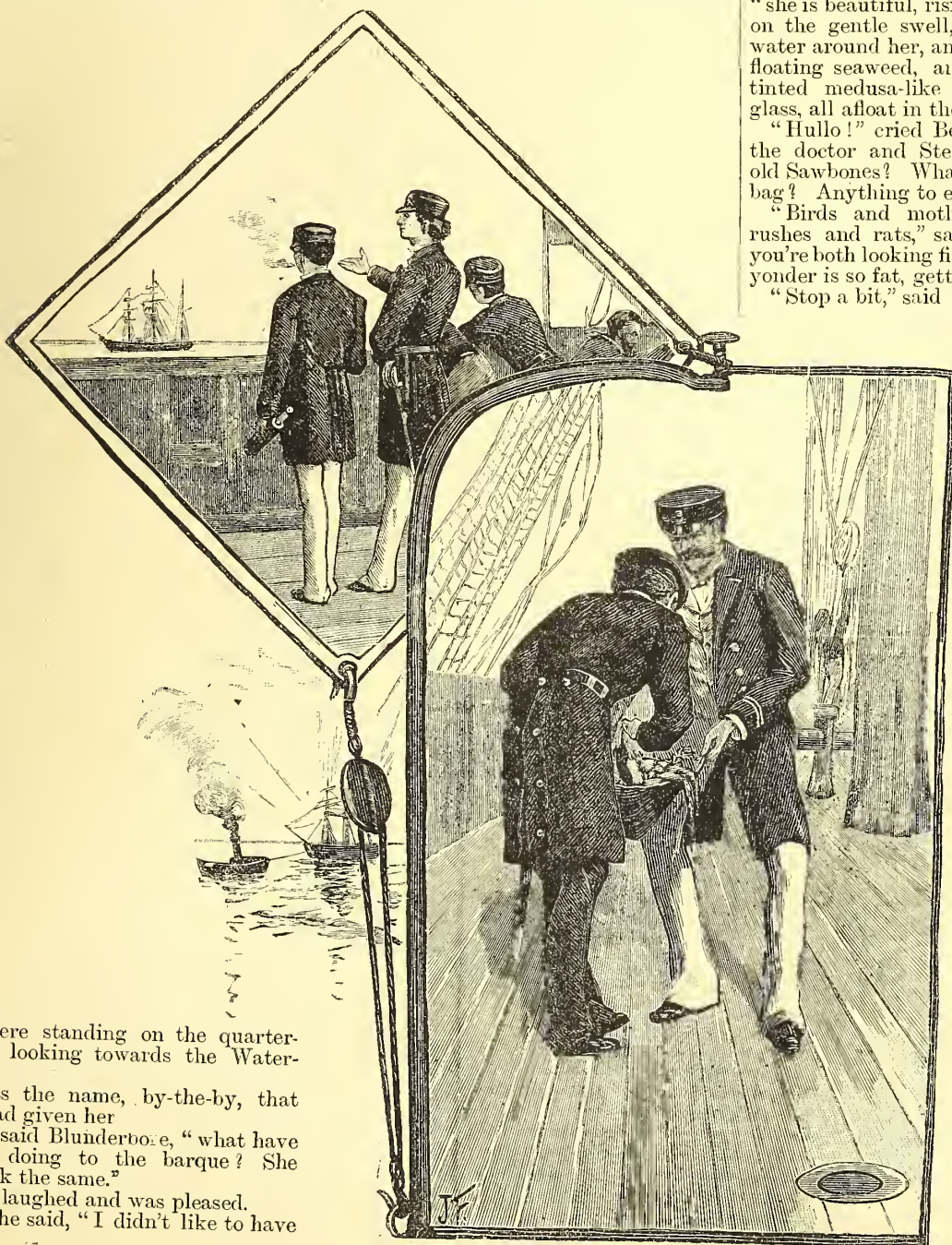
"Yes, and I don't mind a dirty old dhow, or as many dirty old dhows as you please, being consigned to the flames, but a thing like that! Just look at her now."

"Ay," said West, the artist, looking up from a sketch of her he was making, "she is beautiful, rising and falling there on the gentle swell, and the blue clear water around her, and the bits of brown floating seaweed, and those splendidly-tinted medusa-like umbrellas made of glass, all afloat in the water."

"Hullo!" cried Benbow, "here comes the doctor and Steele. How d'ye do, old Sawbones? What have you in your bag? Anything to eat?"

"Birds and moths and weeds and rushes and rats," said McGee. "Man! you're both looking fine and hardy. West yonder is so fat, getting—"

"Stop a bit," said West, good-humour-



They were standing on the quarter-deck, and looking towards the Waterwitch.

This was the name, by-the-by, that Benbow had given her

"Why," said Blunderbore, "what have you been doing to the barque? She doesn't look the same."

Benbow laughed and was pleased.

"Well," he said, "I didn't like to have

edly. "We're all going up the 'bique to fight a real live pir—nautical marauder. That'll take the fat off your poor West, the butt of all your chaff."

"Hullo! Gayly, how goes it?" cried Benbow.

Gayly gave him the tips of two fingers, and Benbow nearly wrenched them off.

There was quite a deal of talk of that evening at mess. The captain was dining with the admiral, so was Gayly, but this did not tend to depress anybody. The captain would not have been in the wardroom had he remained on board, and Gayly's chair was well filled by Quentin. Next him sat Colin, and even supernumerary Brown was there. He was appointed to the Theodora after all, and very glad he was to remain in her.

The messman had placed a chair for this fat-faced young gentleman next to West's, who was vice-president.

McGee was president to-night, but no sooner was every one seated than,

"No, no, no," cried McGee. "I object. Here, Mr. Brown, change places, please, with Mr. McLeod. I can't have two 'fatties' right in front of me."

The exchange was effected.

"If I were West I'd give it to you," said Benbow, laughing.

"West won't," the doctor replied. "West is a kind of out-patient of mine, so he has to be civil."

"A patient of yours, doctor! then the fates help him!"

Now while these jolly sailors are dining I will give the reader a short sketch of a somewhat remarkable man, to wit,

GASPAR MORAVO.

The Arabs who for so long a time have been engaged in the slave trade on the coast of Africa never did and perhaps never will bear anything but the deadliest hatred to the British, especially if they wear the blue jackets of the man-o-war's man, or the uniform of marines.

This hatred is always smouldering, and every now and then, on every chance in fact, it bursts out into flame.

In my own time I have not only known bold resistance to the death made against our fellows when boarding a dhow or capturing a barracoon, but revenge taken by direct violence by plotting and scheming, and by the hands of hired assassins.

The Arabs dominate the coast north of Zanzibar, they dominate the Somali Indians and the other half-caste tribes, and, however much either of these latter may pretend to be our friends, the Arab is the master whom they obey; the Arab they have always with them, they respect and fear him, and so cases are constantly occurring of boats' crews being massacred, of poor blue-jackets killed in the streets by night—when sound asleep, perhaps, for Jack will sleep anywhere at times—and of officers disappearing and never being heard of more. Whatever became of the poor gunner of the P——n we lost in Mozambique, I wonder? Where did second-master P——r get to, that his pleasant round face never appeared at the mess-table again? Where did Lieutenant M—— wander to? He was never seen by his messmates again, alive or dead. Who did to the death two men of the A—— in a back slum of Zanzibar? Who enticed our boats' crews on shore at Bareda and massacred every man and officer? Who? Who but the Arabs.

But, stay, we must not judge even these too harshly, nor can I forget that I owe my life to an Arab, or that I have had many a good friend among them. No, we will not judge them rashly, we will rather look upon their evil deeds, or try to do so, from their own point of view—a view probably never taken by a British sailor before. But I have seen a good deal of the home and inner life of the Arab slave-dealer. I had the *entrée* while on the coast—no matter how obtained, 'twas honest—to a kind of society none of our fellows ever thought of cultivating. It had been remarked of me often that I nearly always went on shore alone, seldom bothering even to ask for a ship's boat, unless it were the dingy, but chartering an outrigger canoe. I was studying natural history.

Well, the Arabs are brought up from their infancy to look upon the British cruisers as their enemies, their sailors as their bitterest foes. We can hardly wonder at this; for in putting down the nefarious slave trade do we not render many a family homeless, make children fatherless, and mothers widows?

Yet the good work must go on. Missionaries on shore must preach peace and goodwill to men, our brave sailors at sea must put down the slave-trader with the strong hand of the law at all risks, at all costs, till from end to end the vast continent of Africa shall have seen civilisation and been made free.

Now there is one thing the Arab slaver loves above all things, and that is gold. He prefers it even to his thirst for English blood. There is nothing he will not do for it, nothing he will not barter; he will sell his honour for it—ay, and risk his life as well.

Were I to write you the whole life of Gaspar Moravo you would say it read like a romance. A romance, alas! with a bad ending to it, but it was nevertheless a romance that grew out of our (British) endeavours to put down the slave trade on the coast of Africa. Of his early days little need be said. He was born at sea; his father was a slave-trader, a daring, bold, unscrupulous man, and cruel in the extreme. His main object was to make money by the nefarious trade he had taken up—that of capturing slaves, running them down to the coast, and selling them in the slave-market of Zanzibar. Sometimes he ran cargoes of picked slaves—bought in the market—north to the Gulf of Persia, where on being taken inland they found a ready sale.

It was in Persia where Gaspar when only a boy first fell in with a patron whom in after life he served long and faithfully, and who supplied him with money to purchase and arm dhow after dhow, and thus carry on his patron's business and his own pleasure. Gaspar when young had seen his father struck dead at his feet by the bayonet of a British sailor. It was in the fight between Admiral McH—— (not an admiral then) and two northern fighting dhows, or pirates, so called.

In a manner of speaking—and this only proves how careful we ought to be to turn our talents to good account—in a manner of speaking, I say, Gaspar was a genius. Had he been born under luckier stars and received a fitting education he might have made a name in his own country of which his countrymen would have been proud. He had undoubted ability, and could have won laurels on

the battle-deck of a man-o-war or as a general in the tented field.

But the turning-point in Gaspar's history came at last.

It was a wild and stormy day about the setting-in of the rainy season on the coast. The weather was dark and threatening, with heavy rain-clouds and driving mists hurrying ever and anon across the troubled water. It was a day on which you might have witnessed the curious phenomenon of two thunderstorms raging at one and the same time in different directions of the compass. Yet the wind was by no means steady, nor was the sea very high. Sometimes a white squall would sweep with hurricane force across the sea; then, passing, leave calm and clouds and muttering thunders.

It was hardly a day, Gaspar thought, that British cruisers would be much on the alert. He had been lying concealed in a wooded creek for weeks, waiting the chance to slip out and get away up north with his cargo of slaves. He was full to the hatches.

He had reckoned without his host for once, however.

He ran into the very jaws of the British lion. Had the wind kept up he might even yet have escaped. It did not. The breeze failed and Gaspar fought. A desperate struggle it was, and a short one. It took place close to the coast, near a little village called Bareda, which I doubt if you will find on the map. It lies twixt the Red Sea and Magedona. Gaspar's dhow was captured. Gaspar himself leapt into the sea, just as Captain Semmes of the Alabama did. There was no yacht to pick Gaspar up, though, but he swam on shore through the surf, and took to the rocks till the storm blew over; but from that hour he was dubbed pirate—had he not shed English blood?—and a price was set on his head. At all events, whoever met him were to be justified, if not rewarded, in slaying him.

Gaspar found a passage back to his Persian patron, who refitted him and sent him back to the cruising ground. This patron could afford to pay Gaspar well, and did.

Were space no object with us, the temptation to describe Gaspar's patron's home would be irresistible. It was a lovely spot in a lovely land, a castle of indolence. And he who dwelt there was a true prince of indolence. Young he was, dark-haired, dark-eyed, but fair in skin, a dreamer, a voluptuary, with no thought save that of pleasure, no aspirations, no ambitions.

Did Gaspar love his master? No! he despised him, and only served him faithfully for his own ends. It suited him to do so.

Gaspar Moravo had no scruple against taking life, and he was one of those who believe in the motto of the Clan Cameron—

"Whatever a man dares he can do."

Before he had been a piratical slave-hunter for many years he owned a whole fleet of dhows.

Do not imagine that those dhows ever ran any risk of capture by British cruisers if it could be avoided. No! for Gaspar's fleet carried papers from the then Sultan of Zanzibar, which gave them his Majesty's permission to trade in so-called "household slaves."

It was only on rare occasions that even

Gaspar dared to sail without these.* And, to make assurance doubly sure, the pirate was as often in disguise as not. But when Gaspar became owner and master of that fleet witch of the Indian Ocean called, among other names, the *Castigo*, he became still more daring, and ambition carried him away.

The aim and end of all this ambition was to effect the destruction of one of her Majesty's cruisers. For this he plotted and planned for years and years; and his adventures in doing so, both ashore and afloat, both in England and out on the coast, would fill a book.

Gaspar was not slow in perceiving that nearly all the cruisers on the coast were strong to fight but *useless in a chase*.

Dear reader, many a hundred pounds would be at this moment lying at my bankers to my credit, had the vessels in which I sailed and served been only fast enough to come up with the slavers they eluded. Speed in a cruiser is half the battle. Wait till England goes to war, and fits out vessels that *can* sail and steam, and we will hear and read of exploits at sea that will completely eclipse all the stories of derring-do that have ever yet been done or described.

Gaspar waxed wealthy at last, and as he did so he became more daring.

For a time, too, fortune favoured him. The ship he had succeeded in getting, and which he named the *Castigo*—or *Scourge*—was undoubtedly a fleet one. She seemed, too, to be ubiquitous. She was heard of one day on the African coast, and next she appeared to have turned up in the Persian Gulf or in China.

Few of our cruisers ever saw her; many did not believe in her existence.

One of our vessels boarded her three times, found her papers all right (apparently), and nothing suspicious—not even a slave-iron—on board of her. She was at that time passing for a sugar ship.

But it was quite evident that information had been received by our lords at home which quite convinced them that the *Castigo* was not the myth which some Navy captains, who could not find her, or couldn't catch her when they did find her, would have her to be.

And so, very quietly indeed, the *Theodora*—a really fleet and good vessel—had been commissioned and dispatched.

* These papers could be had in those days for a small bribe to the Sultan's ministers.—G. S.

It was a capital appointment for Blunderbore, who was a favourite in high places, not, I'm sorry to say, for his intrinsic worth, but for other reasons which need not be named. A capital appointment! The *Theodora* was going on special service, and success would bring with it special honours, promotions, and all kinds of pretty things for those engaged in it.

The worst of it was that no one on board, not even honest Captain Blunderbore himself, had an inkling of the kind of service he was detailed for.

His orders had simply been to creep down the western coast of Africa, and break the back of slavery there if he saw a chance—in this, as we have already seen, he was singularly fortunate—then to carry despatches to Ascension, and afterwards to go to the Cape and wait for orders.

So this is how matters stood when we find the *Theodora* lying in Simon's Bay on this lovely evening.

But let me state now that I never rightly knew what became of Benbow's Waterwitch. I only know that the aristocratic clerk D'Austin wrote a letter on service about her, dictated by Captain Blunderbore, who really was instigated by Benbow in this matter. I rather think, however, she was finally burned. And the more was the pity; she was a beauty; only service is service.

After dinner a boat came off from the *Aurora*, with a few of the junior officers of that crack frigate.

Their captain, or rather commodore—O'Connell was his name—was also dining on shore with the admiral. So the evening was spent in a very happy and jolly fashion indeed. Old Golava—old is here a term of endearment—was had into the ward-room, and given sherbet to drink, and much fun was got out of him. Indeed, to hear Golava tell of his adventures was great amusement. There was, to begin with, a charm about his very style of relation that was delightful; then you could see as well as hear that he was telling nothing but the truth, describing simply the events of his everyday life.

At one moment Golava would have you sweeping along in boats, about to make an attack upon some armed dhow that lay round the corner of a wood in a creek, and so graphically would he describe this that you seemed to see everything as it occurred, away on the star-

board of the boats the bright blue sea melting insensibly into the distant horizon, the woods on the port side rolling down to the very water in a cloudland of green, the lazy meduse or turtle floating about in the transparent water, the perspiring blue-jackets half naked and bending to their strong straight oars, and the stolid faces of the hardy marines quietly loading with ball cartridge.

Next moment Golava would have you on the deck of that dhow, and you could actually see the tall long-haired Arabs falling before the rush of British cutlasses, or casting their spears and guns away and leaping headlong overboard.

In the middle of this graphic and terrible relation Golava would raise a laugh by saying in so earnest and businesslike a fashion: "But, gentlemen, you see, I'm no hand to fight much, I board with, but after the marines, and look about for a quiet corner to hide till the scrimmage is over."

Then Golava would suddenly transport you to the densest part of an African forest by night, and you could see a dark figure creeping stealthily from tree to tree, or crawling along snakelike through the cactus bushes, till it got within ear-shot of a grass hut, in which some gentlemen Arabs were discussing their plans of running a cargo of slaves from Brava to Zanzibar or *vice versa*. That figure would be Golava's. And if you asked, "Weren't you a bit scared sometimes, Golava?" "Scared?" Golava would reply. "Bless you, yes, gentlemen, I always move about when doing work of this kind with my heart in my mouth."

Then Golava would suddenly change the scene, and you would find him just approaching his own house door at H—n in Zanzibar, where his wives dwelt.

* * * *

Christmas was spent at Simon's Town. It seems strange to sit down to roast beef and plum-pudding with the thermometer standing at 90 degrees in the shade, and all the ports open, and a pun-kah waving through the hot air over your head.

But such was the case with our heroes on this particular Christmas.

Yet they were happy, and one thing had occurred only the day before that tended to make them additionally happy. The English mailboat arrived and brought letters from home.

(To be continued.)

GREAT SHIPWRECKS OF THE WORLD.

THE WRECK OF THE KILLARNEY.

THE Irish coast is of evil repute to the sailor. No more rugged, dangerous wall rises from the waters. As an example of a wreck on the pitiless buttresses that for ages and ages have kept back the Atlantic from sweeping away the green isle of the sea, let us take that of the *Killarney*. It is not a recent event, but the extraordinary circumstances of the rescue of the survivors are such as to render it famous even in these days, nearly half a century after its occurrence. And let us tell the story as plainly and concisely as we can, trusting to our sketches to fill in the scene; dwelling but little on the stolid indifference of the peasantry who thought so little of the life of others so long as they secured sufficient plan-

der; and giving all due honour to Mr. Hull and his gallant comrades, whose persistent ingenuity at last met its meed of success.

The *Killarney*, a small paddle steamer, with about fifty passengers and crew on board, left Cork for Bristol on January 19, 1838. The weather was rough, and after leaving the harbour she returned for shelter; but as the wind and sea had lulled a little a second attempt was made, and off she went—to her doom. She had on her deck about six hundred pigs, and during the night a quarter of them were swept overboard, and with them went many articles of the cargo. The storm increased so that the captain resolved to put back. His vessel threatened every instant to turn on to her beam ends, the

sea broke over her continually, and the passengers were crawling about her shattered cabin on their hands and knees.

In vain the captain endeavoured to make Cork Harbour. He failed. He then tried to enter Roberts' Cove, but just as he got the steamer before the wind a tremendous sea came crashing over her stern, carrying away bulwarks, wheel, binnacle, and companion, and sending her clean on to the rocks. In the bay there was one rock conspicuous in the angry water, and on it twenty-five of the passengers and crew found refuge. The rest were drowned. Among those that reached the rock was a little boy of nine years old, who had been left by his father in apparent safety while he went to help a lady who was

floating past. When his father turned round again he found his son had been swept off the ledge by the rising waves.

The vessel went to pieces on Saturday night; the survivors spent Saturday night, Sunday, and part of Monday on their almost inaccessible refuge, cold and starving, and with the waves continually breaking over them. Their sufferings were acute. "To such dreadful shifts," says Baron Spolasco, a surgeon who was amongst the passengers, and who was the father of the little lad that was washed away — "to such dreadful shifts were we driven, that during the night I was obliged to hold on with one hand, while with the other I grasped the hand of a fellow-sufferer, in order that each might receive some portion of vital heat; this we did alternately with right and left hand. But we were all so depressed in spirits, and suffering so grievously from the cold and the rain as the night advanced, that we did little else than turn our thoughts to the Most High and calmly await the approach of day and with it some hope of relief. My face, nose, and particularly the inside of my mouth, were dreadfully mangled, and my teeth loosened, being so repeatedly forced by the billows against the rock to which I was elinging. In short, I think no human endurance equalled ours, for towards morning, when my fingers became so benumbed from wet and cold that I lost the use of them, and I found that it was impossible to hold on longer, I twice felt resigned to commit myself to the deep, and was on the point of doing so, invoking Heaven to receive

my spirit. The very lacerated state of my nose, mouth, and feet when I was borne from the rock was indicative of the sufferings I had endured. Poor McArthur seemed either quite regardless of or insensible to my repeated warnings of his danger. He at last put his hands into the pockets of his trousers in spite of my remonstrances to the contrary. The point of the rock on which he stood affording him a better foothold or standing than mine, and that portion of the rock immediately before him not being so perpendicular as that before me, allowed him to bend forward. This last advantage, coupled with that of his better footing, and his being overpowered with sleep, induced him to be so careless of his safety. But almost instantly a fearful and tremendous sea struck the rock just below the slight shelves or openings which supported our toes, and immediately rebounded over us many feet in height; then breaking and failing with great force on our heads, it had the effect of hurling off on the instant poor McArthur. Oh, gracious God! I never can be sufficiently grateful for Thy bountiful goodness and singular preservation in protecting me through so many imminent perils, so many hairbreadth escapes. For of all the passengers with whom I dined on Friday in the steamer Killarney I am the only survivor!"

Many of the poor castaways were swept off during the night, and on the Sunday morning those that were left managed to scramble up the sides of the rock into comparative safety on the summit. Here they sat iso-

lated in the centre of the bay, as shown in our sketch. Around them the waters foamed and tossed; and beyond them along the beach were hundreds of the peasantry busily engaged in carrying off the dead pigs and other plunder of the wreck, and stirring not a hand or foot to help the wretched crew. In vain they shouted, in vain they even held up their purses to show that they could pay for safety. The rustics would look up for a second and stolidly stare at the rock, and then return as busily as ever to the gathering of the dreadful harvest that they thanked the sea for giving them. Of the twenty-four thus heartlessly left to perish, thirteen died before the rescue came; and yet they were so near the shore that the people on the nearest cliff had to bend over its edge to look down upon them!

"During the whole of the morning of that day," says Spolasco, "indeed up to the afternoon, all we saw was a crowd of peasants on the beach, each carrying his or her burden from the spoils of the wreck of the steamer Killarney, and on the cliff above us numbers — altogether amounting to some hundreds. It was in vain we looked for some respectable person among them who would be likely to tender us the desired assistance."

At last the "respectable person" did appear, and as soon as he caught sight of the castaways he waved his hat to cheer them, and hurried off for help. He was soon back with several other gentlemen, bringing ropes and slings. They descended to the edge of the precipice to within about two hundred feet of the rock, and began to throw out



The First Journey of the Life-Car.



On the Rock.

stones to which lines were attached. The footing was so insecure that they failed to fling them far enough.

They then tried to sling the stones over, but although the distance was so trifling they still failed to get the line out to the rock. Then Mr. Galwey and Mr. Hull went to work with crow-bars to form a ledge to stand securely on, and then they tried to fly a duck across with a line tied to its leg. Then a string was tied to a bullet and fired at the rock; but all was to no purpose. Then Mr. Knolles tried to get his dog to swim out through the waves, but the dog refused to go, and he himself was swept off his legs and nearly drowned.

Meanwhile the crowd had been gathering on the cliffs until the people could be counted in thousands. As night was closing in one of the survivors volunteered to carry a line from the rock to the beach. He boldly plunged into the surf—and was seen no more. And then came another effort from those on the land. A rope was fixed to one promontory and the end carried round to the other at the horn of the bay, and the two ends being drawn tight were brought so as to overhang the rock. From the centre hung a small tripping-line, which the survivors seized and hauled upon till they held the rope, and then the darkness closed in.

"When the rope was conveyed to us," says Spolaseo, "we all cheered as if reanimated by

a new existence, and although it reached us too late to be of any service on that night, such was our eagerness to be delivered from the rock that one man volunteered and immediately descended to the base of it, and by a triangular knot made himself fast to the hawser, which had been conveyed to us by means of the small lines already alluded to. The rope or hawser, although not a new one, I think was sufficiently strong to bear one at a time to shore, and, indeed, up the lofty cliff in safety; but a boy who had been in care of the pigs unfortunately, through over-anxiety to escape from the rock, descended, and most imprudently attached himself also at the same time to it, notwithstanding our earnest remonstrances to the contrary; and when they said all was ready—meaning that they were secured to the rope—at the same time directing us to shout to those on the mainland to pull them ashore. We did so, and they immediately drew them towards the cliff, upon which we heard a splash, but could see nothing, it being at this time dark."

The rope had broken!

An hour before daylight Mr. Hull was back with more rope to give his invention another trial. The weather was miserable, and the rain and snow came driving down in sheets. At dawn the coastguard officer arrived from Kinsale with a life-car and a Manby appa-

ratus, which was at once brought into use—and to no effect. The two-pound shot discharged from the howitzer failed to carry the line. Then slings were tried again, and, these having failed, the ropes were again carried round and stretched from headland to headland, and the life-car was run on. Then the hawser was taken down the precipice to nearly three hundred feet below; and thence Mr. Hull and three of the coastguardsmen despatched a basket of refreshments out to the rock, and with it a letter telling the castaways how to act.

The first to enter the cot was Mary Leary. There was a good deal of nervousness as to who should go first; for the contrivance had to be hauled a distance of nearly a hundred feet over the sea before it landed on the ledge where Mr. Hull and his men were waiting, and from that ledge the survivors had to be carried on men's backs up to the top of the cliff, an almost perpendicular climb of three hundred feet, and the least false step on the journey would be fatal. The woman was safely got ashore, and then came the doctor, and then the ship's carpenter, who died immediately he touched the ground. Then came ten of the crew, and then, in his proper place, last of all, came the captain, who throughout had done all in his power to save his ship and those entrusted to his care.

THE TROUT, AND HOW TO CATCH IT.

By J. HARRINGTON KEENE,

Author of "The Practical Fisherman," "Fishing Tackle, and How to Make It," etc.

PART X.

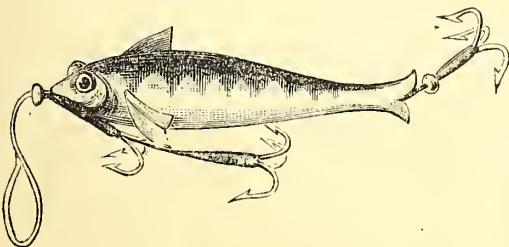


Fig. 8.

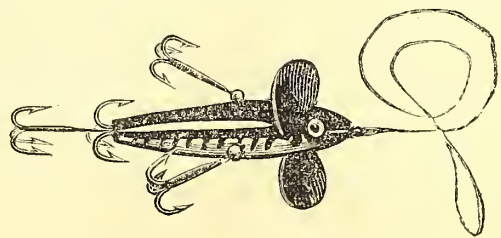


Fig. 9.

OF artificial baits those figured (Figs. 8, 9, 10) are, in my opinion, the best. Fig. 8 is an imitation of the real minnow with fans

at the shoulder, like Figs. 9 and 10, to spin it. Fig. 9 is the "Devon Killer," and Fig. 10 is called the "Clipper," made by Mr. Gregory, of

Wyse Street, Birmingham, if I mistake not. All are very useful when the natural minnow cannot be obtained, and being themselves

weighted do not require extra lead on the trace. With these tackles in his tackle-box the learner need not fear to encounter the fish of any water.

It is high time now that my readers were put in possession of the "How" to fish with

answer to your questions is an explanation of this acute sentence from Foster's book. There is no doubt but that the "weakest go to the wall" in the struggle for existence amongst fish as amongst the higher animals. A wounded fish—nay, even a minnow im-

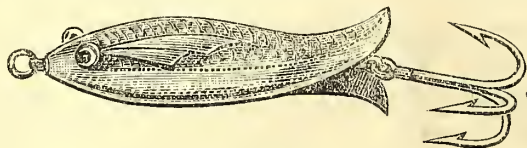


Fig. 10.

the minnow. The observant tyro will probably first ask why the trout take a minnow spinning. "Why do they not prefer the fish without a spin, even though it be dead?" I hear some one say. "Would it not be better to draw the bait through the water without what seems an unnatural movement?" To these questions I can reply with some degree of confidence, having given much time and thought to their elucidation. But first I am strengthened by a truly "scientific angler," who says, "The theory of bait spinning is founded upon the well-known propensities of the heavy fish for weakly fry, which accounts for the otherwise unaccountable fact of the well-spun bait being seized from the very midst of a shoal of living minnows." My

paled on the hook for perch-fishing, if dropped amongst a shoal of his fellows, will be set upon and harried to death, just in the same way as a flock of turkeys will peck and worry one of their real brethren till it dies, as I have more than once observed. So, also, a perch will prefer to take the impaled bait in preference to the lively and free minnow, not because the former is less lively, but because its evident distress in not being able to escape from its tyrant and savage pursuer indicates to the latter a helplessness which is attractive. The spinning bait as it spins through the water imitates as closely as it is possible to imitate a natural action by a mechanical one a wounded fish—in other words, a fish with a tail decayed or fins

bitten off. Any one who has seen such a one will recognise on comparison of the two the similarity of which I speak.

So much for the theory of the matter, now for the practice. If you are fishing for whatsoever fish it is clearly your wisest plan to imitate the false prophet Mahomet, who, when the mountain would not come to him, like a sensible man went to the mountain. Therefore, if you find that the fish you are seeking in mid-stream will not take your lure, because they are not there, why simply alter your tactics and go to them at their homes. If fish are feeding in mid-stream you may easily see that they are doing so. Gently pitch your minnow or fly amongst them, and if they are feeding you will be rewarded. It is when, however, the fish are at home and not in the humour to feed on flies, when, perhaps, they are "grubbing," as it is termed, or, in other words, picking up unconsidered trifles from the bottom, that the minnow is spun with the greatest success.

With a deftly flung line every crevice, nook, and corner can be explored, and especially is it when the bait with easy swiftness speeds across some shadowy lagoon that the old aldermanic trout who has hitherto disdained the fly as mere vanity and vexation of spirit, and has voted the caddis of the gravel met of an indigestible character, rushes out and incontinently takes the bait to find the biter bit.

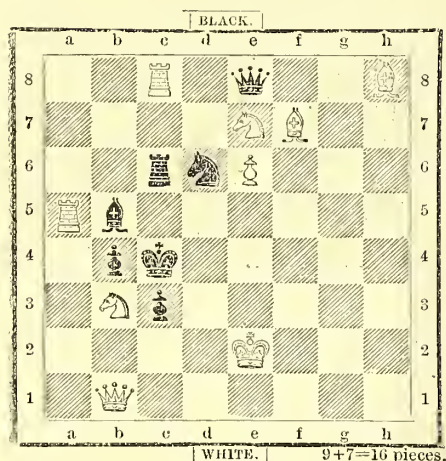
(To be continued.)

CHESS.

(Continued from page 543.)

Problem No. 106.

By T. SIMMONDS.



White to play, and mate in two (2) moves.

To Chess Correspondents.

G. R.—We must employ only the thirty-two pieces, for the ordinary game does not contain two white Queens. What you have attained with the second white Q, namely, *twenty-one mates in a two-mover*, is produced with fewer pieces in the following

PROBLEM No. 107.

White: K—K B 5; Q—Q sq.; R—K R sq.; B—Q R sq. and K 6; Ps—Q Kt 7, Q 3 and

6, K 7, and K B 7.—Black: K—K R sq.; Q—Q Kt sq.; R—K R 7; B—Q Kt 7; Ps—Q R 6 and K Kt 6.—(10+6=16 pieces.) White mates in two moves.

H. H. (Highbury Hill).—Try to rectify the position, for the second move may be B—Q 7.

N. N.—You require only nine white pieces in order to defend all the sixty-four squares, so that the black K cannot be placed on the board, thus:—K—K B 6; Q—Q B 6; Rs—Q R 8 and K R sq.; B—K B 3; Kts—Q Kt 3 and Q 3; Ps—Q B 2 and K B 2.

E. E.—Castling is one of the elementary moves in chess, and is therefore permitted in problems as well as in games.—Taking a Pawn in passing cannot be the first move in a problem, because the opponent has not previously moved (a problem is not the result of a game). The first move in a position, which is stated to be the ending of a game, may be the taking of a Pawn in passing, provided the solver can show that his opponent has, at the last move, advanced the P two squares. There is a fine position by S. Loyd, which may properly be called an *end-game composition*, in which it is White's turn to play, and he has to prove that he can give mate in one move:—White: K—Q B 5; R—K R 8; Ps—Q R 5, Q B 6, K 2, K Kt 2, 3, and 4, and K R 7.—Black: K—Q B 2; B—Q Kt sq.; Ps—Q Kt 4, K B 2 and 3, K Kt 2 and 3, and K R 6. (17 pieces.)

OUR NOTE BOOK.

THE NEW HEADMASTER OF HARROW.

The Rev. James Edward Cowell Welldon, M.A., headmaster of Dulwich College and fellow of King's College, Cambridge, whose portrait we gave in No. 301, has been unanimously elected by the governors of Harrow School to fill the vacancy in the headmastership caused by the appointment of the Rev. Dr. Butler (whose portrait has also appeared in No. 299) to the Deanery of Gloucester.

The new headmaster had a distinguished career at Eton and King's, Cambridge, of both of which colleges he was a scholar. At Eton he won the Newcastle Scholarship, and at Cambridge, where he went up in 1873, he was Bell's Scholar in 1874 and Craven Scholar in 1876, and obtained in 1873 the Carus Greek Testament Prize, and in 1875 and 1876 Sir William Browne's medal for a Greek ode. He took his degree in 1877 as Senior Classic and Senior Chancellor's Medallist. He was ordained in 1883. Less than three years ago he was chosen to be headmaster of Dulwich.

FLORAL BADGES.

An excellent example of floral badges are those of the Highland clans. Each clan wore a native plant or flower for its badge. Thus Buchanan wore a birch, Cameron an oak, Campbell a myrtle, Chisholm an alder, Colquhoun a hazel, Cumming common willow, Drummond holly, Farquharson purple foxglove, Ferguson poplar, Forbes broom, Fraser yew, Gordon ivy, Graham laurel, Grant cranberry heath, Gunn rosewort, Lamont crab apple tree, Macalister five-leaved heath, Macdonald bell heath, Macdonnell mountain heath, Macdougall cypress, Macfarlane cloud berry bush, Macgregor pine, Macintosh box, Mackay bulrush, Mackenzie deer grass, Mackinnon St. John's wort, Maciachlan mountain ash, Maclean blackberry heath, Macleod red wortleberry, Macnab rose buckberry, Macneil seawe, Macpherson variegated box, Macquarrie blackthorn, Macrae fir club moss, Munro eagle's feather's, Menzies ash, Murray juniper, Ogilvie hawthorn, Oliphant maple, Robertson fern, Rose brier rose, Ross bear-berries, Sinclair clover, Stewart thistle, Sutherland cat's-tail grass.—*Rev. J. King, M.A.*

THE SALT-WATER AQUARIUM.

BY THEODORE WOOD,

*Author of "Our Insect Allies," etc.**(Continued from page 623.)*

As regards the necessary implements for capturing your specimens, but little requires to be said.

You will want, first of all, a small hand-net, with a longish handle, with which to fish in the small pools left by the sea among the rocks. The ring of this, which should not be more than six or seven inches in diameter, should be made of tolerably stout iron-bar, firmly welded into a short socket, into which the handle can be fastened by means of a couple of screws. The bag ought to be a foot or a little more in depth, and should be made of the best mosquito-net, which is less liable to tear than leno or muslin. By the judicious use of such a net you can catch a wonderful number of specimens without difficulty, by carefully dragging the small pools left among the weed-covered rocks by the retreating tide; gobies, gunnells, and other small fish are sometimes very abundant in such situations.

If you are very ambitious, you may also set up a broad flat net similar to those used for shrimp-catching, which is very useful when the tide is flowing. An almost equally good plan, however, is to offer a professional shrimp a few pence for the pick of the con-

tents of his net, choosing the specimens for yourself whenever he stops to examine his captures. In this way you may often meet with really valuable acquisitions to your aquarium, which, but for your interference, would of course have been thrown back into the sea as worthless.

A mallet and a cold chisel are indispensable for some of the rock-frequenting animals, which cling so firmly to their hold that they must on no account be forcibly removed. Anemones, for instance, although they can be occasionally induced to vacate their positions, are delicate creatures to meddle with, and ought never to be violently detached from their resting-places. A fragment of rock is easily chipped off, and it is far better to take a little extra trouble than to run the risk of damaging a choice specimen.

The last, and most important, requisite in the search is Perseverance. Map out a small portion of shore, and examine it thoroughly. Work it both as the tide comes in and retreats. Pass over neither crevice nor pool, no matter how small, but systematically search every possible nook and corner before passing on to another locality. By so doing you will find a wonderful number of objects

which you would otherwise inevitably have passed over, and which you will shortly find of far more interest than the majority of those whose size and habits render them more conspicuous objects. Lastly, remember that different winds bring different specimens, and that the yield after a stiff breeze from the north-east may very likely be of a totally different character from that following a gale from the south-west.

As regards the choice of creatures to be kept, it is difficult to give you any advice. You will very soon find out more for yourself than can possibly be told you in a short paper such as the present, and by the time you have discovered which animals are cannibals and which may be safely trusted to mingle with their companions you will have learnt a good deal about the habits of your captives. So, make a few experiments for yourself. You are sure to meet with one or two failures, but you cannot help that. Do not let them discourage you, and before very long you will find yourself the possessor of a considerable stock of knowledge concerning the smaller inhabitants of the salt water, and will, moreover, have the satisfaction of having found it all out for yourself.



JULY.

THE POULTRY RUN.—There are in this month and in the next, especially if the weather be hot, great chances of illnesses of various kinds in your fowl-run. Now, as disease of all sorts is difficult to cure in birds, whether fowls, pigeons, or canaries, it is far better to do all we can to prevent them. If we have in our own mind a list of the various disease-producers, it is easy enough, by using ordinary tact

and precaution, to keep them at bay. What, then, are the common causes of illnesses? They are—1. Irregularity and mismanagement in the feeding. 2. Unwholesome green food. 3. Impure water. 4. Uncleanliness of all kinds. 5. Want of exercise. 6. Overcrowding. 7. Want of pure air in the fowl-house. 8. Vermin. Now, a thoughtful boy will see that his fowls are not subjected to any of these disease-causes.

He will think about them constantly, and whenever a fowl is sick or drooping he will not only use such simple means of remedy as may suggest themselves to him, such as putting the sick birds into a quiet warm corner, and feeding better, etc., but he will endeavour to find out the cause of the trouble.

Let us take a case. It is a half-grown chicken that is drooping, and cannot stand up; it would feed if it

could, and makes efforts to crawl after the grain thrown down, but it is at a disadvantage. It is, in fact, paralysed to a great extent. The question its owner would ask himself is, Has the chicken not been confined too much? or has the diet it has been feeding on not been too stimulating for the life of inaction it has been leading? Then he will not only see after this bird, which is suffering from leg-worm, but he will alter the conditions of life of all its companions as well; he will let them have a bigger run, and more sunlight and pure air, and he will mix bone-dust with their food, and a tonic in the drinking-water. A rusty nail or two is a very good one.

Or it may be one or two fowls that are down with diarrhoea. This will effectually prevent egg-laying, and weaken the birds very much in every way. It is caused by exposure to wet and cold, to alternate wet and hot sunshine, by foul runs, and bad feeding. We have before spoken about the cure for diarrhoea. But the cure is not everything. You must remove the cause, else others may take the same complaint and you may lose many. So that disease of any kind in the run should make one carefully reconsider his whole plan of conducting the economy of the run. Feed more regularly, attend to the cleanliness of the run and everything in it. See to the fowl-house, the shelter-shed, the dust-bath, and water utensils; and see also that the fowls have exercise of some kind, if only scraping for grain in a heap of garden refuse placed in the run on purpose.

In July, and in hot months generally, fowls that are not over well seem to suffer a deal from vermin. Such birds are seldom much to look at; they are weary, tired-looking birds, with drooping tails, and are constantly picking their feathers. A large wine-glassful of strong carbolic acid should be mixed in a bucket of water, and with this, after cleaning it, and before the fowls are out of a morning, you must well syringe all about the run. Then renew the dust-bath; put plenty of dry mortar, dust, peat earth, ordinary garden earth, gravel, etc., in it. Make it a big one, and put plenty of sulphur in it. Sulphur may also be put about the nests and even among the feathers of the birds. But you will very likely have to limewash all the fowl-house more than once before you get rid of these disagreeable pests.

Besides attending to the general cleanliness and comfort of the poultry run, you must this month begin to fatten and weed out all the birds you don't want to keep. Prepare for shows, if you have any birds that give promise. Kill old fowls that are gone off laying. Continue to preserve eggs for winter use.

THE PIGEON LOFT.—Read our last month's DOINGS again. Attend most carefully to the feeding of the loft, and to its dryness and cleanliness. Beware of overcrowding if you would keep clear of that loathsome disease commonly called canker. It is believed by most competent authorities to be infectious, and it probably spreads from one to the other through the medium of the drinking-water. Carefully quarantine any ailing bird, therefore, and then see to the rest. Also cleanse and thoroughly disinfect your loft. A day spent at this work will be profitable enough now, at all events, and probably prevent disease of many kinds. Pigeon shows will now be on. You of course will always go to one when opportunity offers. One learns such a deal by conversing with others, and seeing other really good birds.

THE AVIARY.—The season is wearing on, and the breeding season is well-nigh over. It is well now to prevent more hatching. If eggs are laid, break them or blow them, for moulting will soon be beginning. If the birds, then, are no longer sitting, the egg-and-breadcrumb food may be discontinued, but this must be done gradually, not all at once. Wean off your last nests. Sell your young birds. They sell best when in their first plumage. But mind to keep the very best for your next season's breeding, for charity beginneth at home.

Now you can begin to put away your breeding-cages, and to turn the birds into their ordinary flights. But before you put the cages away do not forget a thorough cleansing. Then roll them neatly up in paper to keep out the dust.

Do not give ordinary singing-birds dainties. We are sometimes consulted about sudden loss of voice in birds. It is caused at times by cold, this we are willing to admit, but the fault is just as often in the feeding. Sweet biscuits, cheese-cakes, sponge-cakes, sugar, etc., should be withheld if the bird is at all greedy in eating such things.

Do not forget green food now, and see that the ordinary seeds you buy are rich-looking and quite free from dust.

THE RABBITRY.—Lay up stores of hay and soft dry weeds for the winter's bedding. See that your rabbits have plenty of exercise, and above all keep the hutches dry and sweet. Do not leave roots about to spoil. They will assuredly breed disease.

See that the hutches are not too hot and warm. A covering of thatch keeps off the summer's heat and also the winter's cold. Do not lift rabbits by the ears, nor allow your friends to do so. Fatten for the market. Give a mash of barley-meal and oatmeal, with a little tea-leaves in it, and boiled potatoes, once a day; give plenty of grains and good roots, and not much green food. Keep them quiet, but not in the dark.

THE KENNEL.—Beware of running your dog or dogs too much in the sunshine. If a dog is panting much and his tongue hangs out, and he makes frequent rushes for the water-pond, it is a sign that he is having far too much exercise. Do not give the dog his dinner now till about six o'clock, and take him out for a walk or a run after. Give plenty of well-mashed greens in the food, and now and then a little sulphur. It is no use putting a piece of brimstone in the water.

DOMESTIC PETS.—We shall feel much pleasure in giving advice under this heading upon any domestic animal that boys inquire about, from a horse to a hedgehog. But let us now, in this hot month of July, remind our readers that all animals need water to drink; and those that will bathe ought to have a shallow pan given them for the purpose. Nearly all birds are fond of bathing. Milk and water make a very good drink for such pets as will partake of it. So do oatmeal and water.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.—The chief work of the month is planting winter greens, planting out celery, sowing a bed of cabbage the plants of which will come in very handy, staking beans, and killing weeds everywhere. Gather up all garden rubbish and put away to rot. It must be well buried, if there be cabbage or kale stalks in it. Never let pieces of stick get among your manure.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.—End roses, remove flowers from plants when they begin to fade, the plant will thus keep on blooming longer. Take cuttings of geraniums. Water wherever needed. Keep down weeds, and keep all walks, grass, and borders neat and tidy.

THE WINDOW GARDEN.—Train creepers. Stir the earth constantly around flowering plants. If any are drooping, water coloured deep with permanganate of potash will be found an excellent reviver. See that you water well and thoroughly. Attend to the hanging basket. It is so apt to get dry. Do not let creepers that don't belong to it get around it, for the basket should be made to lower down at will, and a twining creeper would effectually prevent this.

Correspondence.

CYMBELINE.—Balthazar's song in "Much Ado about Nothing" was "Men were deceivers ever." Do not say "Shakespeare says" so and so. Quote the name of the character, and not that of the poet. Shakespeare's greatness consists in his making his characters speak their characteristic thoughts. What the author thought is nowhere shown; hence the puppets seem living men and women. The thoughts and phrases of an Iago are widely different from those of a Miranda; and it would be as absurd to credit the bard with all the villainy of the one as with all the innocent purity of the other. A cynic speaks cynically, a braggart speaks boastfully, and "Shakespeare says"—nothing.

M. M.—Most of the silkworm gut comes from Murcia, in the south of Spain, where mulberry-trees are plentiful. The worm is thrown into hot vinegar, and the intestine is stretched out and wound upon pins.

C. I. A.—If you apply to Mr. Goy, of Leadenhall Street, he will send you particulars of several bicycle schools where the terms for tuition are moderate.

PHYL.—Boil the leaves in a solution of three ounces of washing-soda and an ounce and a half of quicklime in a quart of water until they are pulpy, and then clear off the fragments. This is the quickest way of skeletonising.

A. DELWICH BOY.—Our circulation is so large for a magazine that we have to go to press weeks in advance, and hence any news we might be able to give would be anticipated so long by the newspapers as to be almost useless.

AN INQUIRER.—You can get a copy of the plate of Highland Clans by buying the part in which it appeared. The cost is sixpence.

ALLAN RENNIE.—1. You may think yourself lucky if you get five shillings per week at your age. 2. The stamps with "Magyar" on them are Hungarian.

SINCE FIRST VOLUME.—Write to headquarters; but particulars as to situations as bandmen can generally be obtained from the military musical instrument sellers.

S. M. POTTS.—In "Birthday Flowers," published by Chatto and Windus at six shillings, there are three hundred and sixty six coloured portraits of flowers, wild and cultivated. We know of no other coloured selection that has so many flowers at the price.

ROE BUCK.—Roughly speaking, a fast ocean steamer burns a ton of coals per hour for every knot she runs.

H. V. HOWS.—The stamp without letters or figures, but with the head of Mercury surrounded by a Greek key pattern, is an Austrian.

W. HEGGS.—See our article on Bishops and Bishoprics. It was the bishop who moved to the chief town from some distant village; and in some cases the seat of the see remains in its old place.

A. R. K.—1. Sketches for book illustrations are generally drawn in body colour. 2. Advertise in the technical papers of the profession you wish to join.

SHAMROCK.—Shilling books on water-colour drawing are published by most artists' colourmen. Apply to Winsor and Newton, of Rathbone Place; Reeves, of Cheapside; Rowney, of Oxford Street, etc., etc.

T. J. B.—The "hattery" you send is an induction coil. For instructions how to make it consult the index.

F. E. NEWTON.—To clean an oil picture lay a wet towel on it, and keep it thoroughly wet for three or four days. Then sponge the picture with clean water, and soak it again. To dissolve hard old varnish use spirits of wine and turpentine, but the instant you begin to touch the colours rinse the picture thoroughly with clean water.

M. WHITE.—There was no Afghan campaign in 1845. General Pollock took Cabul in 1842.

BEAUSÉANT.—Write to Dulau and Co., 37, Soho Square, for list of their "Thorough Guide" series. The books are by Ward and Baddeley, and are practical and cheap, costing from half-a-crown to three shillings and sixpence. Stanford, of Charing Cross, also publishes well-known guide-books; and there are many others, including of course the classic Murray.

T. W. WARREN.—Our article on the Tricycle Meet was in the September part for 1881. Your best plan would be to apply to Goy, Leadenhall Street. Your machine should be japed, not painted, and the best japan for the purpose is obtainable from the bicycle shops.

A. E. MAIDMENT.—We have given so many articles on boatbuilding that you had better send for the indexes and get the particulars for yourself. There are six indexes, and they cost a penny each.

CYCLIST.—Try glycerine, or blacklead and glycerine. There are, however, so many good lubricants for cycles sold at the shops that you can scarcely hope to excel them either in quality or price.

NATURALIST.—1. You will get most fossils in the diagrammatic sheet, "Lowry's British Fossils," published by Stanford; but what you want is a good manual of geology, of which there are so many in the market. There is a long list, but no figures, in Penning's "Field Geology;" and of course there is the standard book, Morris's "British Fossils," than which no better guide is published. 2. It would be simply misleading you. An aquarium must have stone or glass sides. You might coat the sides with window-glass and fill in with Portland cement, but we do not like to guarantee that it would be successful.

W. MILLER.—For particulars as to Andrew Wilson's "Ever Victorious Army—a history of Gordon's Chinese Campaign," write to Messrs. Blackwood and Sons, who were its publishers.

READY.—The quotation, "Like angels' visits, few and far between," is from Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope." There is also something very like it in Blair's "Grave." For "Men were deceivers ever" see answer to CYMBELINE.

H. M. B.—1. On letters, etc., it is customary to give the full name and initials of degree. "The Rev. J. Smith, M.A.," is right enough; but "The Rev. J. Smith, etc., etc.," is just as polite, and ensures accuracy. 2. "Entered at Stationers' Hall" means that the title has been registered for copyright purposes.

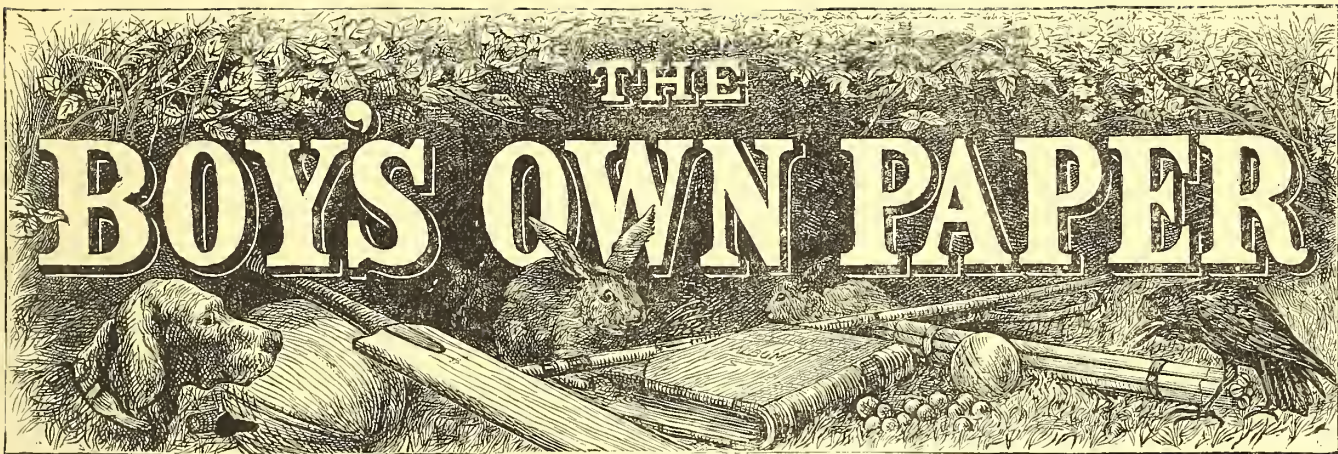
CORNWALL and CLIFTON.—Had you read the paper you would have found the explanation for yourselves. The portraits were from photographs supplied by the team. The error as to the name of the head master of Clifton appeared only in some of the copies, and was noted in all the copies at the head of the Correspondence on the earliest possible occasion. The article on the Counties gave the reason of the selection.

A. C. HOBDAV.—No; but if you will mix your colours with varnish instead of water there will be no difficulty. Rub them down in the usual way.

R. E. NIVEN.—The responsibility of advising on investments would be too great for us to undertake. You may choose for yourself; but remember the old Duke of Wellington's remark, that "high interest means bad security." All investments have a tendency to reduce themselves to a five per cent. basis. Trust investments are permitted by the Court of Chancery in Consols, Bank of England, Metropolitan Board of Works, and Indian Government Stocks; in Canadian Four per Cent. Guaranteed, in Turkish Four per Cent. Guaranteed, and in the Bank of Ireland Stock. Among other safe four to five per cent. investments are the Colonial Government Securities, and the Dutch, Belgian, French, and United States Government Stocks, all British Railway Debenture Stocks, Indian Railway Debenture Stocks, British Railway Preference Stocks, Indian Railway Guaranteed Ordinary Stocks, Docks, and, speaking generally, all British Railway Stocks of established lines. Above six per cent. no investment can be safely recommended.

C. WEEKS.—An oblique or skew arch is one that crosses at an angle not a right angle. The getting out of the stones for such an arch is a very complicated proceeding, and your best plan would be to obtain a book on "Skew Arches" from one of the engineering publishers. Batsford, of Holborn, generally has a stock of such technical books.

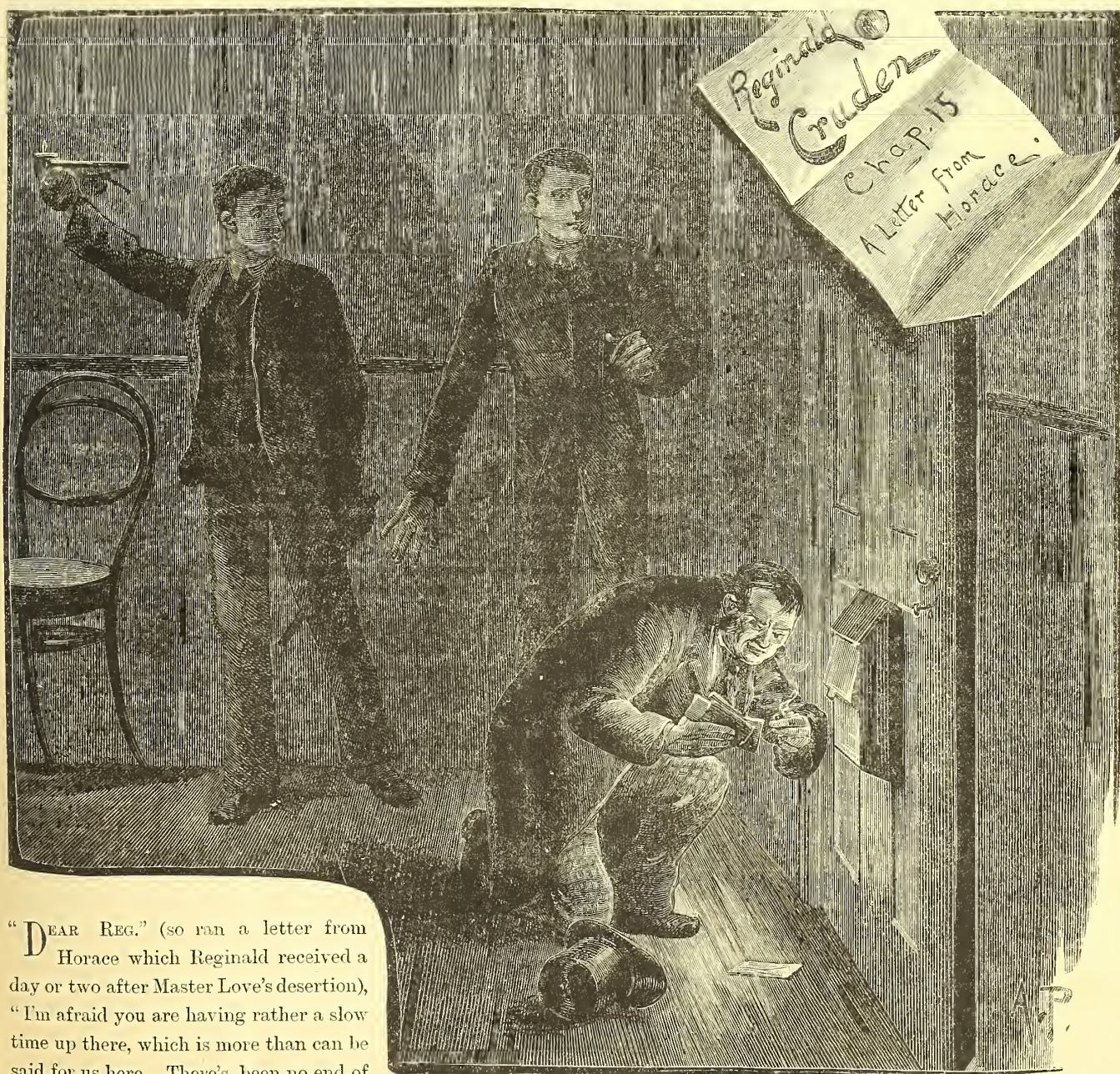
C. S.—1. The articles on Kite Carriages were in the third volume, pages 57, 63, and 93 (Nos. 93, 94, and 95). 2. The three-ply wood for fret-cutting is made by Mr. J. H. Skinner, of East Dereham, Norfolk. The centre layer runs the opposite way of the grain to the others. The prices per square foot are sixpence for an eighth of an inch thick, sevenpence for three-sixteenths of an inch, and eightpence for a quarter-inch. This is for walnut, mahogany, and brown oak; other woods cost fivepence, sixpence, and sevenpence.



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Price One Penny.
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"DEAR REG." (so ran a letter from Horace which Reginald received a day or two after Master Love's desertion), "I'm afraid you are having rather a slow time up there, which is more than can be said for us here. There's been no end of a row at the 'Rocket,' which you may

"He lit another match."

like to hear about, especially as two of the chief persons concerned were your friend Durfy and your affectionate brother.

"Granville, the sub-editor, came into the office where Booms and Waterford and I were working on Friday morning, and said, in his usual mild way,

"I should like to know who generally clears the post-box in the morning?"

"I do," said Booms. You know the way he groans when he speaks.

"The reason I want to know is, because I have an idea one or two letters lately have either been looked at or tampered with before the editor or I see them."

"I suppose I'm to be given in charge?" said Booms. "I didn't do it; but when once a man's suspected, what's the use of saying anything?"

"Even Granville couldn't help grinning at this.

"Nonsense, Booms. I'm glad to say I know you three fellows well enough by this time to feel sure it wasn't one of you. I shouldn't have spoken to you about it if I had."

"Booms seemed quite disappointed he wasn't to be made a martyr of after all.

"You think I know all about it?" he said.

"No, I don't; and if you'll just listen without running away with ridiculous notions, Booms," said Granville, warming up a bit, "I'll explain myself. Two letters during the last fortnight have been undoubtedly opened before I saw them. They both arrived between eight o'clock in the evening and nine next morning, and they both came from sporting correspondents of ours in the country, and contained information of a private nature intended for our paper the next day. In one case it was about a horse race, and in the other about an important football match. The letters were not tampered with for the purpose of giving information to any other papers, because we were still the only paper who gave the news, so the probability is some one who wanted to bet on the event has tried to get hold of the news beforehand."

"I never made a bet in my life," said Booms.

"We couldn't help laughing at this, for the stories he tells us of his terrific sporting exploits when he goes out of an evening in his high collar would make you think he was the loudest betting man in London.

"Granville laughed too.

"Better not begin," he said, and then blushed very red as it occurred to him he had made an unintentional pun. But we looked quite grave, and did not give any sign of having seen it, and that put him on his feet again.

"It's not a comfortable thing to happen," said he, "and what I want to propose is that one or two of you should stay late for a night or two and see if you can find out how it occurs. There are one or two events coming off during the next few days about which we expect special communications, so that very likely whoever it is may try again. You must be very careful, and I shall have to leave you to use your discretion, for I'm so busy with the new Literary Supplement that I cannot stay myself."

"Well, when he'd gone we had a consultation, and of course it ended in Waterford and me determining to sit up. Poor Booms's heart would break if he

couldn't go 'on the mash' as usual; and though he tried to seem very much hurt that he was not to stay, we could see he was greatly relieved. Waterford and I were rather glad, as it happened, for we'd some work on hand it just suited us to get a quiet evening for.

"So I wrote a note to Miss Crisp. Don't get excited, old man; she's a very nice girl, but she's another's. [By the way, *Jemima* asks after you every time I meet her, which is once a week now; she's invited herself into our shorthand class.] And after helping to rig old Booms up to the ninety-nines, which wasn't easy work, for his 'dicky' kept twisting round to the side of his neck, and we had to pin it in three places before it would keep steady, I gave him the note and asked him would he ever be so kind as to take it round for me, as it was to ask Miss Crisp if she would go and keep my mother company during my absence.

After that I thought we should never get rid of him. He insisted on overhauling every article of his toilet. At least four more pins were added to fix the restless dicky in its place on his manly breast. We polished up his eyeglasses with wash-leather till the pewter nearly all rubbed off; we helped him roll his flannel shirt-sleeves up to the elbows, for fear—horrible idea!—they should chance to peep out from below his cuffs; we devoted an anxious two minutes to the poisoning of his hat at the right angle, and then passed him affectionately from one to the other to see he was all right. After which he went off, holding my letter carefully in his scented handkerchief and saying—dear gay deceiver!—that he envied us spending a cosy evening in that snug office by the fire!

"The work Waterford and I have on hand is—tell it not in Gath, old man, and don't scorn a fellow off the face of the earth—to try to write something that will get into the Literary Supplement. This supplement is a new idea of the editor's, and makes a sort of weekly magazine. He writes a lot of it himself, and we chip a lot of stuff for him out of other papers. The idea of having a shot at it occurred to us both independently, in a funny and rather humiliating way. It seems Waterford, without saying a word to me or anybody, had sat down and composed some lines on the 'Swallow'—appropriate topic for this season of the year. I at the same time, without saying a word to Waterford or anybody except mother, had sat down and, with awful groanings and wrestling of mind, evolved a lucubration in prose on 'Ancient and Modern Athletic Sports.' Of course I crammed a lot of it up out of encyclopædias and that sort of thing. It was the driest rot you ever read, and I knew it was doomed before I sent it in. But as it was written I thought I might try. So, as of course I couldn't send it in under my own name, I asked Miss Crisp if I might send it under hers. The obliging little lady laughed and said, 'Yes,' but she didn't tell me at the same time that Waterford had come to her with his 'Swallow' and asked the very same thing. A rare laugh she must have had at our expense! Well, I sent mine in and Waterford sent in his.

"We were both very abstracted for the next few days, but little guessed our perturbation arose from the same cause.

Then came the fatal Wednesday—the 'd. w. t.' day as we call it—for Granville always saves up his rejected addresses for us to 'decline with thanks' for Wednesdays. There was a good batch of them this day, so Waterford and I took half each. I took a hurried skim through mine, but no 'Ancient and Modern Athletic Sports' were there. I concluded therefore Waterford had it. Granville writes in the corner of each 'd. w. t.' or 'd. w. t. note,' which means 'declined with thanks' pure and simple, or 'declined with thanks' and a short polite note to be written at the same time stating that the sub-editor, while recognising some merit in the contribution, regretted it was not suitable for the supplement. I polished off my pure and simple first, and then began to tackle the notes. About the fourth I came to considerably astonished me. It was a couple of mild sonnets on the 'Swallow,' with the name M. E. Crisp attached!

"Hullo," I said to Waterford, tossing the paper over to him, 'here's Miss Crisp writing some verses. I should have thought she could write better stuff than that, shouldn't you?'

"Waterford, very red in the face, snatched up the paper and glanced at it. "Do you think they're so bad?" said he.

"Frightful twaddle," said I; 'fancy any one saying,

"The drowsy year from winter's sleep ye wake,
Yet two of ye do not a summer make."

"Well," said he, grinning, "you'd better tell her straight off it's bosh, and then she's not likely to make a fool of herself again. Hullo, though, I say," he exclaimed, picking up a paper in front of him, every smudge and blot of which I knew only too well, 'why she's at it again. What's this? "Ancient and Mod—" Why it's in your writing; did you copy it out for her?'

"I wrote that out, yes, said I, feeling it my turn to colour up and look sheepish.

"Waterford glanced rapidly through the first few lines and then said,

"Well, all I can say is, it's a pity she didn't stick to poetry. I'm sure the line about waking the drowsy year is a jolly sight better than this awful rot:

"Though we are not told so in so many words, we may reasonably conclude that athletic sports were not unpractised by Cain and Abel prior to the death of the latter!"

"As if they could have done it after!"

"I never said they could," I said, feeling very much taken down.

"Oh—it was you composed it as well as wrote it, was it?" said he, laughing. "Ho, ho! that's the best joke I ever heard. Poor little Crisp, what a shame to get her to father—or mother a thing like this; ha, ha! "prior to the death of the latter"—that's something like a play of language! My eye, what a game she's been having with us!"

"Us! then you're the idiot who wrote about the Swallows!" said I.

"Suppose I am," said he, blushing all over, 'suppose I am.'

"Well, all I can say is, I'm precious glad the little Crisp isn't guilty of it. "Two of ye do not a summer make," indeed!"

"Well, they don't," said he.

"I know they don't," said I, half dead

with laughing, 'but you needn't go and tell everybody.'

"I'm sure it's just as interesting as Cain and Abel—"

"There now, we don't want to hear any more about them," said I, 'but I think we ought to send them both back to Miss Crisp, to give her her laugh against us too.'

"We did so; and I needn't tell you she lets us have it whenever we get within twenty yards of her."

"Here's a long digression, but it may amuse you; and you said you wanted something to read."

"Well, Waterford and I recovered in a few days from our first reverse, and decided to have another shot; and so we were rather glad of the quiet evening at the office to make our new attempts. We half thought of writing a piece between us, but decided we'd better go on our own hooks after all, as our styles were not yet broken in to one another. We agreed we had better this time both write on subjects we knew something about; Waterford accordingly selected 'A Day in a Sub-Editor's Life' as a topic he really could claim to be familiar with; while I pitched upon 'Early Rising,' a branch of science in which I flatter myself, old man, *you* are not competent to tell me whether I excel or not. Half the battle was done when we had fixed on our subjects; so as soon as every one was gone we poked up the fire and made ourselves snug, and settled down to work."

"We plodded on steadily till we heard the half-past nine letters dropped into the box. Then it occurred to us we had better turn down the lights and give our office as deserted a look as we could. It was rather slow work sitting in the dark for a couple of hours, not speaking a word or daring to move a toe. The fire got low, but we dared not make it up; and of course we both had awful desires to sneeze and cough—you always do at such times—and half killed ourselves in our efforts to smother them. We could hear the cabs and omnibuses in Fleet Street keeping up a regular roar; but no foot-steps came near us, except once when a telegraph boy (as we guessed by his shrill whistling and his smart step) came and dropped a telegram into the box. I assure you the click the flap of the letter-box made that moment, although I knew what it was and why it was, made my heart beat like a steam-engine."

"It was beginning to get rather slow when twelve came and still nothing to disturb us. We might have been forging ahead with our writing all this time if we had only known."

"Presently Waterford whispered,

"They won't try to-night now."

"Just as he spoke we heard a creak on the stairs outside. We had heard lots of creaks already, but somehow this one startled us both. I instinctively picked up the ruler from the table, and Waterford took my arm and motioned me close to the wall beside him. Another creak came presently and then another. Evidently some one was coming down the stairs cautiously, and in the dark too, for we saw no glimmer of a light through the partly-opened door. We were behind it, so that if it opened we should be quite hidden unless the fellow groped round it."

"Down he came slowly, and there was no mistake now about its being a human

being and not a ghost, for we heard him clearing his throat very quietly and snuffing as he reached the bottom step. I can tell you it was rather exciting, even for a fellow of my dull nerves."

"Waterford nudged me to creep a little nearer the gas, ready to turn it up at a moment's notice, while he kept at the door to prevent our man getting out after he was once in."

"Presently the door opened very quietly. He did not fling it wide open, luckily, or he was bound to spot us behind it; but he opened it just enough to squeeze in, and then, feeling his way round by the wall, made straight for the letter-box. Although it was dark he seemed to know his way pretty well, and in a few seconds we heard him stop and fumble with a key in the lock. In a second or two he had opened it, and then, crouching down, began cautiously to rub a match on the floor. The light was too dim to see anything but the crouching figure of a man bending over the box and examining the addresses of one or two of the letters in it. His match went out before he had found what he wanted."

"It was hard work to keep from giving him a little unexpected light, for my fingers itched to turn up the gas. However, it was evidently better to wait a little longer and see what he really was up to before we were down on him."

"He lit another match, and this time seemed to find what he wanted, for we saw him put one letter in his pocket and drop all the others back into the box, blowing out his match as he did so."

"Now was our time. I felt a nudge from Waterford and turned the gas full on, while he quietly closed the door and turned the key."

"I felt quite sorry for the poor scared beggar as he knelt there and turned his white face to the light, unable to move or speak or do anything. You'll have guessed who it was."

"So, Mr. Durfy," said Waterford, leaning up against the door and folding his arms, 'it's you, is it?'

"The culprit glared at him and then at me, and rose to his feet with a forced laugh."

"It looks like it," he said.

"So it does," said Waterford, taking the key out of the door and putting it in his pocket; 'very like it. And it looks very much as if he would have to make himself comfortable here till Mr. Granville comes!'

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the fellow. 'I've as much right to be here as you have, for the matter of that, at this hour.'

"Very well, then," said Waterford, as cool as a cucumber, 'we'll all three stay here. Eh, Cruden?'

"I'm game," said I.

"He evidently didn't like the turn things were taking, and changed his tack."

"Come, don't play the fool!" he said, coaxingly. 'The fact is, I expected a letter from a friend, and as it was very important I came to get it. It's all right.'

"You may think so," said Waterford; 'you may think it's all right to come here on tiptoe at midnight with a false key, and steal, but other people may differ from you, that's all! Besides, you're telling a lie: the letter you've got in your pocket doesn't belong to you!'

"It was rather a rash challenge, but

we could see by the way his face fell it was a good shot."

"He uttered an oath, and advanced threateningly towards the door."

"Sit down," said Waterford, 'unless you want to be tied up. There are two of us here, and we're not going to stand any nonsense, I can tell you!'

"You've no right—"

"Sit down, and shut up!" repeated Waterford.

"I tell you if you—"

"Cruden, you'll find some cord in one of those drawers. If you don't shut up, and sit down, Durfy, we shall make you."

"He caved in after that, and I was rather glad we hadn't to go to extremes."

"Hadden't we better get the letter?" whispered I.

"No; he'd better fork it out to Granville," said Waterford.

"He was wrong for once, as you shall hear."

"Durfy slunk off and sat down on a chair in the far corner of the room, swearing to himself, but not venturing to raise his voice above a growl."

"It was now about half-past twelve, and we had the lively prospect of waiting at least eight hours before Granville turned up."

"Don't you bother to stay," said Waterford. 'I can look after him.'

"But I scouted the idea, and said nothing would induce me to go."

"Very well, then," said he; 'we may as well get on with our writing.'

"So we pulled our chairs up to the table, with a full view of Durfy in the corner, and tried to continue our lucubrations."

"But when you are sitting up at dead of night, with a prisoner in the corner of the room cursing and gnashing his teeth at you, it is not easy to grow eloquent either on the subject of 'A Day in a Sub-Editor's Life,' or 'Early Rising.' And so we found. We gave it up presently, and made up the fire and chatted together in a whisper."

"Once or twice Durfy broke the silence."

"I'm hungry," growled he, about two o'clock."

"So are we," said Waterford.

"Well, go and get something. I'm not going to be starved, I tell you. I'll make you smart for it, both of you."

"You've been told to shut up," said Waterford, rising to his feet with a glance towards the drawer where the cord was kept."

"Durfy was quiet after that for an hour or so. Then I suppose he must have overheard me saying something to Waterford about you, for he broke out with a vicious laugh."

"Reginald! Yes, he'll thank you for this. I'll make it so hot for him—"

"Look here," said Waterford, 'this is the last time you're going to be cautioned, Durfy. If you open your mouth once more you'll be gagged; mind that. I mean what I say.'

"This was quite enough for Durfy. He made no further attempt to speak, but curled himself up on the floor and turned his face to the wall, and disposed himself to all appearances to sleep. Whether he succeeded or not I can't say. But towards morning he glowered round at us. Then he took out some tobacco and commenced chewing it, and finally turned his back on us again and continued dozing and chewing alternately

till the eight o'clock bell rang and aroused us.

"Half an hour later Granville arrived, and a glance at our group was quite sufficient to acquaint him with the state of affairs.

"So this is the man," said he, pointing to Durfy.

"Yes, sir. We caught him in the act of taking a letter out of the box at midnight. In fact he's got it in his pocket this moment."

"Durfy gave a fiendish grin, and said,

"That's a lie. I've no letter in my pocket!"

"And he proceeded to turn his pockets one after the other inside out.

"All I know is we both saw him take a letter out of the box and put it in his pocket," said Waterford.

"Yes," snarled Durfy, "and I told you it was a private letter of my own."

"Whatever the letter is, you took it out of the box, and you had better show it quietly," said Granville; "it will save you trouble."

"I tell you I have no letter," replied Durfy again.

"Very well, then, Cruden, perhaps you will kindly fetch a policeman."

"I started to go, but Durfy broke out, this time in tones of sincere terror;

"Don't do that, don't ruin me. I did take it, but—"

"Give it to me, then."

"I can't. I've eaten it!"

"Wasn't this a thunderbolt! How were we to prove whose the letter was. Wild thoughts of a stomach-pump, or soap and warm water, did flash through my mind, but what was the use? The fellow had done us after all, and we had to admit it.

"No one stopped him as he went to the door, half scowling, half grinning.

"Good morning, gentlemen!" said he. "I hope you'll get a better night's rest to-morrow. I promise not to disturb you" (here followed a few oaths). "But I'll pay you out, some of you—Crudens, Reginalds, sneaks, prigs—all of you!"

"With which neat peroration he took his leave, and the 'Rocket' has not seen him since.

"Here's a long screed! I must pull up now.

"Mother's not very well, she's fretting, I'm afraid, and her eyes trouble her. I can't say we shall be sorry when Christmas comes, for try all we can, we're in debt at one or two of the shops. I know you'll hate to hear it, but it's simply unavoidable on our present means. I wish I could come down and see you; but for one thing, I can't afford it, and for another, I can't leave mother. Mrs. Shuckelford is really very kind, though she's not a congenial spirit.

"Young Gedge and I see plenty of one another: he's joined our shorthand class, and is going in for a little steady work all round. He owes you a lot for befriending him at the time you did, and he's not forgotten it. I promised to send you his love next time I wrote. Harker will be in town next week, which will be jolly. I've never seen Bland since I called to pay the 6s. 6d. I fancy he's got into rather a fast lot, and is making a fool of himself, which is a pity.

"You tell us very little about your Corporation; I hope it is going on all right. I wish to goodness you were back in town. I never was in love with the concern, as you know, and at the risk of putting you in a rage, I can't help saying it's a pity we couldn't all have stayed together just now. Forgive this growl, old man.

"Your affectionate brother,

"HORACE.

"Wednesday, 'd. w. t.' day. To our surprise and trepidation, neither the 'Day in a Sub-Sub-Editor's Life' nor 'Early Rising' were among the papers given out to-day to be 'declined with thanks.' Granville may have put them into the fire as not even worth returning, or he may actually—*O mirabile dictu*—be going to put us into print!"

(To be continued.)

IVAN DOBROFF: A RUSSIAN STORY.

BY PROFESSOR J. F. HODGETTS,

Late Examiner to the University of Moscow, Professor in the Russian Imperial College of Practical Science,

Author of "Harold, the Boy-Earl," etc.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THINGS have moved apace since our last chapter. The doctor had proposed to and been accepted by Anniesie, for whom a free pardon had been obtained from the Empress. We are not going to describe the wedding itself, but one of the presents which she received on the morning of her marriage may be of special interest. It consisted of one of the most beautiful ivory caskets imaginable. The sides were elaborately decorated with carvings representing the four seasons, in the winter scene showing a sledge attacked by wolves in the snow. On the lid were carved in bas-relief portraits of the Emperor and the Empress. On opening this pretty box she found a document, which on examination proved to be a full and free pardon for the misdemeanour for which she had been exiled, and also for the step which she had taken in quitting Siberia without receiving official permission.

Ivan had overcome his dislike to the organ in the English church, and having been introduced by Tenterton to Mr. Hamilton had frequently accompanied him in his visits to the good chaplain, who took a very lively interest in the battle which Ivan had been fighting against his own selfhood. Many words of affectionate encouragement did he say to the boy, who had commenced his career as a Christian soldier by giving up with all his heart and soul the love which he had acquired for the pomp and glitter of mortal arms.

Tenterton was a first-rate arithmetician, and proved invaluable to Ivan in showing him some peculiarities in book-keeping and in giving him many hints for the arrangement of his time.

It was a happy day for Ivan when his two beloved friends Anniesie and Strammeller were married, although he pretended to be very angry with her for telling him nothing about it before, which he called mean in her, from whom he (Ivan) concealed nothing. He told Strammeller that he considered *him* an instance of base ingratitude for never saying a word of thanks for saving from exile and bringing to him certainly the best wife in Europe.

We must now turn to more prosaic matters. When the great cause of Abrazoff against Abrazoff had been decided in Ivan's favour, Smirnoff was appointed curator or guardian of Ivan, and trustee of his money. He was desired to name a co-trustee to act with him in the task of looking after Ivan's interests. He had at first thought the distance to Kursk an obstacle to the nomination of Steinfeldt; but finding this gentleman very willing to undertake the duty, he had at last requested him to share the responsibilities of Ivan's future with him. Now certain large sums had been made over to Ivan by Smirnoff, and these were well and safely invested. All the money accruing from the Riazan estates had been placed in the Imperial Bank at Moscow. A share had been purchased in Ivan's

name in the Merchants' Bank, of which Smirnoff was one of the managers, so that everything had been done to secure his safety in case of any accident happening to Smirnoff.

But—for there was a *but*—Steinfeldt discovered that this having been done, the remainder of Smirnoff's immense capital had been sunk in the celebrated South Russian Coal Mine Company, which was on the eve of bankruptcy! It was not known to the general public how much this horrible mine had swallowed. To the outside world it represented a fraction of Smirnoff's possessions. In reality it represented his all! The crisis was approaching when the whole of that magnificent mercantile fabric—that palace in fairyland—should vanish into "thin air, and leave not a wrack behind," unless some unforeseen event should put Smirnoff again in possession of certain large sums.

The reports on 'Change up to this time had all been favourable to Smirnoff; but now ominous whispers had begun to be heard, and of these Von Steinfeldt became aware. They were only rumours as yet; but Steinfeldt was a thorough man of business, and knew what power for good or ill lay within those rumours, so wherever he could he flatly denied any danger, having indeed the fullest confidence in Smirnoff to pull through.

Just at this moment a grand undertaking was started, in which the great house of Smirnoff was expected to take

part. It meant enormous addition to its power as a house if taken up; it meant ruin and confirmation of the evil rumours if participation were declined. What could poor Smirnoff do? All the available funds at his disposal had been sunk in the wretched mining scheme, which he now saw that he ought never to have touched. He could not ask his business friends to join him and furnish the missing capital, for that would be equal to a confession of his own bankrupt condition. Ivan's money he could not touch alone,

me, it would be a great relief. I can't work these problems out for thinking of him. He looks so utterly sad at home sometimes, though he never lets the world know. Is anything wrong?"

"I am afraid so, Ivan."

"How much is it?"

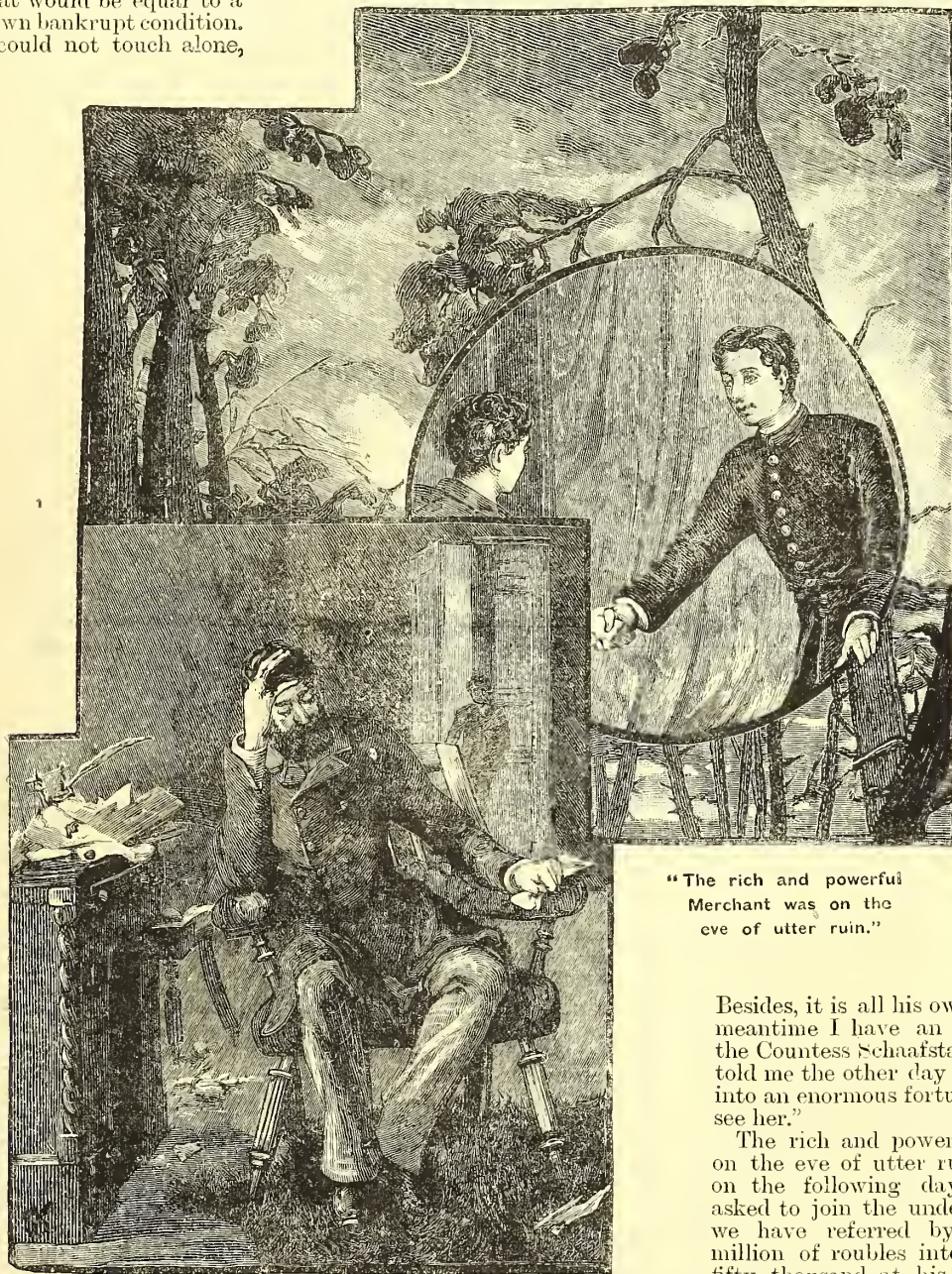
"About five hundred thousand roubles."

"Has my money been touched?"

sible? You may do what you like with my money."

"I know you are 'Ivan Dobroff' [the good], but it would not do to withdraw that—at least, it would be difficult. I will, however, ask him to let me do it."

"Of course you must ask him; I don't want money—never shall. You must make him do it. I will sign anything."



"The rich and powerful Merchant was on the eve of utter ruin."

and he never thought of consulting Steinfeldt, who learnt the facts from others.

Full of very desponding thoughts, Steinfeldt called upon Smirnoff early one morning, and, finding him not at home, asked to see Ivan, to whom he was at once admitted. He found the boy looking pale, worried, and tired.

"What is the matter with you, Ivan?"

"Don't feel well, uncle.* I am glad you have come; want to talk to you about Mr. Smirnoff. Do you know what is the matter with him? If so, please tell

"Not a penny."

"Well, that is always something. I suppose there would be about two hundred thousand roubles in the Imperial Bank in my name, besides the Riazan money?"

"There is more than that, Ivan."

"Then why does he not use it? He is my guardian, and has a right to dispose of it."

"My dear boy, he cannot, without my consent, until you are of age. And that is a long way off!"

"But you are here. Why don't you use my money? Why don't you go to him and give him all the help pos-

Besides, it is all his own money. In the meantime I have an idea. You know the Countess Schaafstadt? Well, her son told me the other day that she had come into an enormous fortune. I will go and see her."

The rich and powerful merchant was on the eve of utter ruin. He expected on the following day to be formally asked to join the undertaking to which we have referred by putting half a million of roubles into it. He had not fifty thousand at his command at the moment, and, true to his principles, would not touch Ivan's money. His agitation was extreme. He walked up and down in his private room in the office portion of his lordly dwelling, a prey to the bitterest anxiety. Hour after hour passed. Many people called to see him, but he was denied to all. At last, worn out with care and anxiety, he flung himself down in an armchair and covered his face with his hands. With such violence did he press them to his aching brow that he was unconscious of a gentle tap at his door. He heard no one come in, and started as if struck by a bullet at the touch of Ivan's hand.

"I have brought the Countess Schaaf-

* Very intimate friends of a family in Russia and Germany are often addressed by the children as uncle.

stadt Papaschinka! She is in the outer reception-room."

The next day the messenger from the Minister of Finance arrived, and to his great delight met two of the most important merchants of Moscow with Smirnoff, who told him that their friend was "in it" to the tune of half a million of roubles.

Our tale is nearly done, but there are some of our friends of whom we must say a word or two in conclusion.

Strammeller and Annie lived very happily at Moscow, where they often saw Ivan Dobroff, or rather Abrazoff. He became celebrated as a sound man of business, and known for his fondness for the society of cavalry officers. In a letter

we received from him not long since, he remarks,

"I used to hate Germans and heretics! How they have revenged themselves on me! I owe my life to a German, and my knowledge of its value in the future to a heretic! Queer, isn't it?"

General Kakaroff became Governor of Finland, and is very happy in the performance of his important duties.

Count Schaafstadt is a cabinet minister. His wife's investment at the moment when it was made rendered them immensely wealthy, and his position in the State enables him to carry out his benevolent plans for his country's improvement, to which a great portion of his vast wealth is devoted.

Prince Tchernyaffskie retired from the service after having, at Ivan's request, procured a brilliant career for young Abrazoff.

Tenterton became tutor in the Imperial family, and will retire with a pension.

Palitzki died miserably in the mines, and Von Hohenhorst, after working some years, contrived to escape from prison, but was pursued by the guard and shot because he refused to stop when commanded.

Captain Malutin is a general in earnest now, and his family is the happiest in Russia. He is police-master in some government in Little Russia. His son Serge has entered the page corps

(THE END.)

ON SPECIAL SERVICE: A NAVAL STORY.

By GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

CHAPTER XIV.—LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE—A YEAR'S CRUISE IN INDIAN WATERS—STRANGE ADVENTURES.

COMMODORE O'CONNELL, of the *Aurora*—or the *Roarer*, as all the blue-jackets called her—was a right good old fellow, and something of a character in his way.

Irish he was to the backbone, and did not deny his country; indeed, he was proud of it, and often assumed just the least taste in the world of the brogue—enough, and no more, to give a kind of piquancy or flavour to his remarks, like a dash of cayenne pepper upon a poached egg.

Blunderbore and he were old friends. They really were fond enough of each other; their wives and their families both lived in the same town in England, and *they* were also fond of each other; but there existed between O'Connell and Blunderbore, and between their wives and families also, a little service jealousy. That is all.

Blunderbore was of bluer blood than old O'Connell; but then Blunderbore was *not* a commodore.

Blunderbore's wife and daughters prided themselves on their *blue* blood; but O'Connell was a commodore, and O'Connell's wives and daughters cocked their caps accordingly. So even my boy readers will see how the land lay, and what particular spirit instigated a remark which O'Connell made one day shortly before the *Theodora* sailed away up the Bique on her special service. They had been dining together in the old *Roarer*.

"It's all very well, Blunderbore, sending a craft like the *Theodora* after this imaginary piratical slaver, but then you know it's an expense to the country."

"Bother the expense," he said; "that doesn't come out of your pocket, O'Connell, nor out of mine either."

"Ah! but the taxpayer should be thought of, sir. Now, here am I, lying most of my time half idle, in a good frigate. Why, I want to know, didn't they send me after this imaginary piratical dhow?"

"For the simple reason, O'Connell—and I tell you straight—you could never expect to catch the *Castigo*—she does twelve knots easily—in this old tub of a *Roarer*, as our fellows call her."

"Tub of a *Roarer*! Do they? Hum! Well, Blunderbore, you are cool, to say

the least of it, to tell me this on board my own ship. Tub of a *Roarer*! Eh?"

Blunderbore felt sorry he had gone so far, so he said, soothingly,

"You know very well, O'Connell, that you haven't got my sailing power. Have you now? And you haven't got my knotage under steam either. Come now."

O'Connell cracked a walnut most viciously before he replied.

"Captain Blunderbore, sir. At two miles distant I could blow your confounded *Castigo*, or whatever her name is, clean out of the water. Honolulu! sir," he continued, "I wish I could only meet this Gaspar Moravo fellow. I'd make a Gaspar of him. He wouldn't gasp again, I can tell you. Ha! ha! ha!"

O'Connell laughed at his own little joke, and as Blunderbore joined him heartily, the commodore was much mollified, and the two parted in the evening the very best of friends.

O'Connell fell asleep that night and dreamed that he had taken the piratical slaver and done his friend out of all the prize-money and out of all the honour and glory. He laughed, when shaving next morning, as he remembered his dream—laughed till he cut himself.

* * * *

If there did exist a little jealousy between the captains of the *Aurora* and the *Theodora*, there was nothing but genuine good fellowship between the ward-room officers of those ships. And when the *Theo'* sailed away at last on the wings of a ten-knot breeze, the *Roarer* manned her yards and gave the outgoing vessel many a ringing cheer, the while the band played good-bye airs on the quarterdeck.

The *Theodora* got into rough weather soon after leaving the Cape. The breeze that had carried them out of the bay veered and increased to a gale of almost hurricane force. But the good ship stood it well, and passed many a vessel lying to almost under bare poles.

Benbow was delighted with his ship, so was every one on board, for the matter of that, only, being her navigating lieutenant, Benbow seemed to feel himself responsible for all the doings of the gallant craft when she was under sail and not steam.

The voyage to the Persian Gulf was not devoid of interest nor of adventure, but neither of these can I pause to describe at present. Suffice it to say that the *Theodora* called at Mozambique, that she lay at Johanna for a whole week and coaled, that she delivered despatches and letters at Zanzibar, where at least a fortnight was spent, and much enjoyed by all on board—and here Mildmay and Golava met many an old friend, but the information picked up about the piratical slaver was simply nil—and that after a week at the strange and beautiful island of Seychelles, they started once more, and in due time reached their cruising-ground.

But if any one on board the *Theodora* imagined for a moment that they had only to reach the Persian Gulf, sight this *Castigo*, and sink her, he was mistaken.

Perhaps Gaspar actually knew of their coming, anyhow he kept out of the way. Perhaps he said to himself, "Only very young sparrows are taken with chaff."

The *Theodora* searched the gulf, and she searched the Red Sea. She called at Aden for information, she went down the coast on a wild-goose chase, and, though there she captured some dhows, which added to prospective prize-money, she never saw the pirate.

She might have been the Flying Dutchman for anything any one seemed to know about her.

Some rumours of her whereabouts at last reached Captain Blunderbore's ears, and he returned to the gulf. But all in vain. No, not quite in vain, for a sailor's proper place is on board a man-o'-war. And I can tell you that the men of the *Theodora* were never idle. Gayly was a good taskmaster, and Mildmay a stickler for duty. So it was drill, drill, drill, all day long, from prayers in the morning till quarters in the evening.

About once a month there would be night quarters. No one knew, except Captain Blunderbore himself, when this was to take place. But suddenly the bugle would ring out the assembly, and hardly had the last notes died away over the water ere every man Jack was in his place, then an imaginary enemy was supposed to be visible under the stars, on beam or bow, and the great guns gave tongue, or suddenly perhaps the "cease

firing" would be heard and boarders would be prepared for. The whole business occupied about an hour.

Gayly's shrill commanding voice was always heard, everywhere apparently. He had good eyes too, for once during a sham action of this kind he noticed that Dr. McGee, after laying out his instruments, etc., laid himself out quite at ease and began to read. This did not suit Gayly's notions of strict service, so during a lull he sang down to the doctor,

"Surgeon, there is a man killed."

"Then he's beyond my power," said McGee, looking up without getting up.

"Surgeon," shouted Gayly, "a man is shot through the leg."

"Send him below here," cried the doctor, who was not over well pleased; "send him down, sir. I'm quite prepared to lop a limb from any living man on board, even from the second lieutenant himself."

Gayly said no more.

Well, the men had fire quarters very often, and lifeboat-crew quarters, to say nothing of gun-drill, rifle-drill, cutlass, pike, and bayonet exercise, and when not drilling they were at something else, washing, or make-and-mending clothes. Yes, there is always plenty to do on a line-of-battle ship.

Colin grew in strength, and though little more than sixteen, was as hard and manly-looking as could be wished.

He always wrote a letter to his mother once a week, describing his life on board and his cruises on shore. To be sure, he could not post his letter every week, but whenever a chance offered he had only to run down below to his sea-chest and pop the manuscripts into a ready-directed envelope, and away it went.

More than a year thus passed away. The Theodora, tired of poking around the gulf, started off on a cruise round India. They called at Bombay first, and there they received despatches from home directing their movements, which for a time were to be devoted entirely to "the protection of British commerce and British interests."

From Bombay the Theodora went to the Lacedive Islands, then on to the Maldives. These latter isles of the Indian Ocean were a favourite resort of the piratical slavers. Golava told Mildmay this, but he added that it was very unlikely the pirate was there at present. Never mind, Blunderbore had such faith in his Arab that a six weeks' boat cruise was ordered. This was simply a glorious outing for the officers and men of the Theodora, four armed boats in all. But they saw no pirates—alive, that is—for there was undoubted evidence that Gaspar had been here, and that he had not been idle. Probably he had hidden among these islands, and sallied out now and then to attack ships, for here were the remains of his camp, his huts of bamboo, and beached and burned to the water's edge no less than three vessels.

Where were the crews of these unfortunate ships? Who can tell? But unburied human bones lay bleaching on the sand; in the interior they found a skeleton hanging by the neck to a cocoade-mer tree, and two or three other skeletons half hidden by the grass, with green-and-crimson lizards basking on their bare ribs, and horrid brown-green scorpions running in and out of the skulls.

This boat cruise was one long delicious

picnic, nor was it entirely devoid of result, for although they came across no pirates, they captured and burned several slavers.

They duly measured them to get at the tonnage before they set them on fire, and I may tell you *sub rosa* they did not make them any smaller on paper than they had been afloat.

From the Maldives they went to Ceylon. Quentin, Benbow, and Colin went off elephant shooting here.

It is cruel sort of work. Poor Colin got nearly killed. A bull elephant or tusker attacked the party. Colin got into a tree, the monster tore it up by the roots and threw it into a pond, Colin and all. The branches held him down. Duncan Robb dashed in to the rescue, and brought his master to bank, but it was an hour before Colin opened his eyes.

From Ceylon Blunderbore sent a long despatch home to headquarters, describing in glowing language the result of the cruise round the Maldives. Indeed D'Austin so worded this document that it read as though the Theodora had chased the pirates from the islands, and were sweeping them from the seas. And good old fogies at home believed it, and thought they did right well by keeping the Theodora on special service to protect the commerce of the British nation.

Our gallant cruisers spent a month at Calcutta, then cruised south among the Andamans and Nicobar Islands.

At the Andamans West was one of the officers who landed to have a look round. He went off somewhere sketching, and by-and-by Benbow's little black servant Othello rushed to the beach where Benbow and Colin were preparing to go off.

"Golly, golly, run quick," cried the blameless Ethiopian, "dey have catchee Capting West for true, and dey are going to cookee he."

Benbow hastily got his fellows together, and went off to the rescue. Othello guided them to an Indian village far away in the bush.

They did not arrive one moment too soon. Poor West was found tied to a tree, and the savages were about to bleed him. He had a nice view from the spot where he was tied of the preparations being made to cook and eat him.

"It was very unpleasant," West said that evening at dessert, and just after Benbow had entertained the mess for half an hour with a graphic and flowery description of the whole affair.

"Well," said McGee, "if you'd followed out my instructions you wouldn't be so fat, you know. A fellow like you, West, must be no end of a temptation to a hungry cannibal!"

"Doctor," said West, emphatically, "I'll begin dumb-belling again to-morrow morning."

Penang was next visited, then Sumatra and Borneo. Then north they went to Hong Kong, and thence to Yeddo, in Japan.

Up here they heard quite a deal about pirates, but they saw none.

However, the captain and D'Austin wrote more despatches, and lay quietly at Yeddo for three months.

Then the return voyage was made to Bombay. But one night—and a lovely night it was, a bright full moon in the sky, and stars like Koh-i-noors—the Theodora went on shore on a reef. Lucky for her there was no wind, and that it

was moonlight. Guns were put into the boats and coals thrown overboard, but all to no purpose. The Theodora would not budge. But at daylight a steamer luckily hove in sight, and after five or six hours' hard work and incessant noise the Theodora got clear, and went—conveyed by the steamer, for she was making a deal of leakage—to Bombay.

Another despatch had, of course, to be written home about this. Everything must be reported, but naturally it was not couched in such glowing terms as either of the former.

The accident necessitated a month in dry dock at Bombay.

They found the Aurora there, somewhat to their surprise, and a very pleasant time was spent by both ships.

Benbow declared that the accident had really done the Theodora good, and that improvements were being made on her in dock that would greatly improve her powers of speed. Dear old irrepressible Benbow, nothing in the world seemed capable of damping his ardour!

One evening a little party dined at the Biculla Club. It consisted of the four friends, staunch and true—Benbow, Mildmay, Colin, and Quentin. They were just commencing fruit, when D'Austin, dressed in mufti of most fashionable cut, sauntered into the room.

"Hullo, here's D'Austin! Come and sit down, D'Austin; just in time for dessert."

D'Austin laid aside his lavender-coloured gloves, his gold-headed cane, and silk hat, and sank languidly into a chair.

"Thanks! I won't eat, though; so howidly hot! Long walk, and that sort o' thing. Waitah, bwing me a she'bet—iced, ye know."

"Well, D'Austin, been to the office? What's the news?"

"Oh, howid news! As soon as repaiais are completed we're off to the Cape again. Such a bore!"

"A Blunderbore, eh?" said Mildmay, laughing.

D'Austin looked at him a moment.

"I'll go on to the balcony," he drawled. "It is insufferably hot heah, gentlemen."

"You've offended my lord," said Benbow.

Now D'Austin was always with the captain, and got news before any one. It was not long, therefore, before he was joined on the balcony by his shipmates, who really wanted to hear the news.

It was a dark but starry night. Down beneath them were the wide lawns and shrubberies, and there ghostly lights were flitting about or dancing up and down—the gigantic fireflies. The hum of the native city, the beating of tom-toms, and an occasional wild, unearthly shriek fell on their ears.

Far away out yonder was the sea. It was not visible, but they knew it was there; they felt it was there; they were sailors.

"Heigho!" said Mildmay. "I shan't be sorry when we're afloat once more."

Then D'Austin told them the news at once. A despatch had come. They were ordered off down Mauritius way as soon as they were fit for sea.

That day soon came, and away went the Theodora once more.

Bombay and all its surroundings never looked more charming than it did on this lovely morning. Like the sky itself, the sea was blue and placid. The houses

and public buildings stood out white and clear against its azure background; in front was the forests of masts, shipping from every land and clime. Early boats were leaving the bundahs with shout and song and rippling laughter; and the romantic isle of Elephanta, with its shadows of purple and violet, seemed to float in the water like some giant raft.

Away went the Theodora, a broad white wake behind her, the smoke from her funnel trailing over the ocean for miles like some mighty snake. On board her every one was cheerful and happy. Long after the last notes of the Roarer's band had died away in the distance the gulls kept up their farewell song, and

convulsively a moment in mid-air, then with wings all awry came whirling down and struck the water with a plash. And there it floated dead.

Not for long, though.

"Look! look!" cried Colin, and, lo! tearing through the water towards the bird, its dorsal fin and part of its blue-grey back above water, could be seen an immense shark. It had disappeared next moment, and with it the body of the Bramla kite. The doctor turned and walked aft.

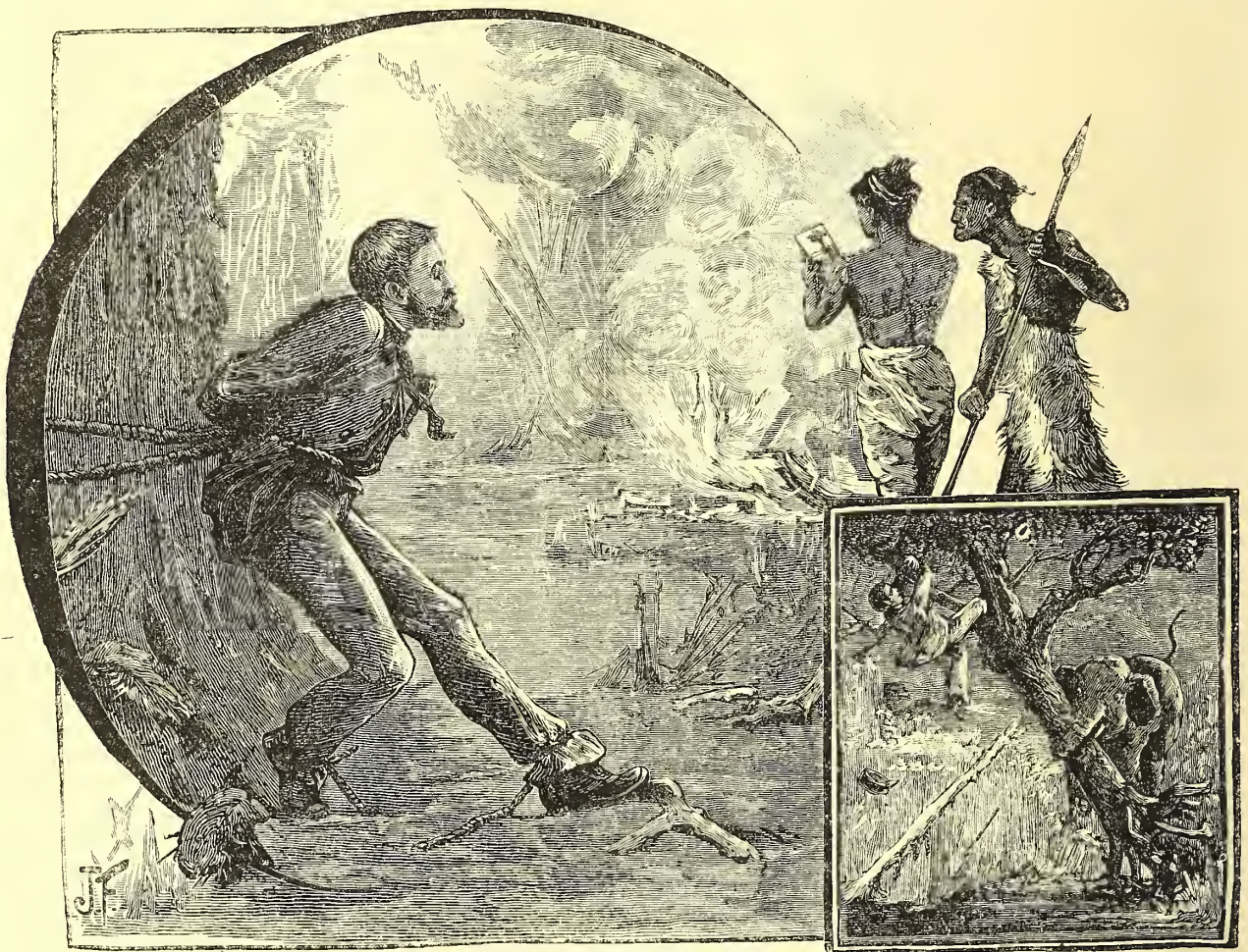
Benbow paused a moment; he took Colin by the arm.

"Do you see that strange eloud out yonder?" he said.

was kept farther eastward, for sea room was needed; besides, this was their way southwards to seek for the derelict.

So the wind was nearly ahead, but the good ship plunged gallantly into it, and Benbow afterwards averred that she was making at least five knots an hour when the gale was at its worst, but being cross-questioned, he admitted that the wind had gone round a few points.

The wind had got up too soon for the waves to be high, but they were very rough. They seethed and they boiled under the bows, and the water often leapt on board in solid seas that came rushing aft, carrying everything loose along with them, and so lighting up the deck with



"Poor West was found tied to a tree."

sailed tacking and tacking round the vessel. Their graceful motions in the air and their brightness, swiftness, and beauty were in keeping with the scene. But among them floated many a bird of evil omen—the hated Bramla kite, silent, slow, and dark, as if their plumes had been painted by the goddess of night.

Dr. McGee was on deck that same day shortly before sunset. This officer prided himself on his shooting. He now had a rifle and was for'ard at the bows.

"Benbow," he said, for that officer was near him, "do you see that black and ugly bird cleaving the air high up yonder?"

"Yes," said Benbow; "but don't shoot. It isn't lucky. Only," he added, "you may shoot if you like; you won't kill."

Bang went the surgeon's rifle.

The great bird wheeled over, struggled

"Rising up out of the sea like a great black rock!"

"Yes," said Benbow; "that means storm. We will need all the Theodora's good qualities before daylight comes again."

Colin felt a slight shiver run through his blood. He could not tell why.

"Some one is walking over my grave," he said.

Shortly after the sun set.

His parting glance was an angry glare across the water, which was dyed a sulphurous red. And clouds banked up, the waters grew grey and dark, stars struggled out in the east, but were soon hidden by the quickly rising cumulus.

Then it was night.

The storm came on and roared apace through the empty sailless rigging. The course of the Theodora was altered, she

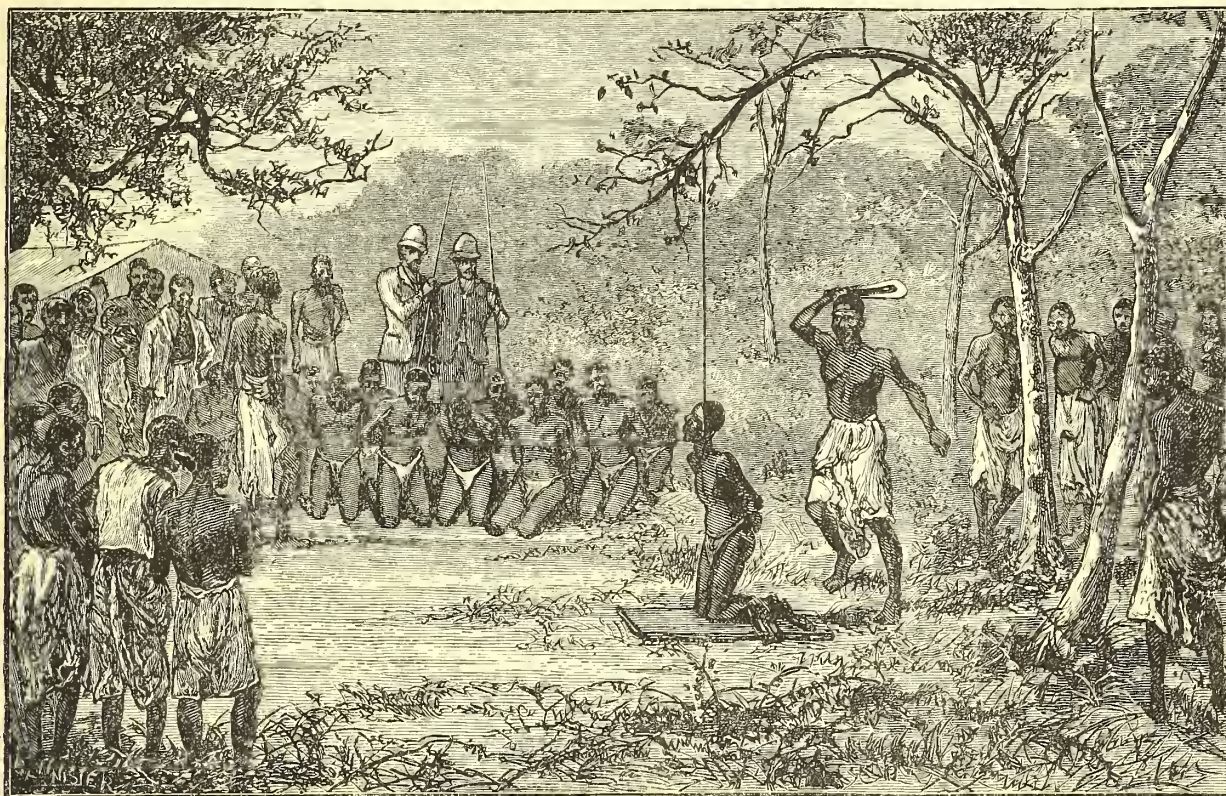
their own phosphorescent foam that the bulwarks rising black at each side of them could be seen, and the rigging and masts, and even the men, though they merely looked like black shapes.

But the engines went labouring on with steady determined roar, and the great screw went round, sometimes so deeply immersed it sounded "drowned"—seafarers will know what I mean—and at other times, when the vessel was well down by the head, it rattled in the empty air.

But a great packet of letters had brought sunshine to the ship as they were leaving the harbour—sunshine fore and sunshine aft.

Who cared for storm or gale? Who cared for raging seas or rushing wind, when there was news from home?

(To be continued.)



A Terrible Custom.

STANLEY ON THE CONGO.

I.

IN our first volume we gave two articles on Mr. Stanley's adventurous voyage "Through the Dark Continent," in which he circumnavigated the Victoria Lake, and proved the Lualaba to be the Congo by descending the great African river to the Atlantic. We now purpose saying a few words regarding his new book, in which he tells the story of the founding of the Free State. A wonderful story it is of a wonderful land; but not so much a narrative of travel as a history of persistent work and hard-won victory.

As the representative of the International African Association, Stanley has moulded into shape an immense country. It contains over a million square miles, and has a population of quite forty-three millions, being in size and number of people as nearly as possible half as large as the Russian Empire in Europe. And a huge river is its great waterway—the Congo—one of the largest on the globe, over three thousand miles in length, and having with its tributaries five thousand two hundred and fifty miles of navigation! And all this vast territory is now open to the free trade of all nations, thanks to Mr. Stanley, the King of the Belgians, and the recent Conference at Berlin.

The book in which this story of success is told will occupy an important place in the history of Africa. With its maps, its documents, and its treaties, it is a complete guide to state organisation among half-civilised communities. Even for those who take no interest in the familiar continent—the old friend with a new face, which, instead of a barren desert and pestiferous swamp, now stands revealed as a land of abounding wealth and fertility—the book is worth reading for the vivid light it casts on the early settlement of America. Here we have the same things going on under our eyes that seem so strange when we read about them happening two hundred years ago. We have

the same inevitable conquest of civilisation, and the same indifference to recognise it on the part of our practical men. We have the same rough life, the same difficulties with the natives, and the same scenery—the mighty river and the background of forest primeval teeming with birds and beasts of the chase. And the pioneers are the same—some prosper, some soon die, and some return to abuse the country in which through their own incapacity they have failed.

From the day when Diego Cao discovered the river in 1484 and Behaim named it the Poderoso, until Stanley in 1876 emerged from its mouth, the true size of the Congo was unsuspected. It was known to be a large stream bringing down a great body of water, but the size seemed nothing extraordinary. In 1816 Captain Tuckey was sent by the British Government to explore and report upon it, and he succeeded in getting inland for only 172 miles. The expedition was disastrous, the captain and seventeen of his companions dying within three months of their entering the mouth.

Fifty years afterwards Livingstone set out on his last journey to explore the watershed between Nyassa and Tanganika, and found the large river flowing westward which he believed to be the head of the Nile. It came from the country of the Manbwe, and he traced it as the Chambezi until it flowed into Lake Bangweolo, and he traced it as it flowed out as the Luapula up to Lake Mweru. Again it changed its name as it left the lake, this time from Luapula to Lualaba; and Livingstone followed it to Nyangwe, fifteen hundred miles from its source. Stanley took up the running at Nyangwe, and, sailing down the stream, proved that the Chambezi, the Luapula, the Lualaba, and the Congo were all the same river, and that that river was the high road into Equatorial Africa. Under the auspices of the King of the Belgians the International African Association was then

formed—by easy stages—and the explorer returned to the scene of his triumphs to found the needful stations for its work.

Some idea of the difficulties of the undertaking may be formed from the following summary:—

"It will be remembered that it was on the 21st of February, 1880, that we set out on our first reconnaissance, directly after the completion of the building of Vivi Station, to explore the route to this very landing-place, which on the 21st of February, 1881, 366 days later, found us all prepared to commence another section of our work, of a somewhat different character to that which was now happily terminated.

"Computing by statute miles the various marchings, and as frequent counter-marchings, accomplished during the year, we find they amount to the grand total of 2,352 English miles, according to tape-line measurement of foot by foot, making an average of six and a half miles performed throughout each day in the year, to gain an advance into the interior of only fifty-two English miles. Take away the necessary days of rest enjoyed during the year, the period of ninety-one days employed in making a passable road for our waggons, which, unless tolerably level, would have been impassable for our top-heavy waggon-loads, and the average rate of travel will prove that we must have had an unusual and sacred regard for duty, besides large hope that some day we should be rewarded with positive success after all this strenuous endeavour.

"That it was not a holiday affair, with its diet of beans and goat-meat and sodden bananas, in the muggy atmosphere of the Congo cañon, with the fierce heat from the rocks, and the chill bleak winds blowing up the gorge and down from sere grassy plateaus, let the deaths of six Europeans and twenty-two natives, and the retirement of

thirteen inviolated whites, only one of whom saw the interior, speak for us. It has been a year dark with trial and unusual toil. Our little band of labourers are proud of the grand work their muscles have accomplished, but are more hopeful of the future, inasmuch as their labours, by means of the steamers, will be greatly lightened."

And the building of Vivi may also be given in Mr. Stanley's own words:—

"A day or two after, my tent was taken up and set for the first time on the future site of Vivi, which, clean cleared of rocks and scrub, was now revealed in all its length and breadth, naked and brick-red of colour, except where the face of it was disfigured by massive boulders rolled down from some part of the overhanging height, and which were too ponderous to be touched by the untutored hands of natives.

"Now, with paper and pencil, and the outline of the top of Vivi drawn according to scale, did I proceed with due regard to safety from fire, and to defensive qualities as a provision against result of rupture when absent, to map out the site of each house and store. Then I bethought me of a garden—the place looked so devoid of grace and completeness without it—and, for the sake of giving a finish to the plan, a long oval was drawn which should represent an enclosure wherein, some time hence, verdure might give relief to eyes aching from sun-glare, and wearying of the view of white-painted structures and a brick-red plaza. When this was done, the carpenter and his assistants were appointed to begin the construction of the wooden huts; an engineer, disgusted with driving an engine on a three-ton launch, was detailed with a few men to erect the iron stores; a force of men was set to excavate an oval basin 150 feet by 40 feet 18 inches deep in the hard, sterile face of the platform. With the earth from this excavation we levelled the ground and made the foundations for the houses uniform. Gangs of men with crowbars and sledge-hammers were engaged in prising the larger boulders over the precipitous steep to the depths below, and pulverising others for road beds, which should be presently covered with a few inches of clay soil.

"It is for this work of pulverisation of rock that the Vivi chiefs, wonderingly looking on while I taught my men how to wield a sledge-hammer effectively, bestowed on me the title of Bula Matari—Breaker of Rocks—with which, from the sea to Stanley Falls, all natives of the Congo are now so familiar. It is merely a distinctive title, having no privileges to boast of, but the friend, or 'son,' or 'brother' of Bula Matari will not be unkindly treated by the Bakongo, Bateké, or By-yanzi, and that is something, surely.

"As fast as a portion of the garden basin was excavated the natives of Vivi, male and female, were engaged to carry the rich black alluvial soil from the Nkusu valley, on the eastern side of the hill, at so much per hundred boxes of earth. In this operation there were many attempts made to defraud me of my due weight of earth, but a Zanzibari policeman at the head of the road examining each box soon prevented that trick. Five thousand boxfuls of earth for twenty days represent roughly 2,000 tons, with which I formed 2,000 square feet of a garden, wherein, after dressing, and levelling, and forming narrow alleys, I planted my nine mango, a few orange, avocado pears, and lime plants I had brought from Zanzibar. Beds of carrots, onions, lettuce, parsnips, turnips, cabbage, beets, tomatoes were made; some papaw seeds were planted, and a palisade was constructed around it. Thus I formed my garden, which, under careful watering, soon showed green, and in a few months repaid me, not only by its pleasant verdure, but contributed much variety of vegetables to the table, limited as it was. In January, 1883, I gathered eleven large mangoes, the first year's production of fruit, and the stones of them

were planted at Léopoldville, to be in 1885 ten feet high."

As the expedition slowly advanced up the river, founding the stations as it went, we read of many adventurous deeds and exciting scenes, some of them with a fatal termination. Poor Soudi, of Ituru, for instance, lost his life through over-confidence. This was the man who was swept over the Kalulu Falls in 1877, and was captured and for a short time enslaved by the natives. Rashly thinking that his Snider was a match for anything, he started on a buffalo stalk. When within what he supposed to be a safe distance for a shot he fired, and wounded the buffalo. Encouraged by its fall, Soudi rushed up to sever the jugular, since without this ceremony the meat would have been unfit for a Moslem to eat; but the buffalo, not being dead, on seeing its enemy, charged, and tossed him into the air, and made a play-thing of him, until he was so mangled that he died.

But other stirring scenes end more happily.

"About ten o'clock, as we were issuing out of a long bay-like bight in the shore, we saw half a dozen small canoes well out in the lake, and one probably two miles farther out, and after passing the rocky point, we saw the village to which these canoes evidently belonged. I thought this an excellent opportunity to obtain some information respecting the country, and perhaps obtain fresh fish and food. We bore down upon the fishermen, who, all engrossed in hauling their seines aboard, permitted us to approach within a mile of them before they were aware of our presence. And such a presence as we must have been to them! A large white boat with outspread and ample wing, emitting strange noises, which was unlike the sounds sent out by any animal they had ever heard! They lift their hands up in dismay. One, with more presence of mind than the others, claps his hands to his paddle, and instinctively skims away. 'An admirable idea,' the others seem to cry, and all strike their paddles deep in the black water, and urge their tiny dug-outs until they appear to fly over the lake. But the other—the canoe all alone in the watery waste—in which the fisherman, profoundly abstracted in his task, sits heedlessly hauling his seines aboard? When, hark! What is that? What strange sighing sound, and harsh grating, and splashing noise is that? He turns toward our direction, and beholds a strange structure, all white, with lofty wing, and a pair of revolving clappers striking the lake water into long trailing waves behind. He falls sideways into his little canoe completely paralysed, as if striving to realise that the vision is not all a dream. No doubt the thought flashes into his mind, 'But a moment since I swept my eyes around, and saw naught strange to inspire fear or anxiety in me. But this! Whence could this have issued? It must be a wild dream, surely.'

"But again the gentle wind bears to his ears the strong pulsating sounds, and the deep but sharp sighing; he hears the desperate whirl of the paddle-wheels; he sees the trail of rolling wavelets astern. Leaping to his feet with frantic energy, he takes one short glance around, and realises that he, insensate fool, while indulging in Waltonian reveries in midday, has been abandoned by his friends! However, there is hope while there is life; he bends his back, and draws, with long-reaching grasp, the water sideways, this way, and that, and the tiny pirogue, sharp as a spear-point, leaps over the water, obeying his will dexterously.

"Down with the sail, boys," and the wing is folded, and a tall shaft stands revealed, with a black column behind vomiting flame and smoke from its muzzle.

"Nearer and nearer the steamer draws on the fugitive pirogue, but, by a whirl of the paddle, the dark man shoots triumphantly at right angles away, while the *En Avant*, confused by this sudden movement, careers

madly along. In a short time, however, she is in full chase again, this time carefully watching every movement. The man has kept throwing wild glances over his shoulders; he observes the monster rapidly gaining on him, and each time it seems to loom larger and larger to his excited imagination; he hears the tremendous whirl of the wheels, and the throbbing of the engines, and the puffing of the steam. Another glance, and it seems to be overwhelming him, when he springs overboard, and we sweep past the empty canoe.

"Now, Uledi and Dualla, we will go round to the spot where he sank, and as he comes up jump overboard and catch him."

"We steered the steamer round, and proceeded slowly towards the empty canoe. The man was swimming in its vicinity. As we came up he dived, and our two sailors flashed into the depths after him. It was a pretty sight to see the graceful bodies darting like sharks towards their prey. They brought him up, each holding an arm, and swam with him to the boat. We lifted him up tenderly, and seated him on the sail, waiting patiently for his pulses to beat less wildly, and the excited heart to cease its rapid throbbing.

"Now, Ankoli, speak softly to the poor man."

"No answer was given to Ankoli's cooing tones and wooing accents.

"Try again—softer still, Ankoli."

"And again Ankoli, in soothing whispers, asked what his name was.

"What did you pick me out for? There are many better than I in our village."

"One what?" I ask. "How better? What does he mean?"

"He means," answered Ankoli, "that there are finer slaves than he in the village."

"Ah! There have been slave-catchers here, then. Where do they come from?"

Many are the strange customs described, some of them horrible enough. Here is a specimen from Equator Station. One of the neighbouring chiefs died, and the relatives set about collecting slaves to bear him company to the other world. Thinking from their discipline that the garrison of the station must be slaves, the Bakuti applied to Lieutenant Vangele for him to sell them a few of the men. The proposal was of course rejected with horror, but the Bakuti, not to be cheated of their ceremony, succeeded in getting fourteen wretched victims from the interior. Being informed by the villagers that the execution was about to take place, Vangele and some of his men, who were powerless to stop it, went as witnesses. "They found quite a number of men gathered round. The doomed men were kneeling with their arms bound behind them in the neighbourhood of a tall young tree, near the top of which the end of a rope had been lashed. A number of men laid hold of the cord, and hauled upon it until the upper part of the tree was bent like a bow. One of the captives was selected, and the dangling end of the rope was fastened round his neck; the tree sprang several inches higher, drawing the man's form up, straining the neck, and almost lifting the body from the ground. The executioner then advanced with his short broad-bladed falchion, and measured his distance by stretching his weapon from the position he intended to strike across the nape of the neck. He repeated this operation twice. At the third time he struck, severing the head clean from the body. It was whipped up in the air by the spring of the released tree and sent rebounding several yards away."

With the coming of the white man such scenes of bloodshed will no longer disgrace the river banks. The Congo throughout its course is now dotted with mission stations, and by precept and example the natives are being led out of the dense darkness in which they have for ages been contented to live.

And the civilising work has been shorn of half its difficulty by the 6th Article of the General Act of the Berlin Conference, than which in no existing treaty is there a nobler clause:—

"All the Powers exercising sovereign rights, or having influence in the said territories, undertake to watch over the preservation of the native races, and the amelioration of the moral and material conditions of their

existence, and to co-operate in the suppression of slavery, and above all, of the slave trade; they will protect and encourage, without distinction of nationality or creed, all institutions and enterprises, religious, scientific, or charitable, established and organised for these objects or tending to educate the natives and lead them to understand and appreciate the advantages of civilisation. Christian missionaries, men of science, explorers and their escorts and collections, are

to be equally the object of special protection. Liberty of conscience and religious toleration are expressly guaranteed to the natives as well as to the inhabitants and foreigners. The free and public exercise of every creed, the right to erect religious buildings, and to organise missions belonging to every creed, shall be subject to no restriction or impediment whatsoever."

(To be concluded.)

UP AND DOWN: A STORY OF THE OCEAN WAVE.

BY ASCOTT R. HOPE,

Author of "The Tell-Tale," "The Amateur Dominic," etc.

CHAPTER II.—STILL UP!

I WAS not long indeed allowed to remain undisturbed in my haven of refuge. Presently I heard Gooderidge shouting out my name, and though I took care not to answer, when the stewardess went out for a moment she brought back bad news, little knowing how bad it was.

"Your friend wants you."

My friend indeed! I did not want him, but there he was, already at the door of the cabin, too late for me to draw back out of sight.

"Oh, you are here, are you?"

"Yes, Gooderidge," I replied, with a perfunctory attempt at cordiality.

"Come out of it, then! Nice job for a fellow to have to look after the like of you! I have been hunting for you everywhere. I thought you would be falling down among the engines and getting chopped up into sausage meat! What a stupid muff you are! Don't you know that's the way to be sick, stewing down below like a baby? What are you afraid of? Come up on deck and have a jolly blow. Do you hear?"

I crept forth as willingly as a snail leaving its shell; then no sooner were we out of the good woman's sight than Gooderidge caught me by the scruff of the neck, and, shoving and shaking, roughly bundled me up the hatchway. Perhaps he thought it rather friendly of him thus to drive me into playing the true British tar, but for my part I was ready enough to face any amount of winds and waves that would keep him at a distance. For the moment, however, he offered me no further harm, as other mischief was now afoot for him to meddle in.

Meanwhile the fun on deck had begun to grow fast and furious. The captain, as he afterwards told me, had youngsters of his own at home, and was not the man to be too hard on juvenile high spirits. But soon he found the pranks of this mob of urchins getting to an unbearable pitch. He used some threats which were not altogether earnest, but which the boys took all in joke, and became more and more uproarious. When they went so far as to imitate his voice, giving orders, and puzzling the men on duty, the worthy skipper naturally lost his temper. He peremptorily ordered the whole troop below, and as they did not at once obey, was for turning the hose upon them to clear the decks. This threat proved effectual, and down they crowded into the stuffy little saloon.

Then it was the steward's turn to be driven wild. He and his minions pre-

sently took to flight, after locking up their pantry and turning down the lamps. The two grown-up passengers, seeing what they must expect from such a bear-garden, had barricaded themselves in the smoking-room on deck. We youngsters had all the saloon and cabins abandoned to us to riot in as we pleased. At first we contented ourselves with singing songs, such as "We won't go home till morning" and "The Mariners of England," roaring out the choruses at the pitch of our voices, and drumming a vigorous accompaniment on the tables.

"Rule Britannia! Britannia rules the waves!
Britons never, never, never shall be slaves!"

"I'll be hanged if some of 'em aren't!"

I heard the steward's boy muttering gloomily to himself at the door as these patriotic strains came to an end.

The French fellows, naturally not taking so much interest in our favourite melodies, began for their part to dance, and capered about as well as the narrow space would allow them, to the infinite scorn of the Eton young gentleman, who still stood aloof from the common herd of us with his collar unruffled, looking as if nothing could have tempted him to make a fool of himself. But even he joined in when a pillow fight was started. The boys rushed out of their cabins, bolstering away at each other pell-mell in the dim light of the saloon. There was a crash of broken glass, and the steward came down to see what pandemonium had broken loose, to be pelted out again by a volley of his own dumpy pillows.

The poor man might well rage, but that was no good; then he took a suppliant tone, begging us to go quietly to rest, warning us that dreadful things would happen if the captain came to know of our doings, hinting at the danger of a collision—what would become of us in that case if they were forced to put out all the lights and leave us in the dark? The ringleaders of the disturbance had grown too much excited to listen, though now some of the more steady ones began to slink off, seeing how things were like to go too far.

"Come, young gentlemen, do turn in! Captain says there's a storm brewing, and some of you will be singing to another tune to-morrow morning if you don't take it quietly."

"Toss him in a blanket!" was the cry, and the steward once more took to flight, as fast as his fat would let him. It would indeed have taken a good many

hands to toss him in a blanket—fifteen stone of him at the very least!

But the fancy had taken hold of Gooderidge and certain kindred spirits, and nothing would serve them but tossing somebody in a blanket, to the dismay of myself and other small fry, who readily foresaw the part we should have to play in this amusement. I was one who tried to make away at the first word of it, but Gooderidge had his eye on me and cut off my retreat. Forgetful of his doctrine about fellows of the same school standing by each other, my playful tyrant generously offered me as the first victim, and the proposal was hailed with a shout which sent my heart into my boots. It was not the first time I had been tossed in a blanket, and naturally I did not like it.

Nobody spoke a word for me now; my Bluecoat protector had retired for the night, suspected of being prematurely sea-sick, to the great scorn of the rest. A blanket was quickly dragged off one of the bunks. Half a dozen rough hands caught hold of me and bundled me into it, struggling and kicking in vain, while the other small boys stood by, not so much pleased to be spectators as trembling to think that their turn might come next. Finding resistance useless, I shut my eyes and prepared to go through the disagreeable ordeal as bravely as might be; dignity was out of the question.

"Now, then, all together!" cried Gooderidge, in high glee over this congenial sport. "One, two, three, and off!"

Luckily for me it was not much of a blanket, nor was there room enough to perform the operation properly. All the good or bad will of my tormentors only succeeded in jerking me up a little way, and sending me sprawling sideways in a heap on to one of the saloon sofas. Then as soon as I had got over the confusion and alarm of the fall I became aware of a terrible voice commanding order. The captain had burst in just at the nick of time for me, and was vehemently addressing himself to the biggest of the roysterers.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourselves. Why, my youngest baby that isn't six months old would know how to behave himself better on board ship."

There was an attempt at a titter, but it broke down before the irate looks of the skipper, who was clearly not to be trifled with.

"To your cabins, every man Jack of you! Steward, put out the lights in five

minutes, and if one of these youngsters shows his nose out before morning just report him to me, and I'll teach him to obey orders."

"I don't want to go to bed yet," protested one of the biggest and noisiest of the band.

"You don't!" exclaimed the captain, making for him like a whirlwind. "You'll go this moment, my fine fellow, or I'll have you clapped in irons for the rest of the voyage. Take your choice, then."

Fairly overawed, the would-be defier of authority turned tail and slunk off, and the rest were not sorry to imitate his example. The exuberant spirits of most of the band had been pretty well worked out now, nor were the boldest of them without some notion of the power of a captain on board his own ship.

"Send a couple of hands aft here," was the last thing we heard him say, whereupon there was a general rush to the cabins, and at last we all saw fit to turn in. The steward presently came round and turned out our lamps, leaving us to

finish our undressing by the faint moonlight which came through the portholes.

With some misgivings I repaired to my place beside Gooderidge, not sure what he might please to do to me now that we were alone. But, to my great relief, I found him before long too sleepy to be very troublesome. Having crunched a large captain's biscuit with which he had provided himself by way of supper, he made me pull off his boots and tuck him into the most comfortable berth, after trying them all; and he told me,

"Now, youngster, be sure to be stirring early and get me some hot water from the steward. I am going to shave, if it's not too rough."

"Very well, Gooderidge," said I, meekly.

"And don't you go and be sick down here, or I'll give you something to be sick for. Do you know what's the best cure for sea-sickness?"

"Lying down, isn't it?"

"Not a bit of it. A rope's end! So you look out and let us have no sham-

ming, unless you want me to doctor you."

I climbed up to my shelf above him, fearing that I was going to have a bad time of it. Once more Gooderidge made a remark by way of good night.

"No snoring, remember, you little brute!"

Before long his own loud breathing, which I should not have liked to call snoring to his face, showed that he was fast asleep. I lay awake for some time longer, disturbed by all the unfamiliar sounds of the vessel, the tramping from time to time on deck, the hoarse cries of command, the striking of the bell, the creaking of the timbers, above all the ceaseless grinding and thumping of the screw that thrilled through the cabin at every stroke. I did not feel at all sick as yet, but I was terribly afraid I should before long; and then to be at the mercy of a fellow like Gooderidge! But in the end these noises acted as a lullaby, and I slept pretty soundly through my first night at sea.

(To be continued.)

AUSTRALIAN EXPLORERS.

ERNEST GILES.

It is a curious fact, to which much attention has not yet been devoted, that all round the world, both in the northern and southern hemispheres, a tract of desert shuts off the torrid from the temperate zones. The patches of desert do not quite follow the latitude lines, but they divide the climates. On the northern line we have the Sahara, the Arabian Desert, and the desert of Central Asia, to which so much attention is now directed, and which on the older maps used to figure as Shamo or Gobi. On the southern line we have the Kalahari Desert and the desert of Central Australia. America affords no exception to the rule, for we have there both the northern and southern tract of desert land.

There was a time when the Sahara was thought to be the only desert worth mentioning, and from desert having been found along the Mediterranean and also to the north of the Orange, it was rashly assumed that all the interior of Africa was a sandy waste. And this impression has not yet been entirely removed, for there are hundreds of people who still believe that the magnificently fertile country now governed by the International Association of the Congo is almost as sterile as the Great Desert of the north. As regards Australia, too, a similar error prevailed, and it is only of recent years that the desert boundaries have been defined, and that the interior has been found to be by no means so uninhabitable as the early settlers were led to imagine.

Australia, however, has a good deal of desert land, particularly in the west, and the sufferings and adventures of the explorers who have gradually shown us its limits form some of the most interesting episodes in the annals of this generation. In the exploration of Western Australia the first place is undoubtedly due to Mr. Ernest Giles, whose portrait we give herewith, who between the years 1872 and 1876 led five great and important expeditions, to say nothing of several minor surveys in the western half of the Australian continent.

He was born at Bristol in 1835, and was educated at the Bluecoat School. On reaching Australia he began the roving life which

in those days was so common, and for months together hunted and dwelt with the aborigines, gaining an experience of bushcraft that was afterwards to prove invaluable. His first exploration was entered on at the suggestion of Baron Mueller, and in 1872 he started for the west from Chambers Pillar.



In our quick-moving colonies a map grows out of date in a dozen years, so that the starting-point near Charlotte Waters Telegraph Station has not yet got into many of our school atlases. It is, however, almost in the centre of South Australia.

The expedition was out six months, and the one that followed it very much over the same district was away for a year. During these two expeditions, for they are best considered together, the party was over and over again attacked by the natives, and frequently

reduced to the verge of starvation. The Glen of Palms, Mount Olga, Lake Amadens, the Musgrave, the Alfred, and the Marie Ranges were discovered, and the arid country round them traversed for miles and miles and found unfit for settlement. Many of the discoveries read like a fairy tale. We have a long, bare, sterile tract, and then on the horizon there rises a gentle eminence, which on being approached proves to be a smiling oasis, with picturesque hills and pleasant dales, and rocky gorges with running streams and waterfalls, bounded by green pasture lands and flowing by banks gemmed with exquisite flowers, and then in a few miles the desert again. Twice did the explorer nearly lose his life from starvation. On the second expedition with one of his men, by name Gibson, he made a daring scout of some two hundred miles from his main camp, and in consequence of the heat, the death of the horses, and the shortness of water, was landed in extreme difficulties. Only one horse survived, and this Giles sent back with Gibson to fetch the water-kegs they had left at a depot thirty miles away, while he plodded thither on foot. Gibson was lost, and was never heard of again, and Giles found his way back unrelieved. His last march took him seven days; for five of them he was without food.

On his third expedition he was away six months, and penetrated into the desert region for two hundred and twenty miles. His horses all died, and the party was almost maddened with fatigue, privation, heat, and thirst. On the fourth expedition, in 1875, he penetrated from Port Augusta, at the head of Spencer's Gulf, to Perth, in Western Australia, a journey of nearly two thousand five hundred miles. Instead of horses he took camels, and nothing but their wonderful endurance enabled him to get through. He found no country available for settlement. Very much to the contrary! In his journal he writes, "The silence and the solitude of this mighty waste were appalling to the mind, and I almost regretted that I had sworn to conquer it. The only sound the ear could catch, as hour after hour we slowly glided on, was the passage of our noiseless-treading and

spongy-footed ships as they forced their way through the live and dead timber of the hideous scrubs that environed us."

On the sixth night one hundred and forty miles from Ooldabinna no water had been seen fit to drink. Next day a plot of burnt spinifex was reached, and recent tracks of two natives seemed to promise that water was not very far off, and in the afternoon it was met with, but in small quantity, at what is now known as Boundary Dam.

The camels escaped during that night, and it took till noon next day to recover them. About forty miles farther west a similar salt lake system was found to that previously passed, and at one hundred and ninety-five miles from Ooldabinna on the shore of another salt lake they turned back. There was no water of any kind to be got; the only horizon that could be seen was about fifteen miles distant, and was simply an undulation in the dreary scrub, and was covered with the usual timber in which this region is enveloped—that is to say, a mixture of *Eucalyptus dumosa*, casuarinas, a few *Grevillea*, pakea bushes, and leguminous trees and shrubs, such as mulga and a kind of silver-wattle bush, from the latter order of which trees and plants the camels find their sustenance. Two stunted specimens of the native orange-tree (*Capparis*) were seen where two easks were left ninety miles from the dépôt. On 22nd August Giles was back at Ooldabinna; and it began to rain just as he reached it.

On August 24 Giles started again for Boundary Dam, and thence struck straight away for Perth. "We had no conception how far we might have to go, nor how many days it would be before we might next come to water; but we left our friendly little dam in high hopes and excellent spirits, as we also hoped, as well as water, to discover some more agreeable geographical features than

had yet fallen to our lot. I had set my own and all the party's lives upon the cast, and would run the hazard of the die, and I may say that each person at starting into the unknown displayed the greatest desire and eagerness for the attempt."

They found no water for three hundred and twenty-five miles, and then owing to a dispute with the man who was steering Giles bore a point or so to the southward, and happened to strike on Queen Victoria's spring in the centre of a small oasis. The sterile waste around is now called Queen Victoria Desert, and the oasis boasts quite a crop of herbs and plants sprung from the seeds that the expedition sowed as they rested there. The next resting-place was at Ularring, in latitude 29° 35', longitude 120° 31', where they were attacked in great force by the natives. The blacks were, however, ignorant of firearms, and were fortunately discovered before they got into the camp. The escape was a close one, as there was only just time to seize the guns as the long line of aborigines came rushing from the scrub.

On the 26th of October Mount Churchman was sighted, and when the first shepherd from the west was met with, their reception was that accorded to the mysterious shapes in the ghost stories. The man thought they had come from another world. Finding that they had really crossed the desert from South Australia, he welcomed them "in the name of the entire colony," and a triumphal procession began which only ended at Perth. The fifth great expedition was three hundred miles longer, two thousand eight hundred miles in all, back from Perth to South Australia by a more northerly route. Here again the track lay through the desert, and at one time the march was pressed on for ten days without finding water. At Perth Giles had had a most cordial reception; at Adelaide he re-

ceived a public welcome, for the work he had done was immense considering the difficulties.

"It is not," as he says, "the explorer that makes the country," and the route which yields fewest discoveries is that which has most hardships and requires most pluck and management to surmount them. And it was not only in Australia that his merits were recognised. In 1880 the Royal Geographical Society conferred on him its Founder's Medal; and the statement of the fact in the Earl of Northbrook's presidential address for that year will form a fitting conclusion to this article.

The President said:—"The Council of the Royal Geographical Society are anxious, in distributing the gold medals, to take into their consideration the geographical discoveries in different parts of the world, and they are especially anxious to give every due weight to the claims of explorers in the British colonies. I have great pleasure in announcing that the Founder's Medal will be awarded to Mr. Ernest Giles for having led five great expeditions through the interior of Western Australia in the years 1872-76, during which 6,000 miles of route were surveyed, and 20,000 square miles of new country discovered. Mr. Ernest Giles has performed eminent service to geography in having led expeditions which have traversed the whole western interior of Australia—from Adelaide to Swan River, and from Champion Bay to the central line of electric telegraph. He has also carried out numerous minor, but not less important, explorations. The value of his services has been testified to by our successive presidents in their annual addresses from 1873 to 1879. The interesting paper in which he described his journey from South to Western Australia in 1875 is published in the journal of the Society for 1876."

THE TROUT, AND HOW TO CATCH IT.

By J. HARRINGTON KEENE,

Author of "The Practical Fisherman," "Fishing Tackle, and How to Make It," etc.

PART XI.

THE primary thing to do in trout-spinning is to drop the bait in the water so silently that the feeding trout may not be startled, but look upon the bait as a matter of course. To be able to do this at the end of a twelve-yards cast requires some little practice, and it is best, therefore, for the beginner to follow the advice given in reference to fly-casting—namely, practise constantly on the grass ere he trusts himself to the trout stream. As with fly-fishing, it is necessary to always throw up and out, and not down, unless under exceptional circumstances. Always fish the nearest water, and then extend your operations in a radius from you. In low, clear water the sport derivable from spinning is in my opinion equal to that of the fly, but in water which is coloured the fish are taken at a complete disadvantage, and though the reel on your back becomes rapidly heavy, I am inclined to discount this fact by saying that the method is not nearly so sportsmanlike as it was when the stream revealed because of its lucidity all the particulars of your bait and tackle. It is always an axiom that the more you handicap yourself the more acute is the genuine reason for self-laudation when the fish is caught. Who, for instance, would care to use a natural fly when the artificial of one's own manufacture is capable of killing? and who would trimmer or set a night-line even for the voracious pike when there was the opportunity for capturing him on a rod and line by your own personal devices?

In selecting your minnows for bait let it always be borne in mind that the medium

and smaller-sized ones are always better than the very large ones. Of course it is well to keep them as naturally as you can, and for that purpose a minnow-can is indispensable. A very useful form of this appurtenance is that shown in Fig. 11, invented originally by Mr.

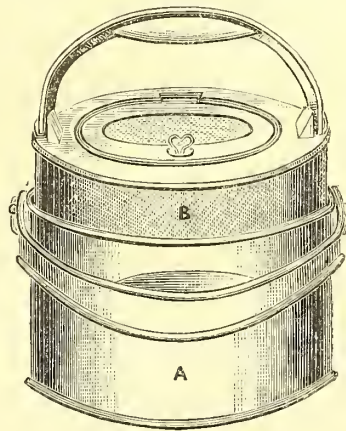


Fig. 11.

Alfred, of Moorgate Street, I think. A is an outside receiver, B a perforated zinc internal receptacle in which the minnows are placed, of course water being added. The advantage of the arrangement is plain. B can be taken out and stood in the stream

whilst you are fishing, and so your minnows are kept fresh and lively for any length of time.

It has already been explained that the actual employment of live bait is objected to on the ground of cruelty; and the reader has already been told how to kill both worms and minnows. Now there are various expedients for keeping them fresh when dead. Some anglers sprinkle them over with dry salt, and others preserve them in glycerine or boracic acid; others believe in spirits-of-wine; but I have discarded all these in favour of "King's Preservative." I have not the remotest idea what it is composed of, but as its maker, Mr. King, 1, New Road, Commercial Road, is a very clever practical chemist as well as an angler, you may depend it is by no means dangerous to handle. It will keep baits unspoiled in look for months, and as it is portable and easily mixed it is quite a boon to the travelling fisherman. The price is quite nominal.

The pace at which you should draw in your line after delivering it varies, of course, with the rapidity of the stream and the sort of weeds and bottom as well, and this last but not least, on the colour of the water. With very small minnows and light tackle you may sometimes cast overhand as if you were throwing a fly, with great advantage, but as a rule it is best to cast from left to right, and *vice versa*. In spinning I always take the rod in my right hand, and work the line with the left, and this seems on the whole the most convenient method of doing it, unless, of course, you are entirely ambidextrous or

left-handed. Of course, if you are wading it is worth while to so arrange what you are carrying that it may in no case get in the way. To this end a basket which will contain the fish and whatever tackle, etc., you require, and yet remain on your back in an easy, accessible position, is a most desirable addition, and I think there is no better design than that figured in the illustration, Fig. 12. A is the bag to contain tackle,

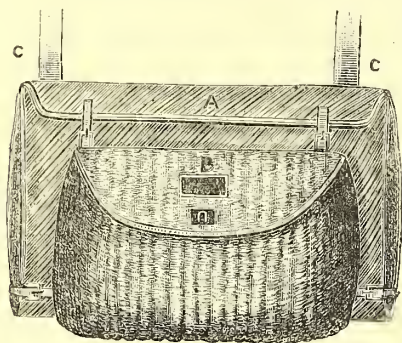


Fig. 12.

refreshments, etc.; B is the basket; C C are the straps, which I would counsel should be made rather broader, and of stout webbing—not of leather, as shown. To either of these straps the landing-net should be

attached by means of a hook and ring. A common brass tenter-hook will do, but it should be deep enough in the bend to render it unlikely to slip off; a large curtain-ring will serve to receive the landing-net, somewhat as shown in the accompanying engraving. When a fish is hooked all one has

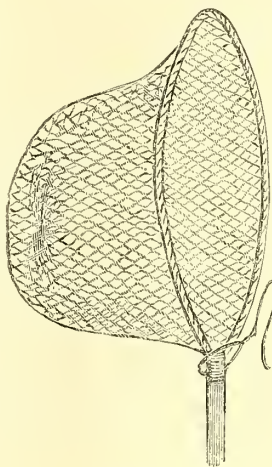


Fig. 13.

to do is to reach round and withdraw the

landing-net from its support. A good large net is always more serviceable than a small one, however neat the latter may look.

There is no substantial difference between fishing with the natural and the artificial minnow. When the fish takes you, you must strike smartly in each case, and it is well, if the trout seem to be on the feed, to keep a few fresh baits free, so that you may not be delayed by the long process of extracting three or four hooks from its mouth. A very convenient way of keeping each flight and bait separate and handy is to arrange them in a tin-jarred box—all tackle-makers keep them—coiling the attached gut in the little partition (see Fig. 14). There is no pos-

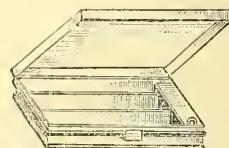


Fig. 14.

sibility of their getting out of gear, and the delay is very trifling; whereas if you keep them in any other shaped box some annoying hitch is sure to occur just when you do not want it to do so.

(To be continued.)

BOYS' PETS, AND HOW TO TAME AND TRAIN THEM.

BY GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

II.—CATS, PARROTS, ETC. (continued.)

Teaching Cats to be Honest.—This can only be done by feeding them well, and being altogether kind to them. Cats do know the difference betwixt *meum* and *tuum*, whatever any one may say to the contrary. What you have to do, then, is to make it worth their while to respect that difference. Let the cat be with you when at meals—I do not object to one on the table; keep a tiny morsel of whalebone, and if a paw is outstretched towards a dish, chastise her firmly, warningly, but not angrily. Do not send her away, she will only go and sulk and think hard thoughts of you. Let her remain, but remain still till she be fed. Feed her liberally. N.B.—A starved cat is never a good ratler or mouser.

Never chastise a cat immoderately, else the fright will make her forget what the punishment is for, and she will end by looking on you as a brute.

Begin her real training when about three or four months old.

She ought to learn what is useful as well as what is amusing. I will describe a few of the tricks that cats may be easily taught.

1. *Leaping Heights.*—Cats are naturally fond of fun, especially when young. Get her a hare's or rabbit's foot on the end of a string as a toy, and also an indian rubber ball. Tie the string to the end of a rod or piece of stick, and encourage her to jump for it. Give her this exercise every day; it strengthens the ham muscles, which in time get so developed that she can spring extraordinary distances.

2. *Hoop Tricks.*—These are endless. You may get her easily enough at first to jump back and fore through your arms held like a hoop, first in front of you and very low, then higher and higher, then at either side of your body, then over your shoulder, and finally held over your head. Next you substitute the hoop, held in the same fashion, low at first, then higher, and from side to side.

N.B.—It is well to reward the cat after her lesson has been successfully gone through.

For this purpose there is nothing better than a morsel of boiled lights or liver, or a bit of fish. In towns you can generally get horse-flesh, and of this pussy is very fond indeed.

You may afterwards have a succession of hoops hung in some outhouse, as a sort of cat's gymnasium, and really the fun to be got from such an arrangement is very great indeed.

3. *Retrieving.*—This is best taught with a rabbit's foot, and on the room floor. There is no difficulty in teaching this amusing accomplishment, but it needs patience and time to perfect her in it.

4. *Teaching Attitudes.*—You must put or place the cat in the attitude you wish her to retain at word of command, and, with up-lifted forefinger, forbid her to move till told. Then reward her. The attitudes may be standing up in a corner, standing to beg, lying "dead," standing on the backs of two chairs, etc. But remember the lessons should always be given in the room when the house is quiet and there is nothing to attract her attention.

5. *Fishing and Swimming.*—These are accomplishments which country cats only have an opportunity of learning. Cats are naturally fond of fish. To be sure, they object to wet their feet or soil their fur on ordinary occasions, but if a trout is to be the gnerdon they do not think much of either fur or feet. To teach swimming and fishing, you need to have minnows—artificial will do, or dead ones. I do not approve of torturing poor little fishes to train a cat in tricks.

6. *Cats and Birds.*—No matter what the birds are—whether pigeons, canaries, doves, or foreign birds—if a cat is well fed and well cared for, and is brought up to respect these as her master's property, she would no more think of touching them in his absence than she would of eating live coals out of the grate.

7. *Teaching a Cat to Keep the House at Night.*—For her own and your own sake, pussy should never be a midnight prowler. She will often wish to stay out later than is

advisable, but if you make a practice of giving her supper—a good one—last thing of a night she will always come in for it.

8. *Teaching a Cat to Follow like a Dog.*—This is easily done, but in order to insure her safety from dogs, before you venture to entice her into the road or street you must teach her to jump upon your shoulder whenever told to do so. If then in her walks abroad with you some gentleman of the canine persuasion attempts to "go at" her she will immediately come home to your shoulder for safety. Many other tricks will suggest themselves to you; it will indeed be your own fault, and a proof of your want of perseverance, if, possessing a nice young tabby, you do not in a very few months render her a very accomplished cat indeed.

Parrots.—Now then, Polly, it is your turn.

I have had this kind of bird before—the West Australian cockatoo, all white nearly, with hardly any crest, a bold, audacious bird, but affectionate enough at most times.

He is exceedingly fond of music, a very good talker, a capital mimic, a bit of a wag, laughs and dances, and sings songs (words and music). He can also ring a bell, play a little hand-organ, beat time to a tune on guitar or violin, and do a great many other amusing tricks.

How was he taught all this? Through kindness chiefly. He is barely five years of age. I do not know what he may be if he lives for a few years longer; probably a member of Parliament or a cheap jack. Polly is fit enough for either. He can make a speech already, and calls fowls, mimics the chasing, catching, and killing of them, and then puts them up for sale at half-a-crown each, just a shilling lower than market price, but then Polly does a *roaring* trade. Now, all birds of the parrot kind take to talking and mimicking sounds of various kinds quite naturally. They do not need their tongues cut with a crooked sixpenny piece, as some silly folks believe. When strangers hear

my favourite cockatoo talking and carrying on in his inimitable fashion they naturally give me, his master, the credit of being a very clever man. But I certainly do not deserve so flattering an encomium on Polly's account, for I do but use ordinary judgment in my treatment of the bird; in every other way he has taught himself. Let me analyse this teaching; it will give you hints.

Well then, first and foremost I got to understand the poor fellow. I felt sure that he meant no real harm by his determined attempts to deprive me of my nasal organ, or hook out one of my eyes, and I felt sure also that the sooner I could teach Sir Poll to believe that I meant no harm, and was really and truly not a bad fellow at heart, the sooner we would be able to get on well together. So I never lost my temper, even when he cut my finger. I fed him regularly and well, and gave him clean water every day, and drops of tea and milk from a spoon, also hemp, which his soul loveth, and as an occasional treat the pick of a fowl-bone. The result is that while to every one else in the world Poll is a perfect eagle, I can put my hand into his cage and shake hands with him, smooth him over the wings or under the wings, and even lift him up. In his cage even yet he is at rare times an eagle even to me; out of his cage sitting on my finger, my shoulder, or on the table in front of me while I write, he is an angel on a small scale. "Give me a kiss," he says, whenever he gets out, and I am not afraid to put my lips to his great beak, though if so minded he could cut me as if with a large pair of scissors. The slender-billed cockatoo he is called, but so strong is this beak of his, that, without any exaggeration, he could trim the gooseberry bushes with it.

But about the ringing of the bell. Well, that is easily taught. Poll will pull any string he sees handy, and he has, moreover, a little portable bell that he shakes about much to his delight and rattles along the bars of his cage. Sometimes he pulls the tongue out of it, another proof of the power of his beak.

When he gets on to the table he is never satisfied until he pitches everything into the middle of the floor—pencils, pens, letters, letter-weights, and the ink-bottle too, if I do not watch; then he settles down to make love to his master.

I must say no more about him now, but please remember that parrots or cockatoos can only be taught well by those who love and thoroughly understand them. There is no occasion to talk from behind a screen or door, only say what you wish your bird to say slowly and distinctly, and always attach the real meaning thereto. Call breakfast—breakfast, and supper—supper; don't say "Good morning" at night, and never give the bird any food without having a little conversation about it.

As for the tricks of cockatoos, there is no end to them, and they always suggest themselves. For example, Sir Poll had a habit of seizing the large brass bell-like handle on the top of the cage, and walking round with it like a horse in a mill. "If you can do that, Polly," I said, "you can turn a little hand-organ." And so he will.

Now I feel perfectly convinced that I possess the secret of teaching all tameable animals tricks suitable to their shape and capabilities. It is possible that I may be more *en rapport* with animals than some others are. Well, I love them; and because I do love them I thoroughly understand them, and I very soon get them to love me. That is the first part of my secret. The next thing I do is to get the creature I am training to understand the various intonations of my voice, and to associate it with words.

Next I watch the natural movements of the bird or beast. In these I find my raw material for working up into a pretty and effective trick. I will give you an example or two. My last pet cockatoo was fond of lifting and throwing about things that rattled.

I got him a toy tin railway-truck, and filled it with nails, and told him to empty it. This was done very satisfactorily; and Polly, or Cockie, as I called him, soon learned to reload his little truck. But he did it so methodically that he positively seemed to count them. They were those short, thick nails used for nailing up wall-fruit, etc.

But of his very methodicalness I also took advantage. I taught him to say "forty-two" after taking the nails all out, and I always put forty-two nails in the truck. When, therefore, Cockie was showing off in company, after he had counted out his nails I would ask any one in the room to prove whether the bird was right or not. Meanwhile I palmed a nail. Only forty-one were counted therefore, but while this was being done Cockie would be stepping about the table repeating the words "forty-two, forty-two" in the most decided of manners. I then managed to slip the "palmed" nail back, and asked some one else to decide. This would be done, and result in a triumph for Cockie. Then Cockie would laugh, and every one else would laugh; and the more every one else laughed, the louder laughed Cockie, till the house was like a bedlam.

This bird used to dance round and round to the sound of the fiddle till his head grew light; then he danced back in the opposite way to bring it right again. While dancing he used to emit a "whoop!" like a wild Irishman, that never failed to bring down the house.

One other example. A tame white rat I had was fond of appropriating pretty things and carrying them into her cage. I made a trick of this. I used to arrange on the table a large semicircle of apples, potatoes, pill-boxes, silver spoons, thimbles, and silver coins; then, "Now, Mary," I would cry, opening her cage-door, "see how quickly you can clear the table."

It was wonderful. In less than a minute everything was inside.

Of course all animals expect a tit-bit after they do a successful trick. But virtue may be made its own reward, as in the case of birds drawing for themselves water and seed.

If I am spared, and that cockatoo is spared, I will make it one of the most accomplished tricksters in Europe. So you may expect to hear a little more about him at some future day.

Now I have told you wherein my pet-taming secret lies. You can think upon it and enlarge upon the idea in any way that suits you.

NAMES OF SHIPS IN THE ROYAL NAVY.

By ODO W. FORD.

I.

"WHAT'S in a name?" is so very well-worn a quotation to readers of all tastes and ages that I fear I may hardly be excused for inflicting it upon the readers of the *Boy's Own*. Perhaps the subject may be the best apology, as it certainly will, on reflection, furnish a decided answer to the time-honoured query. A great deal is in a name for a ship of the Royal Navy; so think alike its admirers and its critics, so doubtless think the millions who follow with keen interest its movements and achievements all over the world; the same feeling pervades the breasts of Jim Spauker and Jack Spun-yarn, A.B.'s, who are as proud of the history of our Warspites and Temeraires as any of us, and would much prefer a cruise in the Achilles or Nelson to one in a Captain or a Eurydice—that is, supposing these latter names of sad memory had again been inserted in the Navy List.

That there is something in a name is, too, the opinion of my Lords of the Admiralty and their official advisers, who give careful

consideration to the christening of every fresh monster and ugly duckling a long time—often years—before the bottle of wine is broken on her sides as she slides into her native element. The names are generally proposed or suggested by the Controller of the Navy, and settled finally by the First Naval Lord, or by the First Lord himself. A list is kept of all old names unappropriated, and as soon as an old ship is sold or broken up her name is added to this list. Sometimes one of the old names is selected, sometimes an entirely new one.

Every ship in the Royal Navy gets her name before she really exists. As soon as the Constructor's drawings and "legend" are approved, and the building commences, the question of the name is decided. Thus H.M.S. Inflexible figured in the Navy List and was talked of while as yet there was none of her, and the Devastation's big sister was dubbed the Fury, and then again the Dreadnought, long before she took the water at Milford Haven. When, as is the case from time to time, a ship, already built, is purchased for the Navy, a new name is usually assigned to her. The *Mareotis* and British Empire (purchased about the time the Russians were pounding away at the Plevna earthworks defended by Osman Pasha) became H.M.S. Tyne and Humber, the big Brazilian ironclad *Independencia* became H.M.S. Neptune, and the three Turkish ironclads purchased during the same war in 1877-78 (whose original names I will not venture on) became respectively the *Superb*, *Orion*, and *Belleisle*. There was an *Orion*, by the way, which fought at Trafalgar, under Captain Codrington.

Very appropriate was the change of name of the whaler *Bloodhound*, purchased to take part in the Arctic Expedition in 1875, and renamed the *Discovery*, though now filling the inglorious but useful rôle of a store ship for home service—work for which she is as well fitted as for buffeting the ice-floes in Melville Bay. This, again, is an old name revived, for many will recollect that Captain Cook made his third voyage in the *Resolution* accompanied by the *Discovery*.

Looking through the list of our gallant ships, we may observe many names famous in history in fighting, adventure, and discovery renewed in the armour-clads and swift cruisers of the present. We still have an *Agamemnon*, a splendid ship of 8,500 tons, clad with 18-inch steel-faced armour, and carrying four 80-ton guns, a new ship, which has just left for China, and will be the most powerful ship ever seen there, a very different craft from her namesake of Nelson's days (which was commanded by that hero himself, when a captain, at the siege of Bastia, and at Calvi, in Corsica, in 1792, where he lost an eye), or to the *Agamemnon* which assisted in the siege of Sebastopol. Once more we have a *Warspite*, an *Imperiense*, a *Rodney*, and a saucy *Arethusa*. And have we not again a brave old *Temeraire*?—although the second adjective does not apply, for she is the first of the new type of "barbette" ships. The title of "Fighting *Temeraire*" she has, however, earned, having taken part in the bombardment of Alexandria. We still have a *Lion* in the British Navy—a training-ship for boys at Devonport—as we had a *Lyon* in the days of Charles II., which assisted in the third Dutch war at the action in Southwold Bay on May 28th, 1673, and suffered severely at the hands of that stubborn old sea-dog De Ruyter.

Who does not remember the Pelican, the tough little craft in which the brave old Elizabethan hero Sir Francis Drake circumnavigated the globe? The generation of schoolboys has not yet arrived in whose hearts (once having read the tale) the memory is not green of that little vessel and her sturdy skipper, and the Admiralty perpetuate her memory in the sloop *Pelican*, which for the last five years has carried the

white ensign in the Pacific, visiting doubtless some of the very spots where Drake cruised in her namesake, and "went for" the Spaniards wherever he found them. Much is there in names like this, and we cannot preserve too many of them as memory's links with that glorious period when our gallant seamen furnished the material for a stirring chapter in England's naval history. Our Pelican reminds us too of that curious scene on board Drake's Pelican, when, having returned to Deptford after her long cruise, Queen Elizabeth came down the river and knighted him on board his ship; and then it was, as an old writer tells us, that so great was the crowd which thronged to see this famous crew that a bridge of planks which had been laid between the ship and the shore fell, carrying with it one hundred men, "who notwithstanding had none of them any hurt, so as that ship may seem to have been built under a lucky planet."*

Names with the prefix "Royal" the Navy has always shown. When the Dutch took such advantage of our neglected armaments in the reign of the Merry Monarch, and, sailing up the Medway, destroyed Sheerness, they burnt among other ships a Royal Oak, as well as the Loyal London and Great James, and carried off the Royal Charles, a first-rate ship of 100 guns. They even threatened London itself we find, for the inhabitants, fearing a similar fate to that of the great city's namesake, sunk a dozen ships in the Thames off Woolwich and some more at Blackwall to stay the Dutchmen's advance. This exploit of the famous Admiral De Ruyter was the greatest insult ever offered to the British Navy, but one of which the Dutch were, of course, as proud as the English were ashamed. I well recollect seeing but a few years ago among a collection of Dutch and Flemish pictures in a sale-room in London a rare and curious old engraving, having in the centre portraits of De Ruyter and De Witt, surrounded by pictures of their sea-battles, among which the above event has a prominent place. A black and disgraceful record in our naval annals.†

There was, it seems, a Royal James which blew up in the fight at Southwold Bay (there is a picture of this fight in the First Lord of the Admiralty's house at Whitehall), and a Royal Charles which about the same period carried the flag of the Duke of York (afterwards James II.) and took part in the defeat of the Dutch after the exploit in the Medway. And all my readers know the Royal George of a century later and her sad fate—

She sprang no sudden leak;
She struck upon no rock—

but turned over and sank while being careened at Spithead, with Admiral Kempenfeldt and 900 men on board. Pieces of her keel are still to be seen in some of the royal dockyards. We have still a Royal George, be it observed, though she is not in active service, being merely a "receiving-hulk" at Portsmouth. We have also a Royal Alfred, a Royal Oak, and a Royal Sovereign, all armour-plated ships, though such is the rapid march of events in naval construction that they are all practically obsolete, and will probably "stick to their port and never go to sea," until finally they are reduced to vulgar fractions by the ship-breakers.

Apropos of the Royal Sovereign of our day, I find the following in the same old work in a chapter on Chatham:—

"The Expedition that has been Sometimes used here in fitting out Men of War, is scarce credible; for the Workmen told us, That the

Drake changed the name of his ship as he sailed through the Straits of Magellan. The Pelican then became the Golden Hind. See Article on "Drake," page 133.

* A curious old work (*temp.* George II.) says:—"At that time all was left unguarded, and there were but Four Guns that could be used at *Upnor*, and scarce so many at *Gillingham*, the Carriages being rotten and broken; and, in a Word, everything concurring to invite the Enemy."

Royal Sovereign, a First Rate of 100 Guns, was riding at her Moorings, intirely unrigg'd, and nothing but her Three Masts Standing, as is usual when a Ship is laid up; and that she was completely rigg'd, all her Masts up, her Yards put to, her Sails bent, Anchors and Cables on board, and the Ship sailed down to *Black-Stakes* in Three Days, Sir Cloudesley Shovell being then her Captain."

(To be continued.)

THE "BOY'S OWN" GORDON MEMORIAL FUND.

(Contributions received up to June 17.)

	£	s.	d.
Brought forward	63	13	7½
June 8.—Collected by Harry V. Ancell (Colchester), 19s. 2d.; William Croft, 6d.; R. Hill (Swindon), 1s.; R. K. (Rossall), 2s. 6d.; W. Gana, 2s.	1	5	2
June 9.—Marian R. Van Wart (Liverpool), 10s.; Collected by Bertie Rowse (Southsea), 12s. 6d.; G. H. Harker (Harrogate), 10s.	1	12	6
June 10.—Collected from the boys of Clevedon House School, N.W., by J. R. Wadde-low, Esq., £2 2s. 7d.; Collected by D. R. Dangan (Ealing), 10s.; Collected by William Butter, Esq., M.C.P., at the Central School for Boys, Oxon:—"Oxford Local" Form, £1 6s. 5½d.; Sixth and Seventh Standards, £1 9s. 9½d.; Fifth and Fourth Standards, £3 18s. 5d.; Third Standard, £1 6s. 0½d.; Second and First Standards, £2 7s. 0½d.; Etc., 2s. 3d.; Richard Ward (Whitby), 3s.	13	5	7
June 11.—Peter D. Keith (Glasgow), 5s.; Miss F. F. Church (Heavitree), 5s.	0	10	0
June 12.—A Namesake, 4s.; Cecil G. Smith, 1s. 3d.	0	5	3
June 13.—W. C. C., 5s.; S. C. Blackham, 1s. 6d.	0	6	6
June 15.—James Clover, 2s.; Godfrey E. P. Hertslet, 3s.; G. Pite (Chelsea), 3s.; L. K. Switzer (Limerick), 1s. 6d.; J. F. R. (Newington Butts), 2s.; A. C. Field (Brixton), 2s. 6d.	0	14	0
June 16.—Additional from Central School, Oxford, 3s. 6d.; Collected by F. J. Potter (Hampstead), 7s.	0	10	6
June 17.—T. A. (Sunningdale School)	0	1	0
Carried forward	£82	4	1½

Correspondence.

H. SMITH.—Thank you for your essay on astronomy, which we have read with interest.

520.—Read our articles on Model Yacht Building before you begin. You will find that beam and depth have no fixed proportions. To get stability you must have either one or the other, and you can take your choice between a broad boat or a deep one with a heavy lead keel.

FIDDLER.—Consult a Post Office Directory. There are several shops in Soho where you can have your violin repaired.

W. E. POTTER.—Wood for fretwork can be obtained in your neighbourhood from Melhuish, in Fetter Lane; or Churchill, in Sun Street, Finsbury.

TUBAL CAIN.—Perhaps an advertisement in two or three of the local papers in the Pottery districts might help you.

HIGH ADMIRAL FEATHERBED.—The article on "Ham-mocks and all about them" was in page 581 in the second volume—the monthly part for July, 1880.

LEONARD.—The articles on Cardboard Modelling were in the fifth volume.

WORMBROOK.—The "Wreck of the Medusa," with the coloured plate, was in the November part for 1883.

MATER.—Send your son to a drawing class in connection with the Science and Art Department. The charges are merely nominal, and the instruction the most suitable and practical that can be given.

A MANX BABY.—Buy a shilling book on etiquette, and work out the problems for yourself.

A PERPLEXED READER.—Unless you have a gift for teaching, give up all thoughts of becoming a school-master. To say nothing of your life being a misery to yourself, think of the sufferings of your pupils!

ANIMATED PERIWINKLE.—The winkle had lost its inside, and refused to perform, so that we are unable to report.

A BOY.—There is a guide to step-dancing published by French, of the Strand; but a sailor's hornpipe will never be learnt from a shilling book. You must be taught personally.

D. BARNES.—Astronomical telescopes always reverse the objects. To fit yours for land use you must add a reversing eye-piece.

S. A. W.—To clean a saddle wash it with yellow soap, but do not wet it too much. When it is dry polish it with rather a hard brush and a little beeswax. The best plan is to rub the brush with the wax, and then brush the saddle until you get the polish. If you put on too much wax the leather will be sticky.

R. A. D.—The close time on the Dart for trout is from October 2nd to February 28th. The licence duty is two shillings per day or ten shillings per season. On the Severn the close time is from September 1st to June 15th; and the licence duties are one shilling for rod and line, seven shillings for net, fifteen shillings for cruive, and five shillings for night lines. Nearly all the Scotch rivers are closed for salmon from November to the end of February.

FOREMAST.—The yacht that won most money in 1884 was the 68-ton cutter Marjorie, her amount being £922. The next on the list was the yawl Lorna, £905; the next the 40-ton Tara, £867. The Genesta came fourth, £775; Alex fifth, £590. The best 10-tonner was Ulerin, £340.

W. N. O.—The best running high-jump, amateur, is P. Davin's 6ft. 2½in. The professional performance is E. W. Johnson's 6ft. 0½in.

A. C. LEEDS.—The best plan is to apply direct to the owners of the ship. You will be referred by them to the proper person. You would be far better as a boy before the mast.

A BRITISH BOY.—Your height is above the present standard for the Line, so that you would have no difficulty in that respect. You must choose for yourself. It is a mistake to suppose that there is any slur on a man's character owing to his having become a soldier. Such an opinion may once have been generally held, but it is no longer. You will never please everybody.

FIORD.—You would get a good choice of guide-books, knapsacks, etc., of Adams, of Fleet Street (at the publishing office of Bradshaw's Guide); or you might try Goy, of Leadenhall Street.

AN SX CALF.—When the I. H. S. has stops between the letters it stands for the initials of Jesus Hominum Salvator; but when the stops are omitted the letters are the iota, eta, and sigma of the Greek Iesous.

ERIN-GO-BRAGH.—For the same reason that a ball thrown into the air returns to the earth, a ball dropped into a shaft that ran to the Antipodes through the centre of the earth would stop in the middle.

FELIX.—To secure the copyright you must send a copy of the book when published to Stationers' Hall and register it, and then forward the five copies to the libraries. Your printer or publisher is the proper person to attend to the business.

B. J. P.—To make a good cake take a pound of currants, a pound of mixed candied peel, half a quart of flour, four eggs, a breakfast-cupful of milk, a tablespoonful of sugar, and a small packet of baking-powder. Beat the eggs well with the milk, and stand the mixture on the hob to get warm; chop the peel very small, and mix the things well together with the milk; bake the cake in a moderate oven for five or six hours. It is best baked in a ring—that is, a mould without a bottom, and the mould should be well greased to prevent sticking.

ATLANTA.—All the volumes are still in print, and all are still sold at the original price.

DEU.—When it is said that the water of the world has greatly evaporated it means that the evaporation has taken place into space which is now held to consist to a considerable extent of watery vapour. Space is not necessarily nothingness.

TIME AND TIDE.—The "Establishment of the Port" is its time of high water at full or change days; thus the "establishment" of London Bridge is 1h. 53m. There is no difficulty in arriving at the time of high water if you will only remember that when the moon is new or full it is always high water at London Bridge about two o'clock. Every other port has its "establishment" in the same way, and the tide is always up at establishment time at new and full moon.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Your best plan would be to advertise the fact of your possessing the envelope, say in the "Exchange and Mart," and ask for offers.

ST. FILIAN'S.—Say "carpets beaten," and avoid all chance of dispute.

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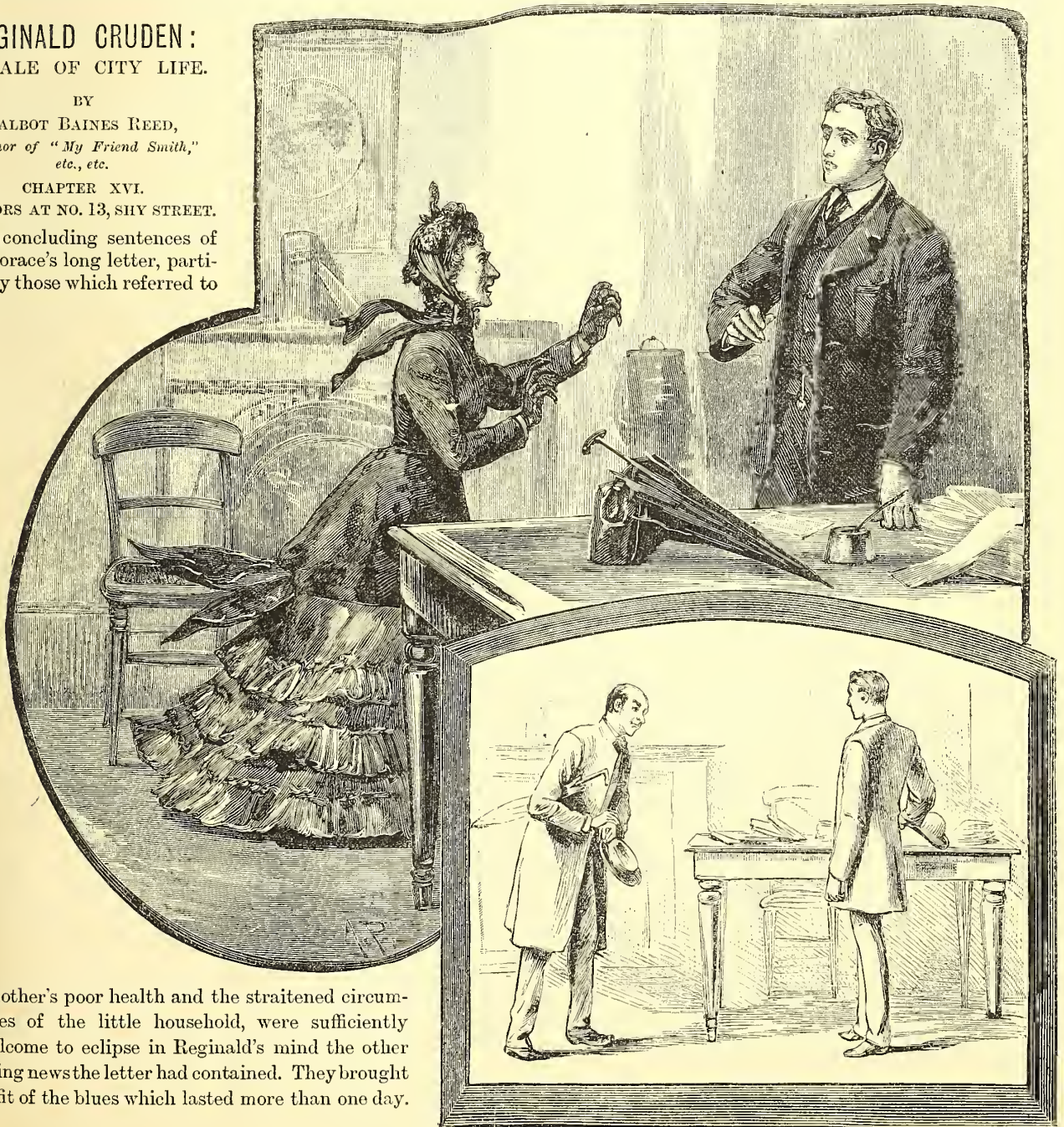
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REGINALD CRUDEN : A TALE OF CITY LIFE.

BY
TALBOT BAINES REED,
*Author of "My Friend Smith,"
etc., etc.*

CHAPTER XVI.
VISITORS AT NO. 13, SHY STREET.

THE concluding sentences of
Horace's long letter, particularly those which referred to



his mother's poor health and the straitened circumstances of the little household, were sufficiently unwelcome to eclipse in Reginald's mind the other exciting news the letter had contained. They brought on a fit of the blues which lasted more than one day.

"Love, indeed! I'd like to scratch you."

For now that he had neither companion nor occupation (for the business of the Select Agency Corporation had fallen off completely) there was nothing to prevent his indulgence in low spirits.

He began to chafe at his imprisonment, and still more at his helplessness even were he at liberty to do anything. Christmas was still a fortnight off, and till then what could he do on thirteen shillings a week? He might cut down his commissariat certainly, to, say, a shilling a day, and send home the rest. But then, what about coals and postage-stamps and other incidental expenses, which had to be met in Mr. Medlock's absence out of his own pocket? The weather was very cold—he could hardly do without coals, and he was bound in the interests of the Corporation to keep stamps enough in the place to cover the necessary correspondence.

When all was said, two shillings seemed to be the utmost he could save out of his weekly pittance, and this he sent home by the very next post, with a long, would-be cheerful, but really dismal letter, stoutly denying that he was either miserable or disappointed with his new work, and anticipating with pleasure the possibility of being able to run up at Christmas and bring with him the welcome funds which would clear the family of debt and give it a good start for the New Year.

When he had finished his letter home he wrote to Mr. Medlock, very respectfully suggesting that as he had been working pretty hard and for the last few days single-handed, Mr. Medlock might not object to advance him at any rate part of the salary due in a fortnight, as he was rather in need of money. And, he ventured to ask, as Christmas Day fell on a Thursday, and no business was likely to be done between that day and the following Monday, might he take the two or three days' holiday, undertaking, of course, to be back at his post on the Monday morning. He enclosed a few post-office orders which had come to hand since he last wrote, and hoped he should soon have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Medlock—"or anybody," he added to himself as he closed the letter and looked wearily round the gaunt, empty room.

Now, if Reginald had been a believer in fairies he would hardly have started as much as he did when, almost as the words escaped his lips, the door opened and a female marched into the room.

A little prim female it was, with stiff curls down on her forehead and a very sharp nose and very thin lips, and fidgety fingers that seemed not to know whether to cling to one another for support or fly at the countenance of somebody else.

This formidable visitor spared Reginald the trouble of inquiring to what fortunate circumstance he was indebted for the honour of so unlooked-for a visit.

"Now, sir!" said she, panting a little after her ascent of the stairs, but very emphatic, all the same.

The observation was not one which left much scope for argument, and Reginald did not exactly know what to reply. At last, however, he summoned up resolution enough to say, politely,

"Now, madam, can I be of any service?"

Inoffensive as the observation was, it had the effect of greatly irritating the lady.

"None of your sauce, young gentleman," said she, putting down her bag and umbrella, and folding her arms defiantly. "I've not come here to take any of your impertinence."

Reginald's impertinence! He had never been rude to a lady in all his life except once, and the penance he had paid for that sin had been bitter enough, as the reader can testify.

"You needn't pretend not to know what I've come here for," continued the lady, taking a hasty glance round the room, as if mentally calculating from what door or window her victim would be most likely to attempt to escape.

"Perhaps she's Love's mother!" gasped Reginald, to himself. "Oh, but what a Venus!"

This classical reflection he prudently kept to himself, and waited for his visitor to explain her errand further.

"You know who I am," she said, walking up to him.

"No, indeed," said Reginald, hardly liking to retreat, but not quite comfortable to be standing still. "Unless—unless your name is Love."

"Love!" screamed the outraged "Venus." "I'll Love you, young gentleman, before I've done with you. Love, indeed, you impudent saucebox, you!"

"I beg your pardon," began Reginald.

"Love, indeed! I'd like to scratch you, so I would," cried the lady, with a gesture so ominously like suiting the action to the word, that Reginald fairly deserted his post and retreated two full paces.

This was getting critical. Either the lady was mad, or she had mistaken Reginald for some one else. In either case he felt utterly powerless to deal with the difficulty. So like a prudent man he decided to hold his tongue and let the lady explain herself.

"Love, indeed!" said she, for the third time. "You saucy jackanapes, you. No, sir, my name's Wrigley!"

She evidently supposed this announcement would fall like a thunderbolt on the head of her victim, and it disconcerted her not a little when he merely raised his eyebrows and inclined his head politely.

"Now do you know what I'm come about?" said she.

"No," replied he.

"Yes you do. You needn't think to deceive me, sir. It won't do, I can tell you."

"I *really* don't know," said poor Reginald. "Who are you?"

"I'm the lady who ordered the globe and blackboard, and sent two pounds along with the order to you, Mr. Cruden Reginald. There! *Now* perhaps you know what I've come for!"

If she had expected Reginald to fly out of the window, or seek refuge up the chimney, at this announcement, the composure with which he received the overpowering disclosure must have considerably astonished her.

"Eh?" she said. "Eh? Do you know me now?"

"I have no doubt you are right," said he. "We had more than a hundred orders for the globes and boards, and expect they will be delivered this week or next."

"Oh! then you have been imposing on more than me?" said the lady, who till this moment had imagined she had been the only correspondent of the Corporation on the subject.

"We've been imposing on no one," said Reginald, warmly. "You have no right to say that, Mrs. Wrigley."

His honest indignation startled the good lady.

"Then why don't you send the things?" she demanded, in a milder tone.

"There are a great many orders to attend to, and they have to be taken in order as we receive them. Probably yours came a good deal later than others."

"No, it didn't. I wrote by return of post, and put an extra stamp on too. You must have got mine one of the very first."

"In that case you will be one of the first to receive your globe and board."

"I know that, young man," said she. "I'm going to take them with me now!"

"I'm afraid you can't do that," said Reginald. "They are being sent off from London."

The lady, who had somewhat moderated her wrath in the presence of the secretary's unruffled politeness, fired up as fiercely as ever at this.

"There! I *knew* it was a swindle! From London indeed! Might as well say New York at once! I'm not going to believe your lies, you young robber! Don't expect it!"

It was a considerable tax on Reginald's temper to be addressed in language like this, even by a lady, and he could not help retorting, rather hotly, "I'm glad you are only a woman, Mrs. Wrigley, for I wouldn't stand being called a thief by a man, I assure you!"

"Oh, don't let that make any difference!" said she, fairly in a rage, and advancing up to him. "Knock me down, and welcome! You may just as well murder a woman as rob her!"

"I can only tell you again your order is being executed in London."

"And I can only tell you I don't believe a word you say, and I'll just have my two pounds back, and have done with you! Come, you can't say you never got that!"

"If you sent it, I certainly did," said Reginald.

"Then perhaps you'll hand it up this moment?"

"I would gladly do so if I had it, but—"

"I suppose it's gone to London too?" said she, with supernatural calmness.

"It has been paid in with all the money to the bank," said Reginald. "But if you wish it I will write to the managing director and ask him to return it by next post."

"Will you?" said she, in tones that might have frozen any one less heated than Reginald. "And you suppose I've come all the way from Dorsetshire to get that for an answer, do you? You're mistaken, sir! I don't leave this place till I get my money or my things! So now!"

"Then," said Reginald, feeling the case desperate, and pushing a chair in her direction, "perhaps you'd better sit down."

She glared round at him indignantly. But perhaps it was the sight of his haggard, troubled face, or the faint suspicion that he, after all, might be more honest than his employers, or the reflection that she could get her rights better out of the place than in it. Whatever the reason was, she changed her mind.

"You shall hear of me again, sir!" said she; "mind that! Love, indeed!" where-

upon she bounced out of the office and slammed the door behind her.

Reginald sat with his eyes on the door for a full two minutes before he could sufficiently collect his wits to know where he was or what had happened.

Then a sense of indignation overpowered all his other feelings—not against Mrs. Wrigley, but against Mr. Medlock, for leaving him in a position where he could be, even in the remotest degree, open to so unpleasant a charge as that he had just listened to.

Why could he not be trusted with sufficient money and control over the operations of the Corporation to enable him to meet so unfounded a charge? What would the Bishop of S—or the other directors think if they heard that a lady had come all the way from Dorsetshire to tell them they were a set of swindlers and thieves? If he had had the sending off of the orders to see to, he was confident he could have got every one of them off by this time, even if he had made up every parcel with his own hands.

What, in short, was the use of being called a secretary if he was armed with no greater authority than a common junior clerk?

He opened the letter he had just written to Mr. Medlock, and sat down to write another, more aggrieved in its tone and more urgent in its request that Mr. Medlock would come down to Liverpool at once to arrange matters on a more satisfactory footing. It was difficult to write a letter which altogether pleased him; but at last he managed to do it, and for fear his warmth should evaporate he went out to post it, locking the office up behind him.

He took a walk before returning—the first he had taken for a week. It was a beautiful crisp December day, when, even through the murky atmosphere of Liverpool, the sun looked down joyously, and the blue sky, flecked with little fleecy clouds, seemed to challenge the smoke and steam of a thousand chimneys to touch its purity. Reginald's steps turned away from the city, through a quiet suburb towards the country. He would have to walk too far, he knew, to reach real open fields and green lanes, but there was at least a suggestion of the country here which to his weary mind was refreshing.

His walk took him past a large public school, in the playground of which an exciting football match was in active progress. Like an old war horse, Reginald gazed through the palings and snorted at the cry of battle rose in the air.

"Hack it through, sir!" "Well run!" "Collar him there!"

As he heard those old familiar cries it seemed to him as if the old life had come back to him with a sudden rush. He was no longer a poor baited secretary, but a joyous schoolboy, head of his form, lord and master of half a dozen fags, and a caution and example to the whole junior school. He had chums by the score; his study was always crowded with fellows wanting him to do this or help them in that. How jolly to be popular! How jolly, when the ball came out of the scrimmage, to hear every one shout, "Let Cruden have it!" How jolly, as he snatched it up and rushed, cleaving his way to the enemy's goal, to hear that roar behind him, "Run indeed, sir!" "Back him up!" "Well played!" Yes,

he heard them still, like music; and as he watched the shifting fortunes of this game he felt the blood course through his veins with a strange, familiar ardour.

Ah, here came the ball out of the scrimmage straight towards him! Oh, the thrill of such a moment! Who does not know it? A second more and he would have it—

Alas! poor Reginald awoke as suddenly as he had dreamed. A hideous paling stood between him and the ball. He was not in the game at all. Nothing but a lonely, friendless drudge, whom nobody wanted, nobody cared about.

With a glistening in his eyes which he would have scornfully protested was not a tear, he turned away and walked moodily back to Shy Street, caring little if it were to be the last walk he should ever take.

He was not, however, to be allowed much time for indulging his gloomy reflections on reaching his journey's end. A person was waiting outside the office, pacing up and down the pavement to keep himself warm. The stranger took a good look at Reginald as he entered and let himself in, and then followed up the stairs and presented himself.

"Is Mr. Reginald at home?" inquired he, blandly.

Reginald noticed that he was a middle-aged person, dressed in a sort of very shabby clerical costume, awkward in his manner, but not unintelligent in face.

"That is my name," replied he.

"Thank you. I am glad to see you, Mr. Reginald. You were kind enough to send me a communication not long ago about—well, about a suit of clothes."

His evident hesitation to mention anything that would call attention to his own well-worn garb made Reginald feel quite sorry for him.

"Oh, yes," said he, taking good care not to look at his visitor's toilet, "we sent a good many of the circulars to clergymen."

"Very considerate," said the visitor. "I was away from home and have only just received it."

And he took the circular out of his pocket, and seating himself on a chair began to peruse it.

Presently he looked up and said,

"Are there any left?"

"Any of the suits? Oh, yes, I expect so. We had a large number."

"Could I—can you show me one?"

"Unfortunately I haven't got them here; they are all in London."

"How unfortunate! I did so want to get one."

Then he perused the paper again.

"How soon could I have one?" he said.

"Oh, very soon now; before Christmas certainly," replied Reginald.

"You are sure?"

"Oh, yes. They will all be delivered before then."

"And have you had many orders?" said the clergyman.

"A great many," said Reginald.

"Hundreds, I dare say. There are many to whom it would be a boon at this season to get so cheap an outfit."

"Two hundred, I should say," said Reginald. "Would you like to leave an order with me?"

"Two hundred! Dear me! And did they all send the two pounds, as stated here, along with their order?"

"Oh, yes. Some sent more," said Reginald, quite thankful to have some one to talk to who did not regard him either as a fool or a knave.

"It must have been a very extensive bankrupt stock you acquired," said the clergyman, musingly. "And were all the applicants clergymen like myself?"

"Nearly all."

"Dear me, how sad to think how many there are to whom such an opportunity is a godsend. We are sadly underpaid, many of us, Mr. Reginald, and are apt to envy you gentlemen of business your comfortable means. Now you, I dare say, get as much as three or four of us poor curates get together."

"I hope not," said Reginald, with a smile.

"Well, if I even had your £200 a year I should be thankful," said the poor curate.

"But I haven't that by £50," said Reginald. "Shall I put you down for a complete suit, as mentioned in the circular?"

"Yes, I'm afraid I cannot well do without it," said the other.

"And what name and address?" said Reginald.

"Well, perhaps the simplest way would be, as I am going back by London, for you to give me an order for the things to present at your dépôt there. It will save carriage, you know."

"Very well," said Reginald, "I will write one for you. You notice," added he, "that we ask for £2 with the order."

"Ah, yes," said the visitor, with a sigh, "that appears to be a stern necessity. Here it is, Mr. Reginald."

"Thank you," said Reginald. "I will write you a receipt; and here is a note to Mr. John Smith, at Weaver's Hotel, London, who has charge of the clothing. I have no doubt he will be able to suit you with just what you want."

"John Smith! I fancy I have heard his name somewhere. Is he one of your principals—a dark tall man?"

"I have never seen him," said Reginald, "but all our orders go to him for execution."

"Oh, well, thank you very much. I am sure I am much obliged to you. You seem to be single-handed here. It must be hard work for you."

"Pretty hard sometimes."

"I suppose clothing is what you chiefly supply?"

"We have also been sending out a lot of globes and blackboards to schools."

"Dear me, I should be glad to get a pair of globes for our parish school—very glad. Have you them here?"

"No, they are in London too."

"And how do you sell them? I fear they are very expensive."

"They cost £3 the set, but we only ask £2 with the order."

"That really seems moderate. I shall be strongly tempted to ask our vicar to let me get a pair when in London. Will Mr. Smith be able to show them to me?"

"Yes, he is superintending the sending off of them too."

"How crowded Weaver's Hotel must be, with so many bulky articles," said the curate.

"Oh, you know, I don't suppose Mr. Smith keeps them there; but he lives there while he's in town, that's all. Our directors generally put up at Weaver's Hotel."

"I should greatly like to see a list of

the directors, if I may," said the clergyman. "There's nothing gives one so much confidence as to see honoured names on the directorate of a company like yours."

"I can give you a list if you like," said Reginald. "I dare say you know by name the Bishop of S—, our chairman?"

"To be sure, and—dear me, what a very good list of names. Thank you, if I may take one of these, I should like to show it to my friends. Well, then, I will call on Mr. Smith in London, and mean-

while I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Reginald, for your courtesy. Very glad to have made your acquaintance. Good afternoon."

And he shook hands cordially with the secretary, and departed, leaving Reginald considerably soothed in spirit as he reflected that he had really done a stroke of work for the Corporation that day on his own account.

It was well for his peace of mind that he did not know that the clergyman, on turning the corner of Shy Street, rubbed

his hands merrily together, and said to himself, in tones of self-satisfaction,

"Well, if that wasn't the neatest bit of work I've done since I came on the beat. The innocent! He'd sit up, I guess, if he knew the nice pleasant-spoken parson he's been blabbing to was Sniff of the detective office. My eye—it's all so easy, there's not much credit about the business after all. But it's £ s. d. to Sniff, and that's better!"

(To be continued.)

STANLEY ON THE CONGO.

PART II.

THERE is such a wealth of incident in the thousand pages that we confess a sore temptation to overrun our space. We have said enough, however, to awaken the interest of our readers in the great book of the year, and, as a specimen of the entertainment it offers, content ourselves with telling, in Mr. Stanley's own words, how he overcame the last opposition to the foundation of his chief settlement of Léopoldville on Stanley Pool.

"Ngoma's village, near which we were camped, was situated on a narrow but level-faced spur, extending from the eastern flank of Iyumbi Mount. It was one of several such spurs, separated from one another by wooded, scrubby gorges—the sources of several small crystal streams. On the next spur to that which we occupied stood Makoko's residential village, and it was from this direction we expected Ngalyema's approach. To approach our camp after declaration of hostilities was therefore impossible, if we chose to take him at his word, without risk of utter extermination. Ngalyema, though a barbarian, was too astute a person to commence operations in this manner. More probably, on the strength of previous brotherhood and mutual exchange of civilities, he would enter the camp with a bland face and an affectation of fraternal love, with ostentatious and noisy greeting, and trust to surprise in the midst of social drinking of palm-wine, etc., etc.

"I sent my tent-boy to tell the people to muster on the farthest side of the hill, to be out of view of any spies who might be on the watch at Makoko's hill. In a few minutes I proceeded there myself, and found the men all assembled. The instructions I gave them there were brief, and such as they could easily remember.

"Go each of you to his own hut; put your cartridge belts on. See that your cartridges are in your pouches. Place your guns under your sleeping mats or grass beds. All of you then, excepting Susi's men (twenty), scatter yourselves about in the bush on this side of the hill. Some lie down in the En Avant in the waggon; some of you behind my tent; a dozen in the store tent; some of you pretend to be sick in your huts. No matter how many people are in the camp, or what you may hear, do not stir from your places until you hear the gong; but when you hear the gong struck, then all run and seize your guns, and rush up all of you yelling like wadmen; flourish your guns about wildly, and so on, like the Ruga-Ruga of Unyamwezi. Do you understand?"

"Inshallah!" they cried.

"Susi's detachment were instructed to seat themselves about in the open, and assume a listless and indifferent attitude. A quarter of an hour later a long line of men were seen descending Makoko's hill to the bottom of the valley intervening between it and our own. I counted one hundred and ninety-seven persons, inclusive of all ranks, who were in Ngalyema's expedition. Drum, trumpet, and native music announced that

the chief had assumed state and ceremony for this occasion. Before any of them had shown themselves on our hill I was seated in a chair in the front of my tent reading a book. I cast furtive glances about, and saw my own camp almost abandoned, except by a few Zanzibaris, some of whom were altogether overacting their parts by pretending to be half asleep.

"Keeping my eyes hidden by the vizard of my cap, I noted the quick glance thrown around the apparently abandoned camp by the advancing natives. When about a third of their number had entered the camp I rose, at the same time the near sound of the not inharmonious music informed me that Ngalyema was not far off.

"I advanced towards them, and when Ngalyema finally came, gave him an effusive welcome. I turned sharply round to Susi, and pretended to scold him well for not preparing mats, sails, etc., to spread on the ground for my dear brothers and friends of Kintamo.

"Ngalyema was moody-browed, stiff, most unbrotherly in his responses to my welcome, while I looked like one almost ready to leap into his arms with an irrepressible affection. Makabi was cold and repelling; Mubi grim and defiant; Ganchu seemed like a young leopard eager for bloody sport; young Enjeli acted surely like one who had suddenly come of age, so well he aped the man.

"Come, my brethren, friends, sit down. Tell Ngalyema, Susi, through Enjeli there, who knows Kikongo so well, how glad I am at seeing them all. Though it is very sudden, I take this visit and to have come so far to see Bula Matari as most kindly intended."

"Susi, who was so very clever, and could well enter into the elaborate joke I was perpetrating, did not, I am certain, interpret the welcome so well as I acted it.

"The chiefs, who kept their eyes wandering over the boat, boilers, and machinery tents, and kept up in undertones a perpetual interchange of ideas, scarcely deigned to regard me, until, after being seated, Ngalyema abruptly spoke to Enjeli, his son, in Kiteke, who translated it into Kikongo to Susi and myself.

"I have come from Kintamo to see my brother. Let him tell me what he has come here for."

"I replied, showing the brass-banded staff. 'This is what brought me. I have done exactly what you asked me.'

"At this moment another body of natives, also carrying guns, came by another path up the gorge, who seated themselves apart from Ngalyema's large force. These were Makoko's men. The appearance of this force caused Ngalyema to launch forth into a history of his acquaintance with me, beginning from 1877, which was intended for their special benefit, as they had been accusing him of an intention to overstep his proper status as a foreigner who was only per-

mitted residence on their soil to trade in ivory. He ended it in a peremptory manner thus:

"Now, my brother has been misinformed, and has misunderstood me. We Bateké are strangers living on this side of the river for trade only. The Bazambo and the Bakongo are our customers. We have no objection to trade with white men if they come for trade, but we do not think you have come to trade; therefore you cannot come to Kintamo. My brother must go back the way he came, unless he likes to stay here with Makoko. I have said it."

"Through my interpreter I replied,

"I am not a little boy, Ngalyema, and I will not use many words. You have brought me thus far yourself. Makoko is going to give me land near Kintamo, and on that land I will build my town. I know something about the country now. The land is not yours to give away, therefore be easy. I have but one tongue, and if Makoko will take me to Kintamo, I will go with him and build a fine place there, where, if you like, you may come and see me; if not, why then keep away. I have spoken."

"Bula Matari speaks well," he responded, mockingly. "We know white men are clever, but Kintamo is still far, and in the way is Ngalyema and Makabi and Mubi, and plenty more chiefs, and the people you see here are few, and yet these people know how to shoot. How will Bula Matari reach Kintamo with those few men that he has got?"

"Adopting the tone of my friend, I said, 'Yes, white men are clever, I believe, and Ngalyema will say so before long. Ngalyema has many men and guns as I see, but Ngalyema and all his men cannot take that waggon to Kintamo; yet you see I have crossed many mountains and valleys so far as here, and in the same manner it will reach Kintamo. But, my friend, do not let us quarrel. Wait and see. I could be in Kintamo to-day if I wanted to; but I will take my time about it; meantime, be easy in your mind.'

"Now followed a consultation among the Bateké in an undertone, though once or twice some vehemence of manner attracted attention, and while they communed together I cast my eyes about the assembly. They were mostly fine-looking men, but made hideous by daubs and splash-like spots and lines and bars of white and yellow and black over their faces and bodies. They were all armed with muskets, except those who carried the ammunition, the gourds being full of powder and slugs of iron and copper.

"Suddenly Ngalyema asked, after the knot of chiefs had ceased their whispers, 'What nice thing has my brother brought me from the white man's land since I saw him?'

"Evidently Ngalyema supposed that I had been to the coast since my departure from

Mfwa; but I simply said, 'Come to my tent and see for yourself.'

"Ngalyema and his son Enjeli, with Ganchu and others, rose to their feet and followed me to the tent. Here the party inspected a quantity of red baize, bright handkerchiefs, a pile of figured blankets, and lovingly passed their hands over japanned tin boxes and iron trunks; and, after his curiosity was thoroughly satisfied, and Ngalyema had chosen a quantity of goods valued at £138 for his own perquisites, he expressed himself as follows:

"I will take these goods, but on the condition only that you stay where you are. You must make up your mind that you cannot come to Kintamo. The chiefs will not have it. If you do not promise, this must end in war, and I can no longer be your friend. Now, what do you say?"

"It is useless, Ngalyema, to talk more about this," I replied. "Make up your mind that I go to or near Kintamo. All the Wam-

"It is fetish," I answered, sententiously.

"His young son Enjeli, who was much more acute than his father, whispered to him his belief that it was a kind of bell, upon which Ngalyema cried out,

"Bula Matari, strike this; let me hear it."

"Oh, Ngalyema, I dare not; it is the war fetish!"

"No, no," said he, impatiently. "Beat it, Bula Matari, that I may hear the sound."

"I dare not, Ngalyema. It is the signal for war; it is the fetish that calls up armed men; it would be too bad."

"No, no, no! I tell you to strike. Strike it, Bula Matari;" and he stamped on the ground with childish impatience.

"Well, then"—taking the beater in my hand—"remember, I told you it was a bad fetish—a fetish for war; and as I lifted the beater high with uplifted hand, I asked again, 'Shall I strike now?'"

"Strike—strike it, I tell you!"

seated warriors forgot their guns and fled before this strange deluge and awful scene. The ammunition-bearers threw their gourds away—some were broken, and the powder and slugs were scattered over the ground; and as Ngalyema was standing paralysed with fear, and with his faculties benumbed, I seized him by the arm, and said softly to him,

"Be not afraid, Ngalyema. Remember Bula Matari is your brother. Stand behind me; I will protect you."

"The Zanzibaris were now a yelling crowd in front of me, calling out tauntingly and menacingly,

"Ha, ha, Ngalyema! You come to fight Bula Matari, Ngalyema! Where are your warriors, Ngalyema?"

"There could not be a better representation of relentless, bloodthirsty fury than that which was shown by these amateur black actors in the suddenly improvised scene. Their assumed frenzy was the next thing to



"A stream of frantic infuriates emerged as though from the earth."

bundu are willing. You admit that you have no right to the country; that you and the Bateké are strangers; that the Wambundu own the land. How can you stop the Wambundu from doing what they like with their own country?"

"But the village of Kintamo is mine," he said; "I and my people built it."

"That is all well. I do not want your village; I only want to get near the river and build a village of my own, whither many white men will come to trade. White men will do you no harm; you do not care to whom you will sell your ivory."

"Enough, enough!" he cried. "I say for the last time you shall not come to Kintamo; we do not want any white men among us. Let us go, Enjeli." And as he said the last words he pushed aside the tent door and strode outside, with the emotions of suppressed passion visible on his face. While standing near the tent door, for a moment irresolute, he caught sight of the large Chinese gong suspended to a cross-bar supported by two forked poles.

"What is this?" he asked, pointing to the gong.

"With all my force I struck the gong; the loud bell-like tone sounding in the silence caused by the hushed concentrated attention of all upon the scene, was startling in the extreme, but as the rapid strokes were applied vigorously the continued sound seemed to them like thunder. They had not recovered from the first shock of astonishment when the forms of men were seen bounding over the gunwale of the En Avant right over their heads, and war-whooping in their ears. From my tent, and from the gorge behind them, a stream of frantic infuriates emerged as though from the earth. The store-tent was violently agitated, and finally collapsed, and a yelling crowd of demoniac madmen sprang out one after another, every one apparently madder than his neighbour. The listless, sleepy-eyed stragglers burst out into a perfect frenzy of action. From under the mats in the huts there streamed into view such a frantic mob of armed men, that to the panic-struck natives the sky and the earth seemed to be contributing to the continually increasing number of death-dealing warriors. Every native present, would-be friend and would-be foe, lost his senses completely; the

reality. Had I not been in the secret I also should have been duped; while the valour with which I defended my poor brother, who with his two hands grasped me round the waist, danced from side to side to avoid furious strokes from the wild-eyed men, while young Enjeli clung behind his father and followed his movements, reminded me of the long-forgotten play of 'hen-and-chickens.'

"Save me, Bula Matari; do not let them hurt me! I did not mean anything," cried Ngalyema.

"Hold hard, Ngalyema!" I cried, 'keep fast hold of me; I will defend you, never fear. Come one, come all. Ah, ha!' etc.

"But the camp was almost emptied of our visitors, much of the ammunition was left behind, the guns were strewn over the ground, and the play was well acted.

"Enough, boys; fall into line," and 'Silence' was cried out by Susi and his brother captains, and the obedient, well-trained fellows fell into line at 'Shoulder arms' with all the precision of military veterans. Then, as Ngalyema had allowed his hands to fall down by his side in mute surprise at this

other transformation scene, I took hold of his two hands, and said with an assuring smile,

"Well, Ngalyema, what do you now think of the white man's fetish?"

"Ah, I was not afraid, was I? See, all my people are run away! Ay me, such braves! Only Enjeli and Ganchu left with me! But tell me, Bula Matari, where did all these people come from?"

"Ah, that is the bad fetish I told you of! Do you want to see any more? Come, I will

strike the gong again, and the next scene may perhaps be more wonderful still."

"What!" he shrieked, while he laid his hand upon my arm. "No, no; don't touch it. Ay, verily, that must be a bad fetish," he said, gravely, shaking his head at the round innocent face of the gong.

"Look yet again at these people, Ngalyema," said I, pointing to the long line of smiling soldier-labourers.

"Attention! right face! all of you march

forward quietly; no noise; put your guns away, and each go about his business. Forward, march!" The line vanished, and it was only when Ngalyema began to recover himself, while Enjeli and Ganchu halloed loudly to the fugitives for their return. Half an hour later they were all back again in the camp, retailing to one another, amid boisterous merriment, their individual experiences, while Ngalyema's loud laugh was heard above all others."

NAMES OF SHIPS IN THE ROYAL NAVY.

By ODE W. FORD.

(Continued from page 656.)

I DARE say we shall not again see a Captain among our war-ships. This has been an ill-omened name in the navy. A fine seventy-four of this name was burnt off Devonport in 1713, and two brass guns which she carried may still be seen in the Devonport Dockyard. An equally sad fate befell another and better-known Captain in our own days, as recently related in our "Great Shipwrecks of the World."

The Admiralty learnt wisdom from that catastrophe, and though we have at the present time in the Royal Navy nearly twenty turret ships afloat and building, such an event will assuredly never, at least from similar causes, happen again.

In 1875 we lost a fine iron-clad, the Vanguard, during a cruise of the Reserve Squadron in the Irish Sea. She collided, as our American cousins say, with the Iron Duke during a fog; the latter's ram struck her, and she went down in an hour. Happily, no lives were lost. Of another Vanguard I find the following in an old book, "The Reign of King Charles I.," printed in 1655:—

"In November (1625), Charles Prince Elector came over into England, to tender dues of honour and respect to his uncle our King, and partly to solicit towards his restoration. His passage was very turbulent, being after his embarkment, twice driven back by tempest, and when at last he came upon the English Coast, and was to be received by Sir John Pennington into the *Vant-guard*, which welcomed him with a voice of great shot, it fortuneed an unhappy boy gave fire without order to a peece of Ordinance,

whose ball entred the Ship where his Highnesse was aboard, and killed two men not far distant from him, at which he was much affrighted."

H.M.S. Resolute! What an excellent name for a ship of war! No longer "borne on the books" at Whitehall, except in old records, having been broken up at Chatham in 1878, in spite of the efforts of some who loved her memory. The Resolute, commanded by Captain McClure, was one of several ships sent out from time to time, as we all know, to endeavour to relieve, and afterwards to ascertain the fate of, Sir John Franklin and the crews of the Erebus and Terror. Unsuccessful in her search, her captain and crew may yet claim the proud distinction of having proved the existence of the North-West Passage, which poor Sir John Franklin lost his life in seeking. The Resolute, however, though afterwards abandoned (in latitude 74° N.) by her crew, who were rescued and brought home by another ship, was destined to see old England's shore again. Tossed to and fro among ice floes and bergs for many months without a soul on board, she was long afterwards found in 67° N. by a Yankee whaler, the George Henry, owned by Mr. Grinnell of New York, and brought safely into port, and after being refitted by Mr. Grinnell was returned by the United States Government to the Admiralty at Spithead, the Queen and Prince Consort going on board, and she was then sent to rest in peace at Chatham.

On its being decided in 1878 to break her up in company with several other old

ships, their lordships ordered a writing-table to be made from her timbers and presented to the President of the United States, and a similar article of furniture for presentation to Mrs. Grinnell. Her Majesty was also pleased to order an article of furniture to be made from the wood of this good old ship, and I suppose this is now in one of the royal palaces as a memento of this very remarkable incident. No doubt we shall ere long again see the name of the Resolute in the navy list, for this must surely be a name the Admiralty will not "willingly let die." I may add that I have a piece of oak from this old craft in my own possession.

One more little incident as to change of name. Every one who has read (and who has not?) of the achievements of our splendid ironclad fleet at the bombardment of Alexandria, remembers Commander (now Captain) Lord Charles Beresford and the "plucky little Condor." This vessel and her sister, the Flamingo, were built at Devonport in 1877, and when commenced were ordered to be called H.M.S. Coot and Teal, being of a type of gun-vessel which is known in the navy as the "bird class." For some reason these not very elegant titles were altered to those I have mentioned, and I think you will agree with me that the change was an improvement. I fancy the admiral's praise before Fort Marabout would not have sounded so well in "Well done, Coot," or "Well done, Teal," as in the now historical "Well done, Condor!"

(To be continued.)

ON SPECIAL SERVICE: A NAVAL STORY.

By GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.,

Author of "The Cruise of the Snowbird," "Stanley O'Grahame," etc.

CHAPTER XV.—BENBOW IN HIS GLORY—A BATTLE BY MOONLIGHT.

THE wind held, but by next day it had gone veering round, till at sunset it was almost right aft.

Benbow came on duty at eight bells with Colin as his midshipman. Benbow was in his glory.

"Heave the log," he said to Colin.

When the line was stowed again, Colin came back to Benbow and reported twelve knots.

"Twelve knots," cried the sailing-master, rubbing his hands delightedly. "Ha! ha! ha! I knew the old Theodora could do it. Now, Colin McLeod, it is my plain unbiased opinion that since the bottom of this ship was overhauled and cleaned at Bombay she is double the individual that she was before. I verily believe she could do fifteen."

Colin laughed.

"Ah! you may laugh. But just cast your eyes above. What do you see?"

"A bright starlight night," said Colin, "with a clipping of a moon low down in the west."

"Bother all that. I mean what canvas?"

"Oh! not much. Close-reefed fore and maintop-sails, reefed foretop-gallant-sail, bit of jib. Not much else."

"Well now, out go some of those reefs."

"All right," said Colin.

"Hands make sail!"

"Eep—eep—eep—ee—ee—" went the boatswain's pipe.

"Away aloft!"

Benbow ran forward to where Colin was doing his duty.

"Carry on," he said, "for a bit, I'm going below, else we'll have the old man upstairs. He's a bit nervous."

Benbow skipped down to the captain's cabin, knocked, and peeped in.

"Just run down to tell you, sir, that I don't think the wind is quite so strong as it was, so I'm going to stick a reef out."

"All right, Mr. Benbow, thank you," replied Blunderbore, who was sitting on one chair with his legs on another. "But, I say, you know, I'd just as soon you'd left her alone, you know. There is no very great hurry to make a passage, and—Why, he's gone!"

So he was.

Captain Blunderbore turned uneasily in his chair.

"Bother that Benbow," he said to himself; "I never saw such a fellow for carrying on. I really thought we were snug for the night. Ah! well, after all I

suppose he does know what he is about, and the sooner we get south the better."

So Benbow had his own way. He heaved the log again, and it actually marked fourteen knots an hour by the glass.

Then this irrepressible officer's eyes were turned aloft. He was wondering if she wouldn't carry even more sail.

But at that very moment a fiercer gust of wind than usual came, the *Theodora* gave a side-long plunge, righted again, and lifted. Then

"R-r-r-r-r-r-r-r."

Dear reader, imagine every one of these r's to be a nine-pounder gun, and all these nine-pounders to be fired in rapid succession, and you will have some faint notion of the noise that now took place up aloft.

One half of Benbow's sails were rent into ribbons.

The captain jumped up, and Mildmay and Gayly, and West and McGee, down in the ward-room, looked at each other with consternation.

There was plenty of row now on deck; but it gradually lulled, and by-and-by the *Theodora* was easy once more; but she did no more fast sailing that night.

"Anyhow, Gayly," said Benbow, next morning at breakfast, "I made her go, old man, and that is more than ever you did."

For Gayly had been chaffing Benbow. The wind held for days, and the *Theodora* went rushing along on her course like a bird.

Winds of one kind or another were favourable, and in due time the equatorial calms were reached, and steam was got up.

A sea of glass, without a ripple, but a sea of molten glass, if you will pardon the simile. Great rolling smooth waves, a fiercely hot sun glaring down on them, and reflected from the glittering surface.

Everything on board now that could move kept rolling and tumbling about; there was no stability, no fixity of purpose about anything. There was no leeward, because there was no wind, and things that tumbled down to one side of the deck came tumbling back again next moment. And as to walking the decks, why no one could, without staggering and reeling and clutching at things, as if under the influence of wine.

An awning was spread fore and aft, but it could give little comfort, for the sun's beams reflected from the waves were nearly as hot as those directly from above.

The ship was right away in the very centre of the Indian Ocean too, so there was no land or sea breeze. So hot was it on deck that the pitch boiled, and the quarter-deck could not be kept clean and white, but looked all over patched with tarry feet-marks. Even Captain Blunderbore's stock of linen shirts went low, because he had to change three times a day. Fans were in great requisition, and handkerchiefs looked as dark and dirty with frequent use as bicycle rags. Men were constantly fainting all day in the stoke-hole, and being hoisted up to breathe a purer air; the doctor did nothing but manufacture aerated drinks, and—would you believe it?—while D'Austin seemed worn to a pale, aristocratic ghost, that "stupidnumery" Brown got fatter and fatter, and Benbow assured his messmates he could see a difference in him every morning.

Nobody was sorry when the line was well crossed, the fires out, and the sails once more bellying out before the trades.

The *Theodora* went as far south as the Mauritius, then westward round the coast of Madagascar, and on towards the Zambesi river, but without meeting any vessel that at all tallied with the description received of the piratical slaver.

Nor was a cruise northwards to the Comoro Islands crowned with success.

"I believe," said McGee, one evening in the mess, "that Gaspar is a thousand miles from us at this very moment."

"Indeed, I shouldn't wonder," said Mildmay. "But, doctor, as it is Saturday night, what say you to get out that old fiddle of yours and give the men a dance?"

"Hurrah!" cried everybody.

"I'm not in much form," pleaded McGee, who really was an excellent performer.

"Well, then," said Benbow, "play yourself into form."

No sooner had McGee seated himself on a gun and commenced to tune up outside on the fighting deck than the floor was speedily filled. Every officer not on duty was there, and every man also.

Gayly's watch was on deck. It was a lovely starry night, with a gentle breeze blowing off the land, which was about ten miles distant. But a good look-out had to be kept "low and aloft," for there were many small islands about, and shoals as well, so men were constantly at work in the chains.

Gayly could hear all that was going on below, but he did not long to go down. Dancing to a single fiddle was far beneath Gayly's dignity.

McGee began with soft dreamy waltzes, which minded the dancers of home, but he soon went off into a rattling gallop, and then the "fun grew fast and furious."

"Keep it up," was the cry, and "Go it, old Sawbones!" from Benbow, at which sally the men laughed uproariously.

And McGee did keep it up till his elbow ached and his fingers refused further duty.

Then after a pause a hornpipe was proposed.

Benbow himself would begin this fun, and no clog-dancer from Lancashire, or triple-shuffler from the land of coals, could beat Benbow. But he did not dance by himself long. Man after man joined the rattling jig, and cut such capers, that before long the fiddle itself could hardly be heard for the laughter and encouraging shouts of the on-lookers.

But, hark! a shout on deck of quite a different sort.

A light away out seawards, broad on the weather beam. Another moment and the bugle was sounding to quarters, and every man Jack was standing armed by his gun.

In a few moments more the moon would rise. A broad belt of light in the east already heralded her approach.

Broader and brighter and lighter it got, then a red rim peered over the sea, and up and up came the moon, wondrous in size, glorious in its crimson splendour. But, lo! ere ever her lower limb had reached the horizon there glided into her, as it were, from the yellow haze beyond, a ship with every stitch of canvas set, and hung there for a moment or two like a picture in a frame. A long, low,

full-rigged vessel with no great height of masts, but tremendous spread of cloth.

She passed, and still another vessel revealed itself against the moon's disc—a barque of much the same build.

If any doubt that both these vessels were pirates existed in the minds of the *Theodora*'s officers it was soon dispelled, for they had suddenly altered their course and were soon bearing down towards the ship-of-war, with the evident intention of fighting.

The fires in the *Theodora* were banked, so as quickly as possible the ship was put under steam and sails taken in.

"If those ships are anything like well armed we've got our work cut out," said Mildmay to Captain Blunderbore.

Almost at the same moment a shot tore through the *Theodora*'s rigging and carried away a stay. The battle had begun.

"Well hit!" cried Benbow. "Precious well hit! Why, those chaps will take some beating."

The *Theodora*'s guns were run out and fired just as the *Castigo* came tearing past.

A shower of iron from the guns of the latter was the speedy response, and so close was she at the time that the *Theodora* heeled over to its force till a broad band of her copper bottom showed over the water and gleamed in the moonlight. Had it been possible for the *Castigo* to have fired another broadside at that thin red line, the *Theodora* must speedily have sunk.

The *Castigo* forged ahead, and on came her consort, receiving and giving a like salute.

The marines here did excellent work, for, strange to say, all the barque's fighting men appeared to be crowded or huddled together on deck.

The *Castigo* could and did manoeuvre well. She was about and back on the other tack almost before the *Theodora*'s people had time to breathe. She was evidently well commanded and answered beautifully to her helm.

And so this moonlight battle went on. But it was soon evident that the *Theodora* was fighting at a disadvantage. A consultation was hastily held on the bridge, at which Mildmay was again present. This was during a kind of lull in the fight; something had occurred on board the *Castigo*, and she had sheered farther off.

"I would do that, sir, then, if I were you," said Mildmay, preparing to descend to the deck. "And yonder she comes again. Ram her and sink her, I say. If you fail, get alongside the consort and board her, good old-fashion; you will thus, at all events, get clear of the *Castigo*'s guns, for she will hardly dare to fire into her sister ship."

"Silence fore and aft," cried Captain Blunderbore. "Steady as you go."

"Go ahead at full speed."

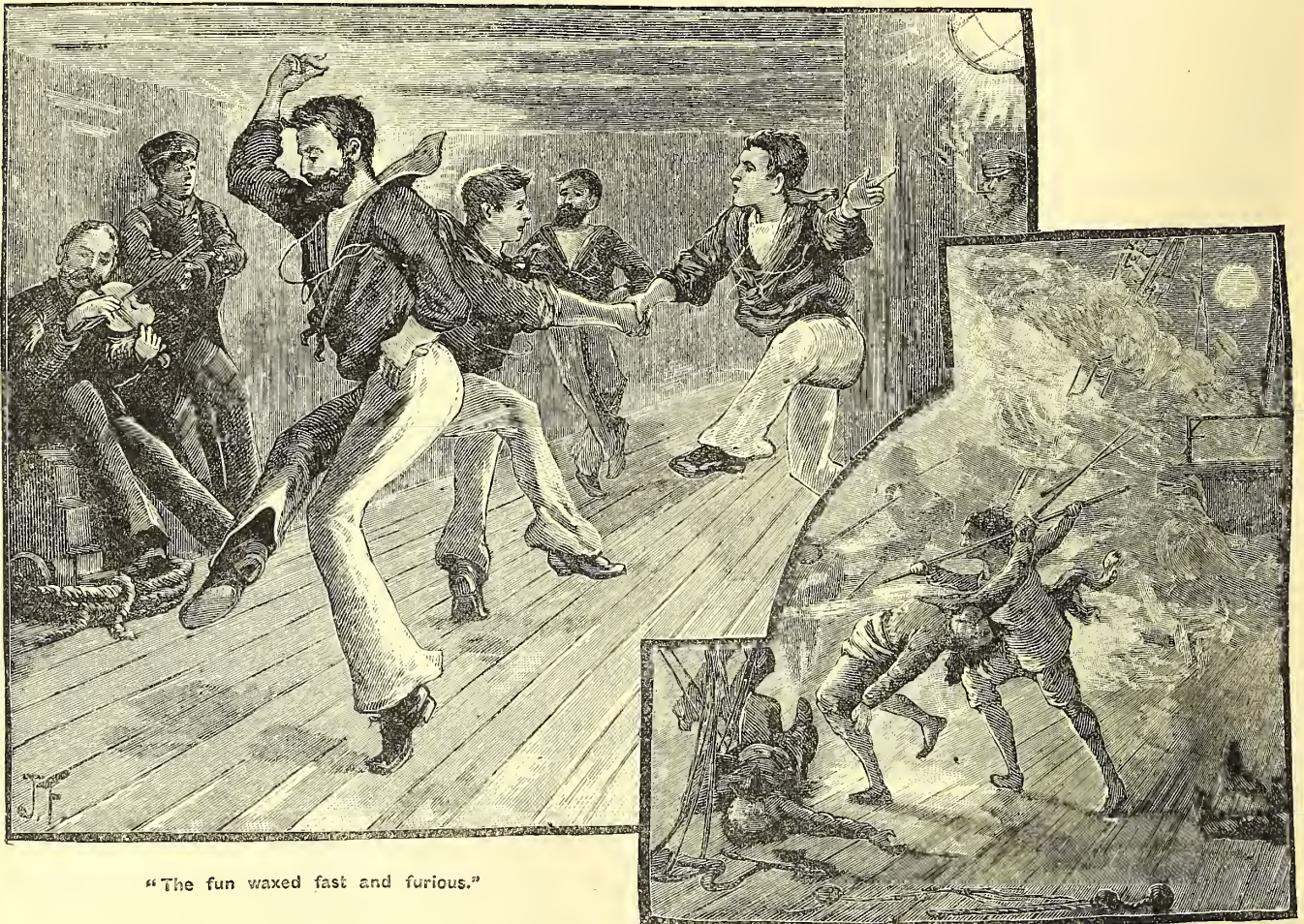
"Hard aport now. Round she comes."

"There she rips!" cried Benbow.

"Hard round—hard—hard."

Ah! Captain Blunderbore, your intentions were the best. Pity they should be baffled.

Gaspar himself commands the *Castigo*, and just as your iron bows are almost into her side, round goes her wheel, and you glide harmlessly past. But dreadful death is dealt from her quarter as you pass. See how your boats and bulwarks fly in staves and splinters beneath that



"The fun waxed fast and furious."

iron shower. Many men lie dead and bleeding, and even Benbow is wounded in the head.

"Only a scratch," he says, as he binds a handkerchief round his brow to staunch the blinding blood.

"Ready, boarders! Stand by with pistol, cutlass, and pike!"

Then a true British cheer goes up from the blood-wet decks of the *Theodora*. Hard at his ghastly work down in the smoke-filled cockpit the doctor heard the shout; his Scotch blood

"leaps in a' his veins,"

and he wildly responds, and even the wounded men wave feeble arms, and help to swell his ringing slogan.

Benbow, on the bridge, points with his sword to the on-riding vessel, and he looks all the hero as he does so.

"Yonder she comes!" he shouts—"Gaspar's consort! We'll have no more on-and-off fighting now, sir, shall we? Steady at the wheel! Easy starboard! Steady as you go! Well done! Hard a starboard! Bravo!"

"Boarders on deck!" cried the captain.

And while guns roar and splinters fly the vessels rasp side to side, and are speedily made fast.

"Away, boarders!"

High o'er the din of battle shrieks the bo's'ain's pipe.

"Away, boarders! Now, men, now!"

Benbow leaps on board the barque from the bridge; Quentin and Colin board at the bow. They are close together—almost hand-to-hand.

Colin casts one glance at his more than brother. He can see he is saying something, but he can hear nothing.

The Arabs are taken aback. Spears are shivered by British cutlasses. Revolvers are ring-ring-ringing all along the deck. There are shouts and blows and dull, heavy thuds; there are shrieks and groans, the latter hardly heard. There is smoke and blood. Many of the *Theodora*'s men slip and fall, but pull their enemies to the deck with them, so that here and there there are terrible death-tussles, and more than one of the bluejackets get up from beside a slain Arab only to stagger and gasp and fall dead by his side or across him.

Oh, reader! a battle at sea like what I am all too feebly trying to describe is an ugly sight, and one that hardly bears graphic detail.

Now victory belongs to the *Theodora*. The Arabs who are not *hors de combat* have leapt overboard or are driven below.

The *Castigo* knows her game is up. She has left her consort to her fate, and is now far away seudding along before the wind with stunsails "low and aloft."

Benbow is sitting, tired, and sick, and faint, on a hatchway. The doctor appears and leads him away.

Colin is standing with his back against the bulwarks, his dirk still in his right hand. The moonbeams are shining full on his face, for his cap is gone. He is very pale, even his lips are white.

"I hope you're not hurt," says bold Quentin, coming up and looking anxiously at him.

"Not at all," returns Colin, with a faint made-sort-of-a smile.

"Not at all; but so tired."

Then down he drops—he has fainted. Poor boy, it was his first fight!

Duncan Robb had battled by his side all the time, though Colin did not know it, and more than once his cutlass had saved his master from an ugly thrust from Arab spear.

Big innocent Duncan, he too was among the wounded. He marched down to the cockpit, and took a seat in a far-away corner. Presently McGee went to him.

"Is it my turn?" he asked.

"Yes, my man; what is the matter?"

"Not *very* much, sir, but it is mighty painful; and I'm a kind of sick."

"Here, swallow that," said McGee, handing him a stimulant. "You're wounded in the hand, aren't you?"

"Little finger off," replied Duncan; "but I knocked off the Arab's head. Worse for him."

"Why, my poor fellow, one-half your little finger is clean gone."

"Not a bit of it," said the sturdy Scot, handing the surgeon something rolled up in a rag. "There it is, sir; you can stick it on again, I have no doubt. Ha! ha!" he laughed; "it took me half an hour raking about to find it."

Dr. McGee laughed too. He really could not help it.

And honest Duncan's face fell, and tears actually rose to his eyes, when told that the little finger could not be stuck on again.

(To be continued.)

UP AND DOWN: A STORY OF THE OCEAN WAVE.

BY ASCOTT R. HOPE,

Author of "The Tell-Tale," "The Amateur Dominie," etc.

CHAPTER III.—DOWN !

WHEN I awoke next morning I found myself being veritably "rocked on the cradle of the deep." The steamer rolled and shook in a way that threatened to send me flying out of my berth. It was quite a gymnastic feat to climb down and get a firm footing on the floor. Then I had the work of hunting up my things, which through the night had got pitched into every corner of the little cabin. So it was not without some difficulty that I managed to wash and dress, moving about as quietly as possible for fear of disturbing the great Gooderidge. But I did disturb him, it appeared, for from his berth came a growl of ferocious inquiry as to what I was making all that noise about.

"I am just done," said I, alarmed to think that my tyrant was like to get out of bed on the wrong side. "Shall I ask for some hot water for you?"

"Leave me alone, can't you?" grunted he. "I am not going to get up yet."

I willingly left him to himself in that stuffy hole—the ports were all closed

now, and the water came swishing against the trickling glass to show that we were fairly out at sea. Staggering and holding on to rails and tables, I reached the deck. It was a dull, damp morning, the smooth sea and the sunshine had gone together. To the right I could just make out some grey cliffs, perhaps of the Isle of Wight, with which old England was disappearing from view. On the other side I saw nothing but water and a few small vessels pitching up and down in a rough swell. I could hardly stand on the wet poop, where every now and then a wave broke over to drench any one who might not be quick enough in getting out of the way. On the bridge above I saw the captain and the steersman, wrapped in oilskins. The weather had changed, and the prospect appeared somewhat dismal for us landmen.

Presently some half-dozen of my companions came tumbling up the hatchway, looking rather depressed, not to say pale and silent. There was not much of the

midshipmite strut about them this morning; it was all they could do to hold themselves steady, desperately clutching at whatever support came to hand. Their whole energy was used up in smiling feebly to pretend that they rather liked it. Not one of them would be the first to confess that he felt bad, but almost all unmistakably looked a wish that if Britannia did rule the waves she could contrive to rule them a little straighter.

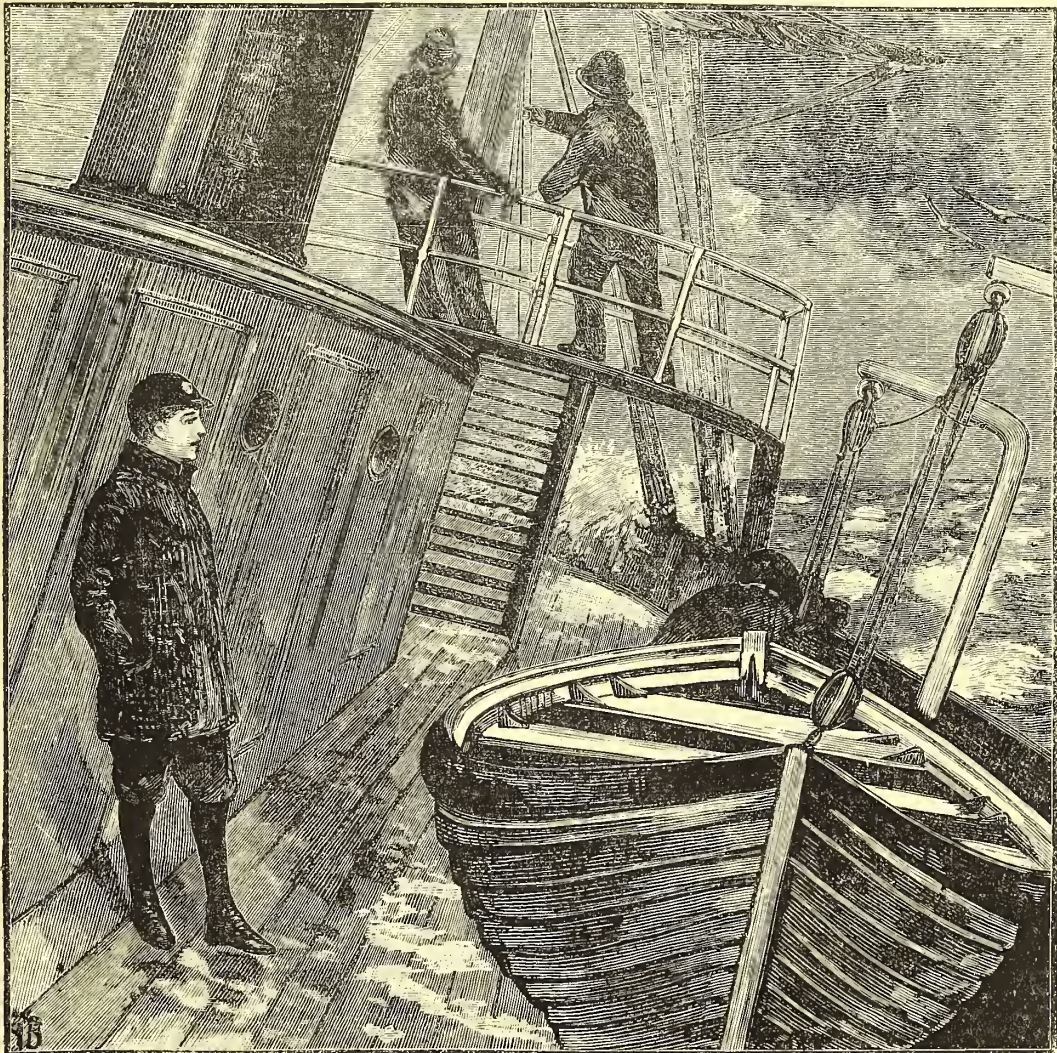
At last the Bluecoat boy fairly made a rush for the side; then as soon as he was capable of speech he thought necessary to make explanations.

"I knew that pie last night would disagree with me," he said. "I never could eat piecrust."

"The air of these cabins is so abominably close!" declared the Eton fellow, almost as white as his collar; and he, too, leant over the side.

"I have been feeling seedy for the last day or two," quoth a third, imitating their example.

One of the army-tutor's pupils had lit



"The swell appeared to be increasing."

a big pipe by way of bravado as soon as he came on deck, but he soon let it drop overboard in the sudden spasm that came upon him, and then vowed that smoking before breakfast was enough to make any fellow sick. Thus, with some pretence or other, all the party revealed their weakness, and I began to consider my stomach, expecting every moment to be taken bad like the rest. But I could detect no symptoms, except those of a good appetite.

And in due time there were signs of breakfast. The steward's boy came cautiously tacking along from the galley, carrying a succession of smoking dishes, which excited no interest among my unhappy companions. When the bell rang I went down and took my place with some dozen others, all very quiet, determined to eat, whatever might befall. There was plenty to eat, toast and curry, and greasy chops and fat bacon, and such-like. But the first mouthful choked some of the guests, who fled precipitately. Others held on a little longer, playing with their knives and forks, till the moment came when they found it well to disappear.

"What! Already!" cried the captain, with a grim laugh. "Wait till you come to the Bay of Biscay, my lad!"

By-and-by I was left nearly alone with him, and I fancied he kept watching me out of the corner of his eye, expecting me to break down every moment. But as yet I found myself all right, and I made an excellent breakfast, thinking it well to eat while I could, though it was no easy work eating when you had to hold your plate fast, and every lurch of the boat was like to spill your coffee into your lap.

After breakfast I went on deck again to find a row of most disconsolate youths sitting along the side in various stages of sea-sickness. These were the merry rioters of the night before, but how changed now, how chapfallen! The swell appeared to be increasing, and before long a heavy squall of rain came on to drive them all below. Then it occurred to me that Gooderidge had never shown himself, and I went to the cabin to see how he might be getting on.

He was lying on his back and moaning dismally.

"Can I do anything for you, Gooderidge?" I ventured to ask, though doubtful whether he would take it ill to have me notice that there was anything the matter with him.

"Tell the steward to come," he mur-

mured faintly; and seeing how the case stood I was as well pleased to get out of his way.

I wandered on deck again, fearing that my turn must soon come, and that the sights and sounds of suffering which now prevailed around could not but prove infectious. The kindly stewardess stopped to ask me how I felt. I met the captain, who winked at me, and advised me to lie down below. I found my way to the smoking cabin on deck, where the two gentlemen passengers were lying wrapped in rugs, looking far from happy.

"Go away, youngster, and shut the door!" cried one of them, crossly. "This isn't the place for you to be sick in."

Everybody seemed to take it for granted that I was going to be sick. I sat down in a warm sheltered nook in the lee of the funnel, and there waited anxiously for the first symptoms, rather uneasy indeed to find them so long in coming. But after all my sensations proved rather pleasurable than otherwise. I found it quite exciting to watch the "white horses" chasing one another over the dull expanse of water, and the big waves tumbling down upon our vessel that rose to breast them just when they seemed about to drown her bows. It was nothing but fun for me to look along the sloping deck, as it went up, and down, gallantly plunging over the crested billows with a motion like that of riding across country on a giant horse. We had changed our course now, and were pitching against the wind instead of rolling in the trough of the sea; but neither rolling nor pitching troubled me in the least, nor even the jarring thud that shook through the boat every now and then when the screw missed its stroke and spun out of the water, a sore trial for sick passengers.

In fact, not to keep the reader in suspense, as I was kept for a time, I never felt ill at all for a single minute. I turned out to have one of those lucky stomachs that are not liable to sea-sickness, thereby "scoring" over my unfortunate companions and walking among them as safe as an enchanted knight, had they been all tenfold as fell caitiffs and fierce ogres as Gooderidge.

A child could have bullied the biggest of them now. Before the forenoon was out they were all prostrate and helpless in the active or the passive stage of the malady. Some, pale and wretched, sat huddled up in the corners of the saloon, making an effort still not to give in; some had crawled into their berths with-

out taking off their clothes; some lay on the floor of the cabins like logs; some were not so far gone as yet, but not one was himself except little me. The stewards must have indulged in a sly inward chuckle as they ran about ministering not over gently to this downcast crew that had been so bumptious and obstreperous the night before. Groans, gasps, and other plainer symptoms of suffering, resounded from every side. "Basins" was the word now. Last night their spirits had been up like frothy ginger-beer; to-day they were all in the downs, flat and nauseous as ditchwater.

And none of them was worse than Gooderidge, who had never got up at all, trying in vain to conquer or conceal his state. Several times in the course of the day I looked in upon him. It was little thanks I got, but so much seemed to be my duty. He was too far gone even to abuse me.

"Oh!" he cried, as piteously as a small boy whining under his own ill-usage. "Oh, dear! I would give anything to be on shore. It's just like being tossed in a blanket every time that this beastly ship goes up and down. Oh—h—h!"

I could very well realise the sensation to which he alluded. Having so lately had my recollections freshened on this head, I knew what it was to be tossed in a blanket by him and the like of him. The dizzy confusion as you are jerked up, then the sickening helplessness when you turn to come down in a heap and feel for a moment as if your inside were left behind sticking in the air—it would be only justice for Gooderidge to know now for himself what such pains were, suffering in his turn at the hands of that gigantic bully the sea. I was glad that he was not able to bully me now, and yet in spite of all his brutality I could not help being sorry for him when I saw his evident misery. And I was sorry for my champion the Bluecoat boy, who seemed to suffer as much and to make less fuss about it. I had the satisfaction of taking him an orange, which he sucked at feebly, and thanked me with a look; he was too bad for words. There are occasions when the mouse can repay a good turn done for him by the lion; and here was I with a whole menagerie to minister to, of sick lions, tamed tigers, bears surly but silent, monkeys no longer mischievous, hyenas laughing now on the wrong side of their mouths, John Bulls without a bit of bellow left in them, and so forth!

(To be continued.)

THE TROUT, AND HOW TO CATCH IT.

By J. HARRINGTON KEENE,

Author of "The Practical Fisherman," "Fishing Tackle, and How to Make It," etc.

PART XII.

SOME time back I referred to "fly-fishing spinning," and, before passing on to the consideration of other ways of trout angling, I think it as well if I go rather more into detail in connection with this very attractive style of trout capture. As the name implies, the method partakes of the nature of fly-fishing, but only in so far as the method of delivering the bait is concerned. Very fine tackle is used, and small minnows, and the bait is thrown by a rod rather stiffer, but not

much so, than the ordinary single-handed fly-rod. Sometimes an artificial bait is used, and when this is the case the care in casting necessary with the fragile real bait is not required. The rod is simply taken in the right hand firmly, a length of line drawn off the winch with the left, and as the bait is delivered forwards this length is allowed to go with it. Of course the rod is upright-ringed. In drawing in the bait the left hand is again used to gather up the slack, and the move-

ment repeated as before. Many good fish are often caught by this style of fishing, especially at weirs.

Though, as might have been gathered from the tenour of this article, I am not so fond of minnow-fishing for trout, I can recall many a good day's sport with this bait, which would have resulted otherwise if the fly had alone been used. One day on the Thames—in which forsooth only one fish was caught—stands out brightly in my recollection as I

write. "One fish!" you will say; "why make a fuss about one fish?" "Ay, but such a 'fusshe' of 10lb. 2 oz!" Shall I tell you about it?

Well, I was living at the time—I am afraid to say how many years ago—near that delightful stretch of water between the "Bells of Ouseley," Old Windsor, and Windsor Castle, and fished it continually. By-the-by, what glorious associations does not this beautiful length of the grand old river call up! As you float down from Boveney, on your right, the Datehet meads recall the "ducking" Sir John Falstaff endured at the hands of the merry landresses. One hears him anew describe, in his rich, droll way, his heat and discomfort when packed in the basket of dirty clothes. "Think of that!" he says; "a man of my kidney—think of that, that am as subject to heat as butter!—a man of continual perspiration and thaw! It was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch

dish, to be thrown into the Thames and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge like a horseshoe—think of that—hissing hot—think of that, Master Brook!" One sees the fat knight spitting and spluttering, struggling out on to the greensward, and hears his muttered imprecations; and as you pass onward the green slopes of Cooper's Hill appear in sight, whereby the river flows onward, clear and sweetly—"Gentle yet not dull; strong without rage, without overflowing full." Ere, however, you reach the "Bells of Ouseley" the Old Windsor Lock interposes. See, the water is high; let us "shoot" the tumbling boggy of the weir. So, steady! It is done, and we are swiftly borne downwards round the Fleet, and onwards to the so-called Colnbrook Churchyard. Drop the weight overboard; here is the scene of the capture of the trout I began to tell you about. "Colnbrook Churchyard?" I hear you questioningly repeat. Yes; so called because it is said that at the time when that rascally highwayman Duval was perpetrating his crimes

his practice was to bury his victims in the deeps of this part of the river—and verily deep they are, and full of fish as an egg of meat, to use an expressive though not very classical comparison.

But to return to our 10lb. trout. Morning and evening had this risen at the bleak haunting the neighbourhood, and once or twice had he even rolled over my fly, to my infinite disappointment not touching it. At last I determined to spin for him, and, as I had no good minnows in stock, I attached an artificial one like Fig. 2. The sun had just burst from a cloud about eight o'clock one August morning, when I saw him rise again. In went the spinning bait, almost in the ring of the rise. There was another break of the water, a quick tug, a strike from me, which made the line sing "Tang!" like a bow-string, and in twenty minutes this glorious piece of water-going architecture lay dying in the punt. I have not preached what I cannot practise, you see!

(To be continued.)

ADVENTURES AMONG THE MASAI.

THERE, towards the base of Kilimanjaro, are those great herds of buffalo slowly and leisurely moving up from the lower grazing-grounds to the shelter of the forest for their daily snooze and rumination in its gloomy depths. Farther out on the plains enormous numbers of the harmless but fierce-looking wildebeest continue their grazing, some erratic members of the herd gambolling and galloping about with waving tail and strange uncoth movements. Mixed with these are to be seen companies of that liveliest of all large game, the zebra, conspicuous in their beautiful striped skin, here marching with stately step with heads down bent, there enjoying themselves by kicking their heels in mid-air or running open-mouthed in mimic fight, anon standing as if transfixed, with heads erect and projecting ears, watching the caravan pass. But these are not all.

"Look! Down in that grassy bottom there are several specimens of the great unwieldy rhinoceros, with horns stuck on their noses in a most offensive and pugnacious manner. Over that ridge a troop of ostriches are scudging away out of reach of danger, defying pursuit, and too wary for the stalker. See how numerous are the herds of hartebeest, and notice the graceful pallah springing into mid-air with great bounds, as if in pure enjoyment of existence. There also among the tall reeds near the marsh you perceive the dignified waterbuck, in twos and threes, leisurely cropping the dewy grass. The wart-hog, disturbed at its morning feast, clears off in a bee-line with tail erect and with a steady military trot truly comical.

"These do not exhaust the list, for there are many other species of game. Turn in whatever direction you please, they are to be seen in astonishing numbers, and so rarely hunted, that unconcernedly they stand and stare at us within gun-shot. Look now farther ahead. Near a dark line of trees, which conspicuously mark out the course of the Ngare N'eroi in the treeless expanse around, you observe in the clear morning air columns of curling smoke, and from the vicinity strange long dark lines are seen to emerge like the dark columns of an advancing army. The smoke marks the kraals of the Masai, and the advancing lines are their cattle moving towards the pasture-ground. If you will now imagine a long line of men moving in single file across this prairie region, carrying boxes, bales, packages of iron wire, etc., headed by myself, and brought up in the rear by Martin, while a cold piercing wind blows with the freezing effect suggestive of an early spring in Scotland, you will be able to form a picture of the scene which presented itself on that memorable morning in April."

With these words does Mr. Joseph Thomson preface his account of his entry into the land of the Masai in 1883, when on his daring expedition to the great mountains of Central Africa. The objects of that expedition were—"to discover a practicable direct route for European travellers through the Masai country from any one of the East African ports to Victoria Nyanza, and to examine Mount Kenia; to gather data for constructing as complete a map as possible in a preliminary survey; and to make all practicable observations regarding the meteorology, geology, natural history, and ethnology of the regions traversed." It does not come within our province to dwell on the scientific results; we are here concerned more particularly with the adventures, hunting and otherwise, which Mr. Thomson met with, and which he has so graphically related in his extremely interesting book.

In an article in the last November part we glanced at the important discoveries of the missionaries at Mombasa, the port on whose reef Vasco de Gama was nearly wrecked by his treacherous pilot in 1497, and which was described as long ago as 1530 as being to the east of the "Mount Olympus of Ethiopia." The Mount Olympus, otherwise Kilimanjaro, dropped out of knowledge until Dr. Krapf established the East African Mission station. This was in 1842, and in 1847 the doctor's colleague, Mr. Rebmann, started on the first of a series of remarkable journeys to the west of Mombasa.

With only eight men he crossed the desert barrier, and revealed to geographers the isolated mountains and picturesque ranges of Teita. The next year, with no other weapon than an umbrella, and accompanied by no more than nine men, Rebmann pushed through Teita and reached Chaga, as the cultivated country is called round the lower slopes of Kilimanjaro. For the first time the eternal snows of the mountains of East Africa were seen, though for years few believed in their existence. In the latter part of the same year the indefatigable missionary led another expedition, this time fifteen strong, which crossed the greater part of the southern aspect of Kilimanjaro, and reached Machame, then the largest and most important of the Chaga States. Two years afterwards, "having heard of a country called U-nyamwesi, and of some enormous lake in the same region," he again started for the interior. The expedition, thirty in number, marched on the 6th of April, 1849; its route was by way of Kilimanjaro, but the Machame chief plundered it of all it possessed, and Rebmann had to retreat. In the same year Dr. Krapf, with eleven men, taking a more northerly route, succeeded in

crossing Teita, touching at the mountains Maungu and Ndara, and the northern end of the Bura Range, and on leaving Kivoi's village of Kitui, caught sight for the first time of the snow-clad summit of Kenia. Thus were these two great mountains discovered by the missionaries. Kenia remained unattempted, but in 1862 Baron Van der Decken and Thornton visited Kilimanjaro, and in a second expedition Van der Decken ascended it to a height of fourteen thousand feet. He failed, however, to enter the Masai country, and had to retreat to the coast. The next to reach the mountain and ascend it, this time to the snow-line, was another missionary, Mr. New, who on his return discovered the wonderful crater-lake of Chala at the base of the mountain. Mr. New made another attempt a few years later, but, like Rebmann, he was plundered of everything, and he died on the road to the coast. After him came the naturalist, Hildebrandt, who failed to get beyond Kitui; and then came Mr. Thomson, who succeeded in making his way to the Victoria Nyanza and safely home again. How he did this his book, recently published by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co., fully relates.

And a wonderful journey it was, and through a wonderful country. On one occasion the explorer went out shooting for six hours, and as the spoil of his own gun made the marvellous bag of "four rhinoceroses, one giraffe, four zebras, and four antelopes!" Some of the experiences were not, however, so pleasant. In the following instance the hunters and the hunted seem to have changed places.

"The lion still continued to roar at intervals, and it was evidently moving in a circle round us. This kept us awake for a time, and though our fire was of the smallest, and would soon burn out, we felt comparatively safe, though we dared not go to sleep. At last, however, the roaring ceased; our fire began to glimmer fitfully; we were dead tired, and consequently too sleepy and careless to try and find more firewood, a proceeding that we all shrank from in that dark wilderness. Some, however, had to be got, and we agreed all to sally out together. Brahmi and Songoro groped about among the bushes, and I stood over them with gun held ready, peering into the intense darkness, while Toby, a small terrier half-breed, a present from Mr. Taylor, clung to my heels apparently in mortal terror. On securing a few sticks we returned, in great trepidation, feeling somewhat electrically charged. It was now arranged that one should watch while the others tried to obtain a snooze. Songoro took the first watch, and in our worn-out state we were soon sound asleep. But

people do not sleep in these situations as they do in a comfortable bed at home; and well for us it was that we had one ear open. A curious terrified whine suddenly made us all jump to our feet, and with a common impulse stir up the fire till a shower of sparks sprang into the air. Our guns, never from our hands even in sleeping, were held ready, as, turning our backs to the fire, we peered

A lively night indeed! But the days were often as fraught with danger. "We were soon within fifty yards of the ungainly brute," says Mr. Thomson in telling how he shot his first rhinoceros, "which as it slowly moved onward with head low down was quite unaware of the enemy in front, or the danger it was running into. By this time, however, I myself began to have somewhat unplea-

surely that dreadful creature might have been petrified by mine. Then ten yards were passed, and I began to read mischief in the monster's eye. For once I wholly lost faith in myself. The suspense was intolerable, and the rhino, seeming to enjoy the fun, lengthened the period out as much as possible. At last I could stand it no longer. Steadying my arm on my knee I fired my infant. The dull thud which followed told me that I had not fired in vain. As I gathered my wits together I saw that the lumbering creature was spinning round, evidently dazed. Immediately, however, it recovered itself, and went off at a grand steady pace. On seeing my adversary's tail waving in the breeze, I became as brave as I had formerly been shaky, and, with nerves braced up by seeing the rhino running away, I gave it two other bullets from my express rifle. Yelling out to Brahim to follow, I went off pellmell in pursuit, with eyes steadily fixed on the game. The consequence was that I soon battered my nose and nearly broke my leg by falling into a hole. Recovering myself with an exclamation of disgust, I tore along again to get sadly bruised a second and then a third time. The rhino soon showed signs of exhaustion, and at last I contrived to head it, and having in my excitement lost all caution, I went right for it, and gave it another ball. This, however, was too much for the monster, and it charged straight forward, I being right in front of it. This was more than I had bargained for, and I felt that the tables were turned with a vengeance. As that thought went through my brain like lightning I gave a jump backwards. The next moment I was sprawling in a horizontal position, and seeing unusual stars in the heavens though it was broad daylight. It was a bush and not the rhino that had thus floored me, and I was now at that brute's mercy. I thought it was time to take farewell of life, and forgive all my enemies. The next moment there was a shaking of the ground, and a crashing of bushes. A dark body went lumbering past, and I rose from my prostrate position unhurt but breathless, delighted to see once more a tufted tail waving in the air, and to find that it disdained to hoist a fallen foe. It passed, however, only to die, and presently I was striking a heroic attitude with foot on the rhino, trying to adopt the expression proper to a man who is accustomed to that sort of thing."

It was not all the rhinos that gave this trouble, however. Later on we found one killed in double-quick time. "As usual I was considerably ahead with my advance guard, stepping out at a great pace, through tall grass, which reached my knees, when we were greeted by a shout of 'Kifaru! kifaru!' (rhinoceros). Turning round, our equanimity was considerably upset by the sight of a fine big fellow tearing down upon us within forty yards. My gallant men scattered like startled deer, and even Brahim, who carried my gun, was showing me his rear when I yelled at him to give the weapon to me. Ere I received the gun the rhinoceros was within ten yards. I instantly fired right in its face. This was not sufficient to bring it down, but it had the effect of making it swerve, and as it went puffing past me within three yards I gave it the second bullet in the neck. Down it dropped with the most astounding velocity, squealing with a ludicrous resemblance to a pig. My Andorobbo guide was so amazed at my performance that for a moment he stood like one paralysed and then made as if to run away in absolute fright." No wonder that the reputation of the medicine-man stood high!

For it was as "the White Lybon of the Lajomba" visiting the country to find out for the traders by occult means where ivory was to be got that the explorer coaxed his way through the dreaded Masai. "Could any one but a great medicine-man have a skin like mine or hair like mine? 'Now, you there!' I said, 'come to me and I will take off your



A Masai on the War-path.

with snppressed breath, body held down and face forward into the darkness. Not a creature was to be seen, but a faint rustling from the grass beyond told us that we had had a dangerous visitor—without a doubt, the lion. Looking round, we found that the whine had proceeded from Toby, who was shaking in every limb, and still emitting a terror-laden noise. He had certainly saved some of us from a horrid death, as Songoro had succumbed to his weariness and fallen asleep, leaving the fire to die almost out. Brahim now took his turn, and we were soon asleep, heedless of everything; but happily we remained undisturbed till a twilight-like light, passing into a deep crimson glow, told us morn had come."

sant sensations, and to wonder whether my game or myself was in the greater danger. I concluded that the odds were decidedly against me, and wanted accordingly to fire at once, so long as there was a chance of escape. My man Brahim, however, did not know my inward feelings, and as he had greater faith in my shooting powers than myself, he made me hold on a bit till it came nearer. Beginning to feel dreadfully shaky, though ashamed to be outdone in coolness by my servant, I waited with dread expectancy. My heart throbbed with wild pulsations, my fingers twitched, great drops of perspiration trickled down my face, and then with a general want of backbone I counted each footstep. If a glaring eye can fix any animal,



"I gave it the second bullet in the neck."

nose and put it on again. Come, you need | how firm they are' (here I tapped them with | shrunk back in intense amazement, and the
not be afraid. Ah! very well. Just look | my knuckles). 'You see there is no fraud | whole party were on the point of flight. Re-



"I was promptly propelled skyward."

here for a moment, and I will show you a | there. Just wait, then, till I turn my head. | assuring them, I once more turned my head,
thing or two. You see my teeth? Observe | Now, look, they are gone!' Here every one | put matters to rights in a twinkling, and,

bowing and smiling to my wondering spectators, I once more rapped the teeth. Here let me inform the gentle reader (in the strictest confidence, of course) that I have a couple of artificial teeth, which at this juncture were perfect treasures. These I manipulated to the astonishment of the Masai, and as they thought I could do the same thing to my nose or eyes they hailed me at once as a veritable 'lybon n'ebor' (white medicine-man)."

The cattle-plague was raging, and the lybon was welcomed in order that he might stay it. "A medicine had to be prepared for the disease, which I did by laying out a small medicine-box with the lid open, showing all the array of phials, etc. Taking out my sextant, and putting on a pair of kid gloves—which accidentally I happened to have, and which impressed the natives enormously—I intently examined the contents. Discovering the proper *dawa*, I prepared a mixture, and then getting ready some fruit-salt, I sang an incantation—generally something about 'three-bluebottles'—over it. My voice not being astonishingly mellifluous, it did duty capably for a wizard's. My preparations complete, and Brahim being ready with a gun, I dropped the salt into the mixture. Simultaneously the gun was fired, and lo! up fizzed and sparkled the carbonic acid, causing the natives to shrink with intense dismay. Little bits of paper were next dipped in the water, and after I had spat upon them the ceremony was over, and the pieces were handed round as an infallible cure, warranted not to fail."

Slowly, and with much diplomacy, but without the slaying of a man, the expedition cleared its way through the Masai—the great warrior race of Eastern Africa. Past Kilimanjaro it toiled to Lytokitok, and on past the Ngiri Swamp to Lake Nawasha, past the hot spring at Kekupe and Lake Elmeteita to Thomson's Falls, thence eastwards to Keina and westwards again to the mysterious lake of Baringo, on to Seremba, on the shores of the Victoria, thence northwards to the cave-dwellers of Elgon, eastwards to the Chib-charagnani Range, southwards to Kapte, past the salt lake of Nakuro, and at Ngongo-a-Bagas, on the slopes of Mount Lamuya, strik-

ing off eastwards out of the power of the Masai. Of a Masai warrior we are fortunate in being able to give a portrait, and Mr. Thomson favours us with his description. "First there is tied round his neck, whence it falls in flowing lengths, the *naibere*, a piece of cotton six feet long, two feet broad, and a longitudinal stripe of coloured cloth sewed down the middle of it. Over his shoulders is placed a huge cape of kite's feathers—a regular heap of them. The kidskin garment which hangs at his shoulder is now folded up and tied tightly round his waist like a belt, so as to leave his arms free. His hair is tied into two pigtails, one before and one behind. On his head is placed a remarkable object formed of ostrich feathers stuck in a band of leather, the whole forming an elliptically-shaped head-gear. This is placed diagonally in a line beginning under the lower lip and running in front of the ear to the crown. His legs are ornamented with flowing hair of the colobus, resembling wings. His bodily adornment is finished off by the customary plastering of oil. His *simé*, or sword, is now attached—it does not hang—to his right side, and through the belt is pushed the skull-smasher or knob-kerry, which may be thrown at an approaching enemy, or may give the quietus to a disabled one. His huge shield in his left hand and his great spear in his right complete his extraordinary equipment. For the rest you must imagine an Apollolike form and the face of a fiend, and you have before you the beau-ideal of a Masai warrior. He takes enormous pride in his weapons, and would part with everything he has rather than his spear. He glories in his scars, as the true laurel and decorative marks of one who delights in battles."

For the habits and customs of this truculent gentleman we must refer our readers to the book, one more quotation from which must now suffice us. "At last we were rewarded by the sight of a couple of buffaloes feeding some distance ahead. Gliding up warily till I got within fifty yards, I gave one of them a bullet close to the region of the heart. This was not sufficient to bring the animal down, and off it lumbered. Following

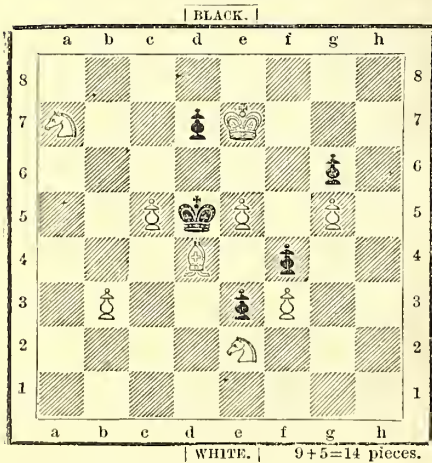
it up we were soon once at close quarters, with the result that a bullet from my express passed through its shoulder. With the obstinacy and tenacity of life characteristic of its kind, however, it did not quietly succumb. I next tried it with a fair header. This obviously took effect, for after it had struggled forward some distance it lay down, clearly, as I thought, to die. My belief was quite correct, only I should not have disturbed its last moments. Concluding, very foolishly, that the buffalo was *hors de combat*, and that the game was mine, I, with the jaunty air of a conqueror, tucked my rifle under my arm and proceeded to secure my prize. Brahim, with more sense, warned me that it was not finished yet; and, indeed, if I had not been a fool—which the most sensible people will be sometimes—I might have concluded that with so much of the evil one in its nature the brute had still sufficient life to play me a mischief, for it still held its head erect and defiant though we were unseen. Heedless of Brahim's admonition, I obstinately went forward, intending to give it its quietus at close quarters. I had got within six yards, and yet I remained unnoticed, the head of the buffalo being turned slightly from me and I not making much noise. I was not destined to go much farther. A step or two more and there was a rustling among some dead leaves. Simultaneously the buffalo's head turned in my direction. A ferocious, blood curdling grunt instantly assured me of the brute's resolution to be revenged. The next moment it was on its feet. Unprepared to fire, and completely taken by surprise, I had no time for thought. Instinctively I turned my back upon my infuriated enemy. As far as my recollections serve me, I had no feeling of fear while I was running away. I am almost confident that I was not putting my best foot foremost, and that I felt as if the whole affair was rather a well-played game. It was a game, however, that did not last long. I was aware of Brahim tearing away in front of me. There was a loud crashing behind me. Then something touched me on the thigh, and I was promptly propelled skyward."

CHESS.

(Continued from page 638.)

Problem No. 108.

BY S. GOLD.



White to play, and mate in four (4) moves.

SOLUTIONS.

PROBLEM No. 100, page 510.—1, Kt—K 6,

Kt×Kt. 2, Kt—K 4, Kt—B 6. 3, P—Kt 7, any move. 4, Kt mates.

PROBLEM No. 101, page 510.—1, K—B 6, K—R 2. 2, P—B 8 becoming a R, K—R 3. 3, R—Q R 8 mate.

PROBLEM No. 102.—1, Q—B 8, K×B (or a, b). 2, Q—Kt 7, K—R 4. 3, K—B 3, K—R 5. 4, Q—R 6 mate.—(a) K—Kt 5. 2, Q—B 6, K—R 4. 3, Q—Kt 5 mate.—(b) K—Kt 3. 2, B—Kt 3, K—Kt 4 (or c, d). 3, Q—B 7, K moves. 4, Q mates at Kt 6 or B at B 4 accordingly.—(c) K—R 4. 3, Q—B 6, K—Kt 5. 4, Q—Q Kt 6 mate.—(d) K—R 2. 3, Q—B 7 (ch.), K moves. 4, B mates.

PROBLEM No. 103.—1, K—Q 5, K—Kt 8 (or a). 2, K—B 4, K—R 8 (or b, c, d). 3, Q—Q 2, K—Kt 7. 4, K—Kt 4, K—Kt 8 (or c). 5, K—Kt 3, P—B 8 Kt (ch.). 6, K—R 3, Kt—Q 6. 7, Q—B 3, Kt moves. 8, Q—Kt 2 mate.

(c) K—R 8. 5, K—R 3, K—Kt 8. 6, Q—Kt 4 (ch.), K moves. 7, Q mates accordingly.

(b) K—Kt 7. 3, Q—Q 2, K—R 8. 4, K—Kt 3, K—Kt 8. 5, Q×P (ch.), K—R 8. 6, Q—Q Kt 2 mate.

(c) P—B 8 Q (ch.). 3, K—Kt 3, Q—R 6

(ch.). 4, K×Q, K—B 8. 5, K—Kt 3, K—Kt 8. 6, Q mates.

(d) P—B 8 Kt. 3, Q—Q 2, K—R 8 (or f, g, h). 4, K—B 3 (or i), Kt—R 7 (ch.) (or j, k). 5, K—Kt 3, Kt moves. 6, Q mates.

(j) Kt—K 7. 5, Q×Kt, any. 6, Q—Q Kt 2 mate.

(k) Kt—Q 6. 5, K or Q×Kt, any. 6, K—B 3 or 2, any. 7, Q mates.

(i) Q×Kt (ch.), K—R 7. 5, Q—Q 2 (ch.), K—R 6. 6, Q—K 2, K—R 5. 7, Q—Q R 2 mate.

(f) Kt—R 7. 4, K—Kt 3, Kt—B 8 (ch.). 5, K—R 3, Kt—Q 6. 6, Q—B 3, Kt moves. 7, Q—Kt 2 mate.

(g) Kt—Q 6. 4, K×Kt, K—Kt 8. 5, K—B 3, K—R 8. 6, Q—Q Kt 2 mate.

(h) Kt—K 7. 4, Q×Kt, K—Kt 8. 5, K—Kt 3 or B 3, K moves. 6, Q mates.

PROBLEM No. 104, page 510.—1, P—Q 4. In reply to the twelve moves of the two Kts there is only one mode of mating. To five attacks there is each time only one defence, namely, B—Q 4, B—B 5; B—Kt 3, Kt—B 5; B—K 6, B—R 3; P—Q 3, Kt—B 3; and Q×Q, Kt—Kt 5.

GO-BAN.

GAME No. 5, page 495.

WHITE.

1. g 4—f 3
2. f 3—e 2
3. e 3—d 2
4. b 4—b 3
5. b 3—b 2=five.

BLACK.

- g 3—g 2 (a)
- d 2—e 1
- a 5—a 4 (b)
- (any move).

(a) He must prevent the man going from f 3 over g 2 to g 1.—If he were to play g 3—g 4, White would answer e 4—f 5, and win in two more moves by making a “five” in the diagonal a 7 g 1.

(b) Any other move would not prevent White from making “five” in the second row, for Black must not move the man e 3, as

White would obtain “five” (or even six) in the e file.

To Chess Correspondents.

J. T. C. (Edinburgh.)—Please send your problem on a diagram, for in your description there is a white Kt at White's K R 4, and a black Kt at Black's K R 5, and there never can be two pieces on one square.

THE SALT-WATER AQUARIUM.

BY THEODORE WOOD,

Author of “Our Insect Allies,” etc.

PART II.

DIFFICULT as it is to lay down any strict rules to be observed when stocking the salt-water aquarium, there are yet one or two hints which may well be given to the novice, and which may save him from many a disappointment until a little practical experience has been acquired. Everybody falls into certain mistakes at first, unless carefully warned of them beforehand, and these very mistakes form the most frequent cause of the waning zeal which is only too evident in the generality of aquarium-keepers after the first novelty of their pursuit has worn away.

One of these errors is that most fatal one of overcrowding. Ninety-nine out of every hundred persons who take to themselves an aquarium seem blindly to put their trust in the very false principle that “what is enough for one is enough for two,” and carry it into effect so enthusiastically that each vessel is peopled with about five times as many captives as it ought to contain. The natural result follows. Very shortly after their admission into the aquatic Black Hole the captives begin to sicken and die off, the water rapidly becomes tainted and impure, death follows death with ever-increasing frequency, and at the end of a week or so the whole thing is thrown up in disgust.

As an almost invariable rule, far too much prominence is given to the fish. Eight or ten of these are placed in a tank which can support but two or three at the most, while no provision whatever is made for the increased air-supply which alone can keep them in health. And it is astonishing how much air a fish requires. Place a minnow or a stickleback in a small vessel, and in a very short time you will find him gasping for breath at the surface of the water. Transfer

him to a somewhat larger vessel and the result will be the same, excepting, of course, that it will ensue less quickly. The fish, indeed, is in exactly the same position as a man shut up in an air-tight chamber, suffocation following in both instances unless the supply of air be renewed.

It is tautalising, I admit, to be compelled to discard so large a proportion of one's captures, just as the gardener often finds it when compelled to thin out his seedling plants, but the process in either case is a very necessary one, and cannot be neglected without the certainty of direst consequences. For an ordinary bell-glass, say one of twelve inches in diameter, two moderately small fish are amply sufficient, and it is very bad policy to crowd in six or eight, and thus to ruin the health of all. If you cannot bring yourself to part with any of your captives, provide additional vessels for their reception, but never allow yourself, however great the temptation, to place in each one single inmate more than it is fitted to maintain.

A VERY interesting fish to select for the aquarium is the One-spotted Goby, a small shrimp-like creature which is tolerably common in the shallow pools left among the rocks by the retreating tide. When once this active little creature is caught he can be identified without the smallest difficulty, for upon his dorsal fin is the single dark spot which has earned for him his popular title.

There are two great advantages which should always recommend this little fish to the aquarium-keeper, the first being that he possesses a very hardy constitution, and thrives well in the narrow confines of his prison, and the second that he is very easily

fed. All that he requires by way of diet consists of the minute creatures with which seaweed is always more or less infested, so that by placing a handful or so of fresh weed in the tank you will supply him with a plentiful meal.

And then, too, he is such a bright and active little being, dashing to and fro with astonishing speed, and very quickly becoming accustomed to his new life. By degrees, even, he will become quite tame, and will all but take food from the fingers as they are dabbled in the water. And his habits are so interesting to watch. Like all the gobies, he possesses a very remarkable structure of the ventral fins, which are joined together at their edges, and form a kind of sucker of considerable clinging power. To those not in the secret no little wonderment will be caused by the singular manner in which the fish checks its course, even during its most rapid movements, for the sucker-like fins are instantaneous in their action, and anchor their owner firmly to any stone or other object over which it may happen to pass. Taking him all in all, indeed, there is no fish which can be better recommended for the salt-water aquarium than the One-spotted Goby.

Then there is the curious little Pipe-fish, which is equally interesting, and equally easy to obtain. All that you need do is to pass the net to and fro among the seaweed left in the rock-pools at low water, and you will probably capture more specimens than you can possibly accommodate. They will give you but little trouble, and may be fed in just the same manner as the goby, a little fresh seaweed being supplied every two or three days.

(To be continued.)

ENTOMOLOGY AT THE SEASIDE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

“Beetles, and Where to Find Them,” “An Evening at the Sallows,” etc.

ONE of the great events in an entomologist's career is undoubtedly his first experience of collecting at the seaside. Almost every insect that he meets with is something that he has never taken before, and, provided only that the weather be suitable, he must be a careless worker indeed if he does not return home with his boxes full of good things. Speaking without exaggeration, insects are so plentiful in many parts of the coast as almost to bewilder one by their numbers, and to render it next to impossible to select the specimens required for the collection before they succeed in making their escape.

And just see what rarities there are among these seaside insects! The Queen of Spain Fritillary (*Argynnis Lathonia*), for instance, is a butterfly of decidedly maritime tenden-

cies, for half a dozen specimens at least are taken near the coast to one found inland. Only three years ago no less than eight examples of this insect were taken in a single morning by a collector staying at Dover, and seventeen others were recorded from the same neighbourhood in the course of the season. Amongst other numerous seaside localities for the Queen of Spain are Yarmouth, Southend, Margate, Ramsgate, Walmer, Deal, Folkestone, Brighton, and Ventnor, at most of which the insect has been met with more than once.

Then there is the Bath White (*Pieris daphne*), which has been captured almost exclusively on or near the coast of Kent and Sussex, and which is well worth looking out for by entomologists at the seaside. Being a

slow flier, it is easily caught, provided that it is not passed by as one of the commoner species. By far the best plan is to net every white about which there is the least shadow of doubt, and to release those which are not wanted as soon as they have passed muster. Once more, almost all the British examples of the greatly-coveted Long-tailed Blue (*Lampides betica*) have been taken within a very short distance of the sea, while, to descend to lesser fry, the Clouded and Pale Clouded Yellows (*Colias Edusa* and *Hyale*) are often exceedingly abundant in clover and lucerne fields, the variety *Helice* of the former insect turning up by no means infrequently. There are few things more calculated to excite a collector than the sight of these two beautiful butterflies flitting in multitudes from flower

to flower, and if he can bring himself to leave the spot before his boxes are completely filled his entomological enthusiasm must be of a very mild and limited character.

Nor are the moths misrepresented, numbers of species being found on the coast alone, among them many of the greatest rarities with which it is possible to meet. Those two beautiful creatures, the Spurge and Bedstraw Hawks (*Deilephila euphorbiæ* and *galii*), for instance, are never found far from the shore. The Ichneumon Clearwing (*Sesia ichneumoniformis*) frequents the cliffs between Ramsgate and Margate in June and July, and should be looked for among the Stinking Hellebore. The Crimson-speckled (*Deiopeia pulchella*), one of the most exquisite of all our moths, is generally taken near the sea, in stubble-fields or among flowers. The Belted Beauty (*Nyssia zonaria*) is almost wholly confined to three or four localities upon the Cheshire coast, and so also with numbers of others, which appear to find the sea breezes a necessity of existence, and seldom or never to venture upon a tour of discovery into inland districts. Many of these, no doubt, are but accidental visitors, stray wanderers from the Continent, but no one is likely to refuse them admission to his cabinet upon that account.

As regards the methods of seaside collecting, there are one or two facts which it is as well to bear in mind. Sugaring, for instance, cannot as a rule be carried on in the ordinary manner. Many parts of the coast are almost destitute of trees, and the treacle must consequently be applied wherever a spot can be found for it—on palings, posts, walls, and even upon large stones. If the grass is long and rank, it is not a bad plan to tie it together in large bunches, looking something like sheaves of corn, and to apply the sugar to the sides of these. Or, if everything else fails, small squares of rag may be soaked in the mixture, and hung up in suitable situations.

The stubble fields and pieces of waste ground adjoining the foreshore are nearly always productive, and moths may be knocked out in numbers from the low herbage with very little trouble. Flowers should always be examined, both during the day-time and after dark; ragwort especially is very attractive when in full bloom.

If you happen to visit a part of the coast in which sand-hills form a prominent feature of the shore, devote as much time as you can to working them thoroughly. There are many moths which are scarcely ever found anywhere else, and you may at any time come across an insect new to Britain or even to science itself. Several new nocture have turned up at odd times near Brighton, and there is no reason at all why other localities should not be equally prolific.

(To be continued.)

Correspondence.

A. L.—Almost any second-hand bookseller could get you a copy of More's "Eutopia." Try Mr. B. Quaritch, of Piccadilly.

D. J. LUST.—For dealers in foreign stamps consult our wrapper, or any advertisement sheet. We never recommend any particular firm, or guarantee any statement in any advertisement. You must buy or sell at your own risk.

ENQUIRING READER.—It is customary to stamp both paper and envelope. The paper gives the address, the envelope shows whence the letter comes, and the device on it takes the place of the old seal.

H. THURLOW.—The marks on the lamps are guides to the nearest hydrant. The arrow shows the direction, the first number gives the distance in feet, and the second the distance from that point at right angles out into the road. Thus 69-11 means sixty-nine feet along the kerb and eleven feet out from that spot at right angles to the pavement.

H. H.—The address of the Willesden Paper Company is Willesden Junction, N.W., or 34, Cannon Street, E.C.

A. W. B.—You can get patterns of fretwork from Faulkner, Cheapside; Melhuish, of Fetter Lane; Churchill, of Sun Street, Finsbury; and almost every tool shop.

O. S. S.—Lay the pages of your stamp album between sheets of clean damp blotting-paper until the gum or paste gives way. Do not be in a hurry, but keep the paper damp.

A. SMUDGE.—Clean the grease off the glass by washing it with ammonia—and then paint in varnish. See Index.

A. WILLOUGHBY CAPTAIN.—1. You can get Milton's poems for eighteenpence in the Chandos Classics, published by Messrs. Warne and Co. 2. Messrs. Macmillan are Lord Tenynson's publishers. He is Mr. no longer.

COLWYN BAY.—In our second volume we gave three large diagrams showing all a clipper's sails, all her spars, and all her standing rigging.

NUMBER ONE.—Order the "Bijou Gazetteer," by W. H. Rosser, of your bookseller. It costs eighteenpence, and gives thirty thousand references to countries, towns, mountains, rivers, lakes, etc., etc.

CRICKET.—The "Laws of Cricket" are not likely to deal with such an absurdity. If you like to hold your bat with both hands behind it, pray do—and get out. You will be a most popular cricketer—with your opponents.

VOX POPULI.—The parts are not out of print, the numbers are; hence you can only procure the missing numbers in part form.

A. Y. Z.—"Punch, brothers, punch," and "Ledlie Yawbok Strauss," are in Cassell's "Selections of American Humour," published in their two-shilling Red Library.

STUDENT.—1. An edition of Lavater's "Physiognomy" is published by Ward, Lock, and Co. 2. Angora is the ancient Ancyra, now a town in Anatolia, 39° 56' N, 32° 41' E. Perhaps your map calls it Enguri.

ONE OF THE FIDDLERS THREE.—1. Keep your unused strings in an airtight tin canister, and leave them untouched. If you grease them you will not be able to play them. Grease stops friction, and friction means sound. 2. No special preparation is required before using a string, but keep it free from kinks, and do not twist it as you take it out of coil. 3. Unscrew the nut of your bow, and shake the hairs apart. Any of the violin dealers in Soho will repair your bow for you for a trifle. 4. Steeping the fingers in vinegar is said to harden, but the best plan is to practise until they get "corny."

F. J. D. SKINNER (Plymouth).—If you will inform us what you mean by the "Dark Archer of London," we will endeavour to discover their "origin, use, extent, entrances, etc.," but at present we are unable to do so. Do you mean the Adelphi arches, now shut in by the Thames Embankment?

J. H.—You can obtain books on athletic sports from one of the cricket outfitters. Try any of the Lilly-whites; Wisden, of Cranbourne Street, Leicester Square; or Goy, of Leadenhall Street.

CAEDMON.—We never answer legal questions, but we may say at once that your intended proceedings are opposed to all notions of justice and common honesty. Never shuffle out of a promise; and never make a promise unless you can keep it.

PISCATOR, X. Y. Z.—May is a close month for all the coarse fishes under the statute, so that you must leave the roach alone.

GIMLET.—One very good way of arranging your tools is to make a set of three or four shelves, and perforate them with different-sized holes just large enough to hold the various tools when upright. You can thus see all your tools at a glance, and every one of them has its place. You can put a front to your shelves and form a cupboard, or you can design a chest on the principle with the front and top both opening, and which latter is the best plan of the three.

J. J.—Try Montagu's "British Birds," published by Van Voorst, or any edition of Yarrell. There is no cheap book giving all the information you require. A complete list of the British Birds was given with our coloured plate in the June part for 1882.

YATCHMAN (we suppose you mean YACHTSMAN).—There is no need to worry yourself with calculations as to the amount of lead you will have to put on a model's keel. All you have to do is to hollow out your boat until she is as thin as you intend her to be, and then place her in the bath and fill her up with water until she floats to her load-line. The weight of the water she holds is the weight of the lead she should have on her keel; and you have only to measure it off and remember that "a pint of fresh water weighs a pound and a quarter." Of course you should allow for the deck and spars, and also for the fact that lead in water weighs less than it does in air, and it is better to have too much lead than too little, as you can easily cut it down. Do not, however, cut it until you have had a trial cruise.

G. S.—The discovery, like a good many others, was made "in ages prehistoric, in the days when we were young." Colin has the accent on the "Col."

J. S. C.—All such complaints are curable. Go to a doctor. No matter what your complaint may be, rest assured that you are not the only sufferer.

MAURICIUS.—1. Leave the ball alone. 2. It is not customary in England to fill footballs with gas, whatever it may be in Belgium. There is just a chance that the lifting power would be so very much improved that a kick-off would send the ball aloft, and leave it there like a balloon.

PHILATELIST.—The packets of stamps would be sent at the latter rate, and they would weigh under the half-ounce. The dealers would take a few new Canadian stamps, but not many; and we would advise you not to think any more about the matter.

C. CHASE (Cape Colony).—The instances are curious, and we quote them, but the description is not exact enough to enable us to give an explanation. What are the species of shells? Are they recent or fossil? Was the "stone vessel" an ironstone nodule?—"In the Zitzisramma Forest (which is about ten miles from the seashore) stood a large yellow-wood tree. It became necessary that this tree should be cut down. This was done, and on cutting the stem up into blocks, a small cavity was found in the centre of one of these blocks, and in this cavity was found a number of sea-shells. The wood and bark all round this cavity were quite sound; in fact, the whole stem is perfectly solid. How would you account for the shells being found there? The following curious discovery was made at the same place. In digging into the ground we came upon a stone vessel about the size and shape of a cocoa-nut, iron-colour, and in it was found little balls about the size of a plum, all of different colours; and on being crushed into a powder make excellent paint. Many more are to be found at the same spot."

MASTER GORANG.—"Good ginger-beer that will go off a jolly good bang"! Is, then, the bang the best of the beer? Get five lemons, and five pounds of loaf-sugar, three ounces of powdered ginger, and three gallons of water, a slice of toasted bread from the cook, and a quarter of a teacupful of yeast from the baker. Boil the ginger and the sugar in the water for an hour, and let the solution cool. Then add the juice and peel of the lemons, and put in the yeast spread on the toasted bread. Cover the pan with a thick cloth, and leave it alone for three days. Then strain the liquor through a cloth and bottle it; at the end of a week you will find it all up and ready for drinking, bang and all complete. If you think the powdered ginger is not so strong as it might be, use four or even five ounces instead of three.

REGIMENTAL GOAT.—A George III. threepenny-piece is worth threepence, plus as much more as you can persuade a person to give for it. Current coin is worth no more than its face value.

HORSE.—The articles on Double Chess were in the July and August parts for 1882. Circular Chess was in the September part for 1883.

CLAN CHATTAN.—You can obtain full particulars as to entering a volunteer corps by applying to its headquarters.

L. E. B.—1. Green for inconstancy, yellow for jealousy, blue for constancy, white for purity, purple for royalty, brown for grief, and black for death. That is "the symbolism of colour" according to the ancients; the symbolism according to the moderns is "for caution green, for danger red, and white for clear and drive ahead." 2. To macadamise a road is to cover it with stones broken to about the same size, and to arrange them so as to form an arch instead of a hollow, like the roads of old. The method was invented by Sir John MacAdam eighty years ago—hence the name.

GWALLA.—Messrs. Heywood, of Manchester, publish a guide to the London University Matriculation. It is by Mr. W. Dodds, and costs eighteenpence.

POSTMAN.—Apply to the Secretary, General Post Office, St. Martin's-le-Grand. Your best plan is to enter at once as a telegraph messenger.

CLAUDIO.—1. The Latin dictionary is worth only a few pence. Elizabethan school-books are of little value. 2. So far from thinking it "foolish" for a boy to prefer Shakespeare and Sir Walter Scott to the current literature of the day, we should think it showed his good sense.

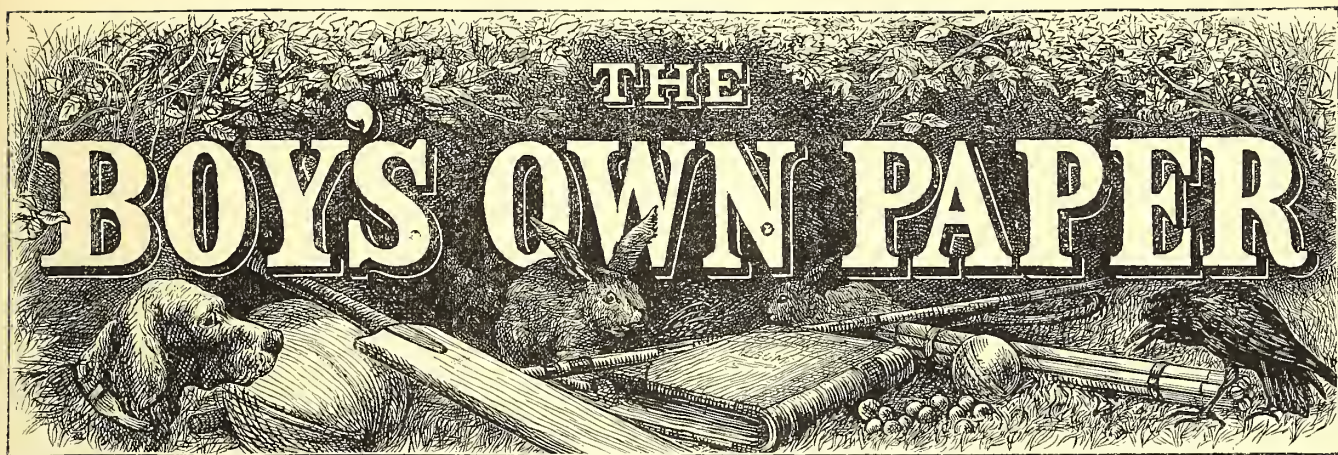
COLUMBA.—For bay-salt apply to an oilman, or a hay and straw dealer. It is often sold on barrows in the streets.

CARVER and GILDER.—The time we are in the press prevents replies in such matters being of use.

G. P. II.—There is a Handbook to the Learned Societies to which you could refer, but to none of them do you obtain admittance by examination. It is simply a question of good report and personal knowledge. B.C.L.=Bachelor of Civil Law; D.C.L.=Doctor of Civil Law; F.R.S.E.=Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh; F.R.C.S.E.=Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of England; F.C.L. is new to us. You have to pass in all subjects for the B.Sc.

AUNT NELL.—You can encourage rooks to build in your trees by securing the young birds in the nests, and then fixing the nests in the trees you wish them to resort to next year.

T. AITKEN.—The subjects of examination for the Institute of Chartered Accountants are advertised in "The Accountant," price sixpence; and "The Accountants' Students' Journal," price ninepence, both published by Gee and Co., Telegraph Chambers, E.C., who also publish a "Chartered Accountants' Examination Guide," by G. F. Norton, price eight shillings and sixpence.



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Price One Penny.
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REGINALD CRUDEN:

A
TALE OF CITY LIFE.

BY
TALBOT BAINES REED,
*Author of "My Friend Smith,"
etc., etc.*

CHAPTER XVII.
SAMUEL SHUCKLEFORD FINDS
HIMSELF BUSY.



"JEMIMA, my dear," said Mrs. Shuckleford one day, as the little family in No. 4, Dull Street, sat round their evening meal, "I don't like the looks of Mrs. Cruden. It's my opinion she don't get enough to eat."

"Really, ma, how you talk," replied the daughter. "The butcher's boy left there this very afternoon. I saw him."

"All serene—I'll be done with it in about an hour."

"I'm afraid, my dear, he didn't leave anything more filling than a bill. In fact, I 'eard myself that the butcher told Mrs. Marks he thought No. 6 'ad gone far enough for 'im."

"Oh, ma! you don't mean to say they're in debt?" said Jemima, who, by the way, had been somewhat more pen- sive and addicted to sitting by herself since Reginald had gone north.

"Well, if it was only the butcher I heard it from I wouldn't take much account of it, but Parker the baker 'as 'is doubts of them; so I 'eard the Grin- son's maid tell Ford when I was in 'is shop this very day. And I'm sure you've only to look at 'Orace's coat and 'at to see they must be in debt: the poor boy looks a reg'lar scarecrow. It all comes, my dear, of Reginald's going off and leaving them. Oh, 'ow I pity them that 'as a wild son."

"Don't talk nonsense, ma," said Miss Jemima, firing up. "He's no more wild than Sam here."

"You seem to know more about Regi- nald than most people, my dear," said her mother, significantly.

To the surprise of the mother and brother Jemima replied to this insinua- tion by bursting into tears and walking out of the room.

"Did you ever see the like of that? She always takes on if any one mentions that boy's name; and she old enough to be his aunt, too!"

"The sooner she cures herself of that craze the better," said Sam, pouring him- self out some more tea. "She don't know quite so much about him as I do!"

"Why, what do you know about 'im, then?" inquired Mrs. Shuckleford, in tones of curiosity.

"Never you mind; we don't talk busi- ness out of the office. All I can tell you is, he's a bad lot."

"Poor Mrs. Cruden! no wonder she takes on. What an infliction a wicked son is to a mother, Sam!"

"That'll do," said the dutiful Sam. "What do you know about it? I tell you what, ma, you're thick enough with No. 6. You'd better draw off a bit."

"Oh, Sam, why so?"

"Because I give you the tip, that's all. The old lady may not be in it, but I don't fancy the connection."

"But, Sam, she's starving herself and 'Orace is in rags."

"Send her in a rump-steak and a suit of my old togs by the housemaid," said Sam; "or else do as you like, and don't blame me if you're sorry for it."

Mrs. Shuckleford knew it was no use trying to extract any more lucid infor- mation from her legal offspring, and did not try, but she made another effort to soften his heart with regard to the Widow Cruden and her son.

"After all they're gentlefolk in trouble, as we might be," said she, "and they do behave very nice at the short'and class to Jemima."

"Gentlefolk or not," said Sam, deci- sively, spreading a slice of toast with jam, "I tell you you'd better draw off, ma—and Jim must chuck up the class. I'm not going to have her mixing with them."

"But the child's 'eart would break, Sam, if—"

"Let it break. She cares no more about shorthand than she does about county courts. It's all part of her craze to tack herself on that lot. She's setting

her cap at 'him while she's making up to his ma; any flat might see that; but she's got to jack up the whole boiling now—there. We needn't say any more about it."

And, having finished his tea, Mr. Samuel Shuckleford went down to his "club" to take part in a debate on "Cruelty to Animals."

Now the worthy captain's widow, Mrs. Shuckleford, had lived long enough in this world to find that human nature is a more powerful law even than parental obedience; she therefore took to heart just so much of her son's discourse as fitted with the one, and overlooked just so much as exacted the latter. In other words, she was ready to believe that Reginald Cruden was a "bad lot," but she was not able to bring herself on that account to desert her neighbour at the time of her trouble.

Accordingly that same evening, while Samuel was pleading eloquently on be- half of our dumb fellow-creatures, and Jemima, having recovered from her tears, was sitting abstractedly over a short- hand exercise in her own bedroom, Mrs. Shuckleford took upon herself to pay a friendly call at No. 6.

It happened to be one of Horace's late evenings, so that Mrs. Cruden was alone. She was lying wearily on the uncomfor- table sofa, with her eyes shaded from the light, dividing her time between knitting and musing, the latter occupation receiv- ing a very decided preference.

"Pray don't get up," said Mrs. Shuckle- ford, the moment she entered. "I only looked in to see 'ow you was. You're looking bad, Mrs. Cruden."

"Thank you, I am quite well," said Mrs. Cruden, "only a little tired."

"And down in your spirits, too; and well you may be, poor dear," said the visitor, soothingly.

"No, Mrs. Shuckleford," said Mrs. Cruden, brightly. "Indeed, I ought not to be in bad spirits to-day. We've had quite a little family triumph to-day. Horace has had an article published in the 'Rocket,' and we are so proud."

"Ah, yes; he's the steady one," said Mrs. Shuckleford. "There's no rolling stone about 'Orace."

"No," said the mother, warmly.

"If they was only both alike," said the visitor, approaching her subject deli- cately.

"Ah! but it often happens two brothers may be very different in temper and mind. It's not always a misfortune."

"Certainly not, Mrs. Cruden; but when one's good and the other's wicked—"

"Oh, then, of course, it is very sad," said Mrs. Cruden.

"Sad's no name for it," replied the visitor, with emotion. "Oh, Mrs. Cruden, 'ow sorry I am for you."

"You are very kind. It is a sad trial to be separated from my boy, but I've not given up hopes of seeing him back soon."

Mrs. Shuckleford shook her head.

"'Ow you must suffer on 'is account," said she. "If your 'eart don't break with it, it must be made of tougher stuff than mine."

"But after all, Mrs. Shuckleford," said Mrs. Cruden, "there are worse troubles in this life than separation."

"You're right. Oh, I'm so sorry for you."

"Why for me? I have only the lighter sorrow."

"Oh, Mrs. Cruden, do you call a wicked son a light sorrow?"

"Certainly not, but my sons, thank God, are good, brave boys, both of them."

"And who told you 'e was a good, brave boy? Reggie, I mean."

"Who told me?" said Mrs. Cruden, with surprise. "Who told me he was anything else?"

"Oh, Mrs. Cruden! Oh, Mrs. Cruden!" said Mrs. Shuckleford, beginning to cry.

Mrs. Cruden at last began to grow uneasy and alarmed. She sat up on the sofa, and said, in an agitated voice,

"What do you mean, Mrs. Shuckleford? Has anything happened? Is there any bad news about Reginald?"

"Oh, Mrs. Cruden, I made sure you knew all about it."

"What is it?" cried Mrs. Cruden, now thoroughly terrified and trembling all over. "Has anything happened to him? Is he—dead?" and she seized her visitor's hand as she asked the question.

"No, Mrs. Cruden, not dead. Maybe it would be better for 'im if he was."

"Better if he was dead? Oh, please, have pity and tell me what you mean," cried the poor mother, dropping back on to the sofa with a face as white as a sheet.

"Come, don't take on," said Mrs. Shuckleford, greatly disconcerted to see the effect of her delicate breaking of the news. "Perhaps it's not as bad as it seems."

"Oh, what is it; what is it? I can't bear this suspense. Why don't you tell me?" and she trembled so violently and looked so deadly pale that Mrs. Shuckle- ford began to get alarmed.

"There, there," said she, soothingly; "I'll tell you another time. You're not equal to it now. I'll come in to-morrow, or the next day, when you've had a good night's rest, poor dear."

"For pity's sake tell me all now," gasped Mrs. Cruden; "unless you want to kill me."

It dawned at last on the well-meaning Mrs. Shuckleford that no good was being done by prolonging her neighbour's sus- pense any further.

"Well, well! It's only that I'm afraid he's been doing something—well—dread- ful. Oh, Mrs. Cruden, how sorry I am for you!"

Mrs. Cruden lay motionless, like one who had received a stab.

"What has he done?" she whispered, slowly.

"I don't know, dear—really I don't," said Mrs. Shuckleford, beginning to whimper at the sight of the desolation she had caused. "It was Sam, my son, told me—he wouldn't say what it was—and I 'ope you won't let 'im know it was me you 'eard it from, Mrs. Cruden, for he'd be very— Mercy on us!"

Mrs. Cruden had fainted.

Help was summoned, and she was carried to her bed. When Horace arrived shortly afterwards he found her still un- conscious, with Mrs. Shuckleford bathing her forehead and tending her most gently.

"You had better run for a doctor, 'Orace," whispered she, as the scared boy entered the room.

"What is the matter? What has hap- pened?" gasped he.

"Poor dear, she's broken down—she's— But go quick for the doctor, 'Orace."

Horace went as fast as his fleet feet

would carry him. The doctor pronounced Mrs. Cruden to be in a state of high fever produced by nervous prostration and poor living. He advised Horace, if possible, to get a nurse to tend her while the fever lasted, especially as she would probably awake from her swoon delirious, and would for several days remain in a very critical condition.

In less than five minutes Horace was at Miss Crisp's, imploring her assistance. The warm-hearted little lady undertook the duty without a moment's hesitation, and from that night and for a fortnight to come hardly quitted her friend's bedside.

Mrs. Shuckleford, deeming it prudent not to refer again to the unpleasant subject which had been the immediate cause of Mrs. Cruden's seizure, waited till she was assured that at present she could be of no further use, and then withdrew, full of sympathy and commiseration, which she manifested in all sorts of womanly ways during her neighbour's illness. Not a day passed but she called in, morning and afternoon, to inquire after the patient, generally the bearer of some home-made delicacy, and sometimes to take her post by the sick bed while Miss Crisp snatched an hour or so of well-earned repose.

As for Horace, he could hardly be persuaded to leave the sick-chamber. But the stern necessity of work, greater than ever now at this time of special emergency, compelled him to take the rest necessary for his own health and daily duties. With an effort he dragged himself to the office every morning, and like an arrow he returned from it every evening, and often paid a flying visit at midday. His good-natured companions voluntarily relieved him of all late work, and, indeed, every-one who had in the least degree come into contact with the gentle patient seemed to vie in showing sympathy and offering help.

Young Gedge was amongst the most eager of the inquirers at the house. He squandered shillings in flowers and grapes, and sometimes even ran the risk of disgrace at the "Rocket" by lingering outside the house during a doctor's visit, in order to hear the latest bulletin before he went back to work.

In his mind, as well as in Horace's, a faint hope had lurked that somehow Reginald might contrive to run up to London for a day or two at least, to cheer the house of watching. Mrs. Cruden, in her delirium, often moaned her absent son's name and called for him, and they believed if only he were to come her restless troubled mind might cease its wanderings and find rest.

But Reginald neither came nor wrote.

Since Horace, on the first day of her illness, had written, telling him all, no one had heard a word from him.

At last, when after a week Horace wrote again, saying,

"Come to us, if you love us," and still no letter or message came back, a new cloud of anxiety fell over the house.

Reginald must be ill, or away from Liverpool, or something must have happened to him, or assuredly, they said, he would have been at his mother's side at the first breath of danger.

Mrs. Shuckleford only, as day passed day and the prodigal never returned, shook her head and said to herself, it was a blessing no one knew the reason, not even the poor delirious sufferer her-

self. Poor people! they had trouble enough on them not to need any more just now! so she kept her own counsel, even from Jemima.

This was the more easy to do because she knew nothing either of Reginald or his doings beyond what her son had hinted, and as Samuel was at present in the country on business, she had no opportunity of prosecuting her inquiries on the subject.

Sam, in fact, whether he liked it or not, happened just now to hold the fortunes of the family of Cruden pretty much in his own hands.

A few days before the conversation with his mother already reported, he had been sitting in his room at the office, his partner and the head clerk both being absent on County Court business.

Samuel felt all the dignity of a commander-in-chief, and was therefore not at all displeased when the office-boy had come and knocked at his door and said that a lady of the name of Wrigley had called and wished to see him.

"Show the lady in," said Sam, grandly, "and put a chair."

Mrs. Wrigley was accordingly ushered in, the dust of travel still on her, for she had come direct from Liverpool by the night train, determined to put her wrongs in the hands of the law. Mr. Crawley, Samuel's principal, had been legal adviser to the late Mr. Wrigley; it was only natural, therefore, that the widow, not liking to entrust her secret to the petty-fogging practitioner of her own village, should make use of a two hours' break in her journey to seek his aid.

"Your master's not in, young man?" said she, as she took the proffered seat. "That's a pity."

"I'm sure he'll be very sorry," said Sam; "but if it's anything I can do—"

"If you can save poor defenceless women from being plundered, and punish those that plunder them—then you can."

Here was a slice of luck for Samuel! The first bit of practice on his own account that had ever fallen in his way. If he did not make a good thing out of it his initials were not S. S.!

He drew his chair confidentially beside that of the injured Mrs. Wrigley, and drank in the story of her woes with an interest that quite won her heart. At first he failed to recognise either the name of the delinquent Corporation or its secretary, but when presently his client produced one of the identical circulars sent out, with the name Cruden Reginald at the foot, his professional instincts told him he had discovered a "real job, and no mistake."

He made Mrs. Wrigley go back and begin her story over again (a task she was extremely ready to perform), and took copious notes during the recital. He impounded the document, envelope and all, cross-examined and browbeat his own witness—in fact, did all a rising young lawyer ought to do, and concluded in judicial tones, "Very good, Mrs. Wrigley; I think we can do something for you. I think we know something of the parties. Leave it to us, madam; we will put you right."

"I hope you will," said the lady. "You see, as I've been all the way up to Liverpool and back, I think I ought to be put right."

"Most certainly you ought, and you shall be."

"And to think of his brazen-faced impudence in calling me 'Love,' young man. There's a profligate for you!"

Samuel was knowing enough to see that it would greatly please the outraged lady if he took a special note of this disclosure, which he accordingly did, and then rising, once more assured his client of his determination to put her right, and bade her a very good morning.

"Well, if that ain't a go," said he to himself, as he returned to his desk. "I never did have much faith in the chap, but I didn't fancy he was that sort. Cruden Reginald, eh? Nice boy you are. Never mind! I'm dead on you this time. Nuisance it is that ma's gone and mixed herself up with that lot. Can't be helped, though; business is business; and such a bit of practice too. Cruden Reginald! But you don't get round Sam Shuckleford when he's once round your way, my beauty."

To the legal mind of Sam this transposition of Reginald's name was in itself as good as a verdict and sentence against him. Any one else but himself might have been taken in by it, but you needed to get up very early in the morning to take in a cute one like S. S.!

He said nothing about the affair to his principal when he returned, preferring to "nurse" it as a little bit of business of his own, which he would manage by himself for once in a way.

And that very evening fortune threw into his way a most unexpected and invaluable auxiliary.

He was down at his "club," smoking his usual evening pipe over the "Rocket," when a man he had once or twice seen before in the place came up and said,

"After you with that paper."

"All serene," said Sam; "I'll be done with it in about an hour."

"You don't take long," said the other.

"Considering I'm on the committee," said Sam, with ruffled dignity, "I've a right to keep it just as long as I please. Are you a member here?"

"No, but I'm introduced."

"What's your name?"

"Durfy."

"Oh, you're the man who was in the 'Rocket.' I heard of you from a friend of mine. By the way," and here his manner became quite civil, as a brilliant idea occurred to him; "look here, it was only my chaff about keeping the paper; you can have it. I'll look at it afterwards."

"All right, thanks," said Durfy, who felt no excuse for not being civil too.

"By the way," said Sam, as he was going off with the paper, "there was a fellow at your office, what was his name, now—Crowder, Crundell? Some name of that sort, I forget."

"Cruden you mean, perhaps," said Durfy, with a scowl.

"Ah, yes—Cruden. Is he still with you? What sort of chap is he?"

Durfy described him in terms far more forcible than affectionate, and added, "No, he's not there now; oh, no. I kicked him out long ago. But I've not done with him yet, my boy."

Sam felt jubilant. Was ever luck like his? Here was a man who evidently knew Reginald's real character, and could, doubtless, if properly handled, put him on the scent, and, as he metaphorically put it to himself, "give him a clean leg up over the job."

So he called for refreshments for two,

and then entered on a friendly discourse with Durfy on things in general, and offered to make him a member of the club; then bringing the conversation round to Reginald, he hinted gently that he too had his eye on that young gentleman, and was at the present moment engaged in "bowling him out."

Whereupon Durfy, after a slight hesi-

tation, and stipulating that his name should not be mentioned in the matter, gave Sam what information he considered would be useful to him, suppressing, of course, all mention of the real promoters of the Select Agency Corporation, and giving the secretary credit for all the ingenuity and cunning displayed in its operations.

The two new friends spent a most agreeable evening, Sam flattering himself he was squeezing Durfy beautifully into the service of his "big job," and Durfy flattering himself that this bumptious young pettifogger was the very person to get hold of to help him pay off all his old scores with Reginald Cruden.

(To be continued.)

ON SPECIAL SERVICE: A NAVAL STORY.

BY GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.,

Author of "The Cruise of the Snowbird," "Stanley O'Grahame," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.—A BATTLE AND A CHASE—THE CORAL REEF—A HURRICANE SQUALL—A FIGHT ON A CORAL ISLAND.

THE fight on board the barque had been unexceptionally severe, and long before morning broke and the moon dipped towards the west it was evident the captured vessel could not be kept afloat.

The wounded and prisoners were therefore speedily removed, and, steaming off a little way, the Theodora lay by to see the last of her. She floated longer than any one could have imagined. She died hard. At eight bells in the morning watch she was still afloat, moving slowly through the water, with tattered sails, splintered yards and ropes, and rigging all awry.

"I think," said Mr. Mildmay, "it might be just as well to put that craft out of pain."

"I was thinking so myself," replied Captain Blunderbore.

But as he spoke a puff of wind, almost a squall, came across the sea. For a time the barque could hardly be seen. When quite visible once more it was evident she was in extremis. She was taking weary lurches or rolls from side to side; finally the stern slowly sank, and she tipped up forward; then the fo'c's'le blew up with a dull, heavy report, and next minute she was dragged beneath, the bubbling waters closed over her, and the barque was no more.

It was a busy day that for the Theodora, and especially for Dr. McGee. The whole of both sides of the main deck was turned into a hospital. Cots were hung under canvas, and there the wounded were placed, the Arabs being treated with just as much kindness and attention as the British.

Nearly a month passed away. The Theodora had been to Zanzibar with her prisoners, and was once more back on her cruising ground between Comoro and Madagascar.

A good look-out was kept nightly for the piratical slaver. It was evident from reports that had reached Captain Blunderbore's ears at Johanna, that she was still in these seas.

Men were constantly kept in the chains too, for the shoals in the sea and the coral reefs all round here are dangerous in the extreme, and but imperfectly laid down in the charts.

Late one evening a light was reported, and although it might be only that of another cruiser or an honest trader, the bugle at once sounded to quarters. It was clear and starry, as on the eve of the battle described in last chapter.

The light, however, disappeared as suddenly as it had shone out, and nothing more was seen for fully an hour, when to

the surprise of every one a ship under full sail was noticed coming down towards them like an avalanche.

"That's the Castigo," cried Benbow. "No ship on this coast can move like that but—"

The sentence was never concluded. The approaching vessel yawed for a moment, a line of fire and smoke ran along her black hull, then came thunder and a rain of shot that tore through the rigging and bulwarks of the Theodora and wounded more than one man.

The response was immediate from the war-ship, and it must have been a telling one. When the smoke cleared away the Castigo—for it was she—was seen still staggering and reeling and apparently almost unfit to proceed. There was time for the Theodora to almost rake her. But in the darkness probably little damage was done by the second broadside, and before another could be fired the Castigo was beyond range.

The brief battle now resolved itself into a chase. Away went the Castigo in a line with the shore, and the Theodora followed at full speed, firing every now and then with her bow gun.

"By all that is lucky," cried Benbow, wild with excitement, "we are gaining on the Castigo. See, sir, she is setting sail, and that last shot went slick into her stern."

A little sail was now clapped on the Theodora, which both steadied her and increased her speed.

But on went the Castigo, and it was soon evident that Barclay's shots were falling short.

The first lieutenant took several turns up and down the bridge, casting anxious eyes skywards. Strange to say, the clouds that were banking up and up, and blotting out the stars, were not coming from the same direction as the wind, but from nearly the opposite point of the compass.

On board the Castigo the pirate captain stood anxiously on his bridge. Hope in his breast was bounding very high now. He saw his enemy coming on after him, on and on to certain destruction, for both vessels were already on the edge of a reef, which the Castigo, with her light draught of water, might get over in safety, the Theodora never. This was the revenge which Gaspar Moravo had been planning and plotting for a month. There was hardly a mile of shoal water in the Indian Ocean or channel of Mozambique unknown to this old piratical slaver.

It was nearly or quite high water, too

—the pirate had chosen his time well—so that if the Theodora struck there would be no higher tide to float her off.

Still the sky was becoming overcast, and what meant those ominous drift-clouds so high up in the zenith?

No matter, no matter; it was now or never. Gaspar felt as he clutched the bridge-rail and glanced back in the direction of his hated foe that he would be content to die if he could be sure of accomplishing the destruction of that ship.

"Eugenio," he said to his lieutenant, "in half an hour, if the wind holds, yon vessel will be hard and fast on these rocks, and when daylight comes we will but have to stand by and see them perish!"

"Your excellency is right," replied Eugenio; "but still, capitano, I do not like the looks of the night. How dark and black it gets! I believe a squall is coming!"

"Stand by! Ready about!"

The wind went suddenly down; there was an ominous flapping of the sails.

A few drops of rain came pattering down on deck as if the goddess Nox were shedding tears for the death and ruin so soon to follow.

Blacker and darker grew the night. The ship rolled unsteadily, and seemed to quiver as if she were a living thing in fright, not knowing where to run, not knowing from which direction the danger was coming.

Gaspar himself rushed aft and stationed himself by the men at the wheel.

He turned the wheel himself a point or two. "Keep her there!" he cried; "one point off that means destruction to all on board!"

The sails continued to flap intermittently.

Then from over the sea came a low moaning sound like the roar of surf on a far-off shore.

The night grew blacker still; nothing could be seen a yard ahead, and the light even from the binnacle and from the dead-eyes shot far up into the sky.

But, see! yonder, on the near horizon, is a long white line; it comes nearer and nearer.

Then a flash of lightning darts quickly through the gloom, but the thunder that follows is never heard in the terrible roaring of the hurricane-squall that now sweeps downwards with a fury that cannot be described.

The Castigo is thrown on her beam ends, yet she rights again slowly and steadily; but, blinded by the surf and

spray, the men at the wheel have for a moment lost command of her. For some time she goes tearing on before the awful squall, and next moment strikes with terrible violence on the very rocks to which she was trying to lead her enemy, the *Theodora*.

"To cling to slippery shrouds
Each breathless seaman crowds."

In less than a minute, with a series of crashes, down go masts and funnel, and

ship, for not one timber of her shall fall into the hands of our enemies."

"Ay, and we will stand by to see her blaze too."

In half an hour more the pirate ship was in flames from stem to stern, then away shorewards went her boats.

They were hardly a mile away when the old *Waterwitch* blew up, scattering her burning beams and timbers across the water; then all was silence and darkness once again.

Presently up rose the moon, silvering

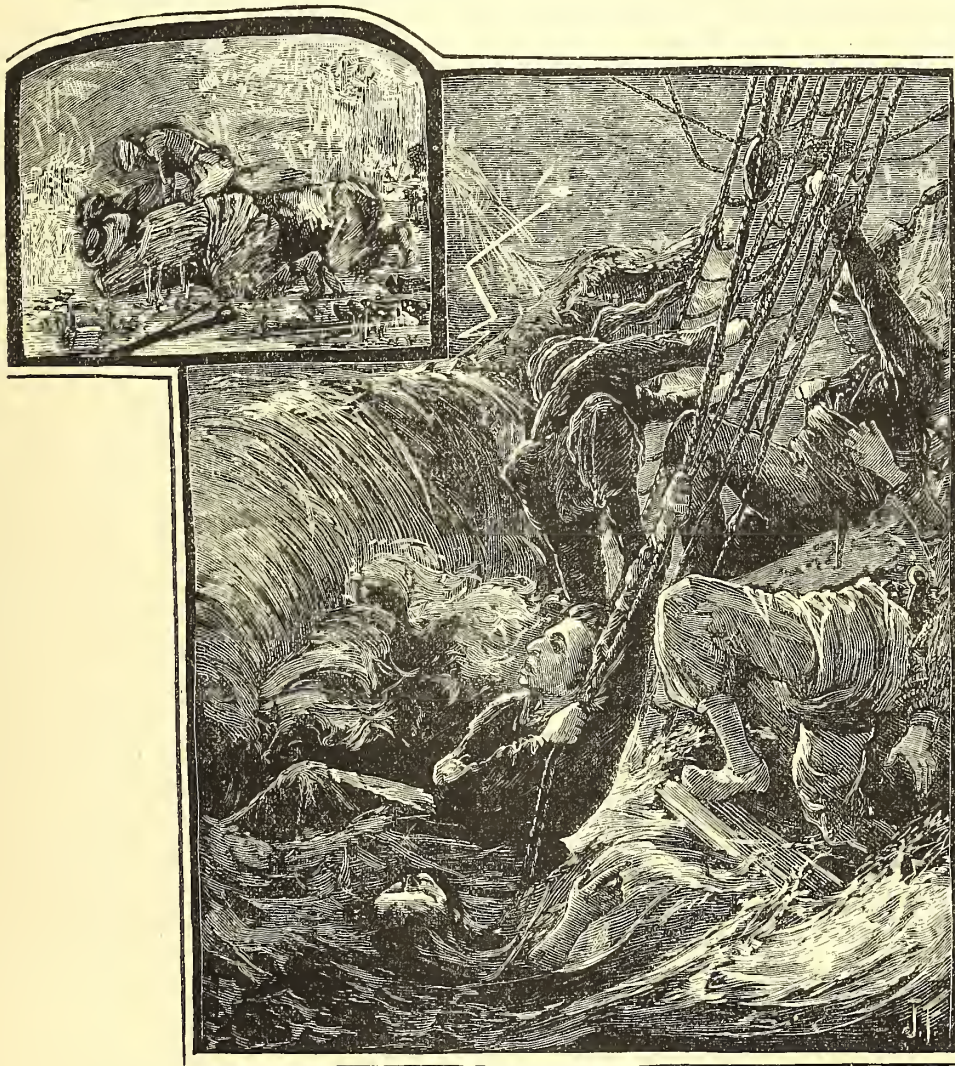
beach was of coral sand, and shone like silver in the clear moonlight.

The boats pulled round and round it, but never a sign of life was visible.

Gayly, however, who was in command of this little expedition, determined to wait till daylight and thoroughly search the place.

So the boats were drawn up, sentries placed, and a bivouac formed on the sands. And thus the night was spent.

Proof of the presence of the pirates on the island was found next morning early.



A Terrible Moment.

the waves break on and over the doomed *Castigo*.

As suddenly as it came, so did it pass; both wind and sea went down, clouds drifted overhead still, but among them ever and anon stars could be seen.

"Eugenio!" cried Gaspar; "our vessel is lost! Have we boats enough left to take us away? The island of Pratto is but a short distance off. Can we manage?"

"We have boats enough," answered Eugenio, "to take away all the men we have left. Those terrible seas clean-swept our decks."

"Then get them out. Death is welcome, if death *will* come, but we shall not be the prisoners of the cruiser. Man the boats."

"And now, Eugenio, if you are ready we will leave; but first let us fire the

few remaining clouds, and casting a broad belt of shining light across the water.

"A narrow shave for us," said Blunderbore, of the *Theodora*.

"A narrow shave indeed!" replied Benbow.

"Can any have escaped, think you?" said Captain Blunderbore to Mildmay.

"I think it is highly probable there may be," was the reply; "and if so they have taken refuge on yonder little island."

In a few minutes more five boats filled with armed men were rapidly leaving the ship's sides and pulling straight for the island.

It was hardly a mile in circumference, but covered almost entirely with low trees and scrubby bushes, and quite an entanglement of wild creepers. The

They had attempted to conceal their boats, but in vain. These were soon pulled out and taken possession of; then search was commenced for the owners. It was found almost impossible, however, to penetrate into the interior of the island, which, according to Benbow's description, contained nothing but scrubby jungle and scrubby snakes.

The *Theodora*, lying at anchor about a mile off, was communicated with, and orders were received to fire the bush. This it was believed would bring the pirates down to the only piece of clear ground there was near the beach. The wood was accordingly fired, and in less than an hour from end to end the island was a mass of flames and smoke.

But two whole hours went by, then three, and four, yet the pirates made never a sign. "Is it possible," Colin re-

marked to Benbow, "the wretches have perished in the flames?"

"Heaven forbid," said Benbow; "it is too dreadful to think of."

Several blue-jackets and marines attempted to find their way into the interior, but were obliged to come back without having made any discovery.

"I have it," cried Benbow, "my little black rascal Othello; he's a Salamander, nothing can hurt him. We'll send him in."

"Good," said Gayly, laughing somewhat sarcastically; "if you think your Salamander can accomplish anything, you'd better signal for him."

A blue-jacket who had acted as signalman soon let them know on board the Theodora what was wanted. So soon after Othello came on shore in the dingy.

"Golly, massa," he cried, rejoiced at being able to do a service. "I no hurt. De fire never lighted yet hot enough to burn Othello. But, sah! I not go into dat bush with my best clothes."

"No, certainly, Othello, it would really be a pity to spoil so splendid a suit."

Othello grinned from one of his big ears to the other, speedily commencing undressing, and when he had reduced himself to very scanty raiment indeed he received his orders and off he went to reconnoitre.

A very bold little chap was Othello, and quite a "curio" in the way of niggers. Ever since his arrival on board the Theodora—Benbow had brought him from Sierra Leone—he had been a favourite with every one.

The tailor had earned for himself undying fame as a tradesman by making Othello a suit of clothes that a duke's servant might have worn, had any duke's servant been small enough.

As for Othello, there certainly wasn't much of him. He was so small he could have gone to bed in the coal-scuttle, and so black that if you had opened the lid you wouldn't have seen him.

But he had created quite a sensation the first day he had entered the gun-room in those new clothes of his. It was just lunch-time.

"Ho! ho!" said Benbow, "the tailor has made your clothes then?"

"Yes, sah! and they fits like a glove,

sah. Dat am de ver' remark de tailor make hissef, sah."

"Stand up on that chair till we see you. Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Benbow, "what a caricature upon humanity! Why, my little Koh-i-noor, you're a regular black Jeames in miniature. Plush waistcoat, white tie, dress coat, knee breeches and all!"

"Come down, Othello, come down, sir."

"Ise a-goin' to be call Othello, now, sah?" asked the blameless Ethiopian; "all dat long name, sah?"

"Yes, my boy. What did they call you at St. Helena?"

"Dey never called me nuffin. Dey allers kicked me, sah!"

Off went Othello then, and Benbow grew very anxious indeed as a very long time seemed to elapse, and still there were no signs of his reappearance, for Benbow really had considerable regard for his black mite of a servant.

But Othello returned at last. He came out with a rush and a run; the only garment he wore was a white one before he entered; it was black enough now; and his hands and feet and face were torn, burned, and bleeding. His story was simple and satisfactory enough.

"In de middle ob de bush," he said, "der am one big, big clearing. All roun' he am, dis clearing. No fire der, 'cause no bush der to burn. And der all de bad white men sit down. Dey had plenty sword, plenty spear, and dey no make much bobbery, only one small palaver, only one little sing-song. All de same as dis, Massa Benbow."

Down on his knees on the coral sand went little Othello, with his face thrown forward and buried in his hands—the attitude of prayer used by the Arabs.

"Enough, my lad," said Benbow, kindly. "Get away on board again, I don't want anything to come over you."

"What does it mean?" said Quentin.

"It means," was Benbow's reply, "that those fellows are preparing for death, and will die with their swords in their hands."

"You're right, I believe, for once, Benbow," said Lieutenant Gayly.

"For once, yes, thank you." And Benbow lifted his hat in mock courtesy to his superior officer.

It was getting on towards four bells in

the afternoon watch, the men had dined on the beach, and both marines and blue-jackets were lying down beside their piled arms, laughing, joking, and talking as easily as they would have done on Southsea Common, when a wild shout was heard, and from the still smouldering jungle the foe leapt on them.

So quick was the onset that they had hardly time to form and fire a volley.

Then the fight went on hand to hand, a terrible *mêlée* with bayonets and clubbed muskets on the one side, with sword and spear on the other.

Gaspar Moravo and Eugenio, his lieutenant, were the first to fall. It seemed as though they actually courted death.

* * * *

Reader, as I wrote that last sentence my morning paper was laid on my study table, and pausing for a moment to open it (January 22nd, 1885), I read the account of the fierce engagement between General Stewart's troops and the wild hordes of the False Prophet at the wells of Abu Klea. I can see it all in imagination, that fearful struggle against overwhelming odds; for well I know the fanatic fury of the Arab tribesmen.

* * * *

Nay, I will not finish the description of the fight on the sands of Pretto between the Arab pirates and our men of the Theodora.

But—no prisoners were taken. And side by side with the foe were stretched more than one brave blue-jacket and marine. And a cross marks their graves on that lonely isle of the ocean.

The little rough-hewn cross, generally of wood, sometimes even of stone, and always with rudely-carved initials, where is it not to be seen? Far away north on the surf-tormented shores of Greenland, draped in a mantle of snow and fringed with icicles; far away south on the stern and rocky coasts of Del Fuego, or the Cape; westward among the isles of the Pacific, and eastward on the coral islands of the Indian Ocean, half hidden at times in a wealth of creeping greenery and wild flowers, but always visible.

How that little cross speaks to the heart sailors alone know.

(To be continued.)

UP AND DOWN: A STORY OF THE OCEAN WAVE.

By ASCOTT R. HOPE,

Author of "The Tell-Tale," "The Amateur Dominie," etc.

CHAPTER IV.—GETTING UP AGAIN.

DING-DONG went the dinner-bell along the deserted deck. Then the captain and I sat down alone, with a great joint apiece for each of us, and steaming dishes of vegetables and two or three puddings, all spread in vain, so far as the rest of the passengers were concerned. They seemed likely to make a bad bargain of their contract for victuals. It was dining under difficulties. The fiddles had been rigged out to keep our dishes and glasses in their places, but every now and then there would be quite a little storm among the gravy, and we had plenty of work in conveying the soup safely to our mouths, so that conversation flagged between us

for a time; indeed, we hardly knew what to say to each other. The skipper still eyed me suspiciously, as if doubtful whether I were not only pretending to be at ease. By-and-by, however, taking note of my unmistakably hearty appetite, he grinned approval, and remarked that I ought to have been a sailor, by which I felt duly flattered, beginning to think not a little of myself as one superior to the common lot of landmen. With the cheese he became still more confidential.

"Quiet enough now!" he chuckled, jerking his thumb towards the cabin-doors on either side of us, from which issued at intervals a subdued groan or

other still more unmistakable sound of trouble. "They were carrying on finely last night, but I thought half a gale of wind would bring them up with a round turn. Lying under close-reefed canvas to-day; tails between their legs, eh?"

I grinned, having indeed some cause to agree with the skipper in his satisfaction.

"Never had such a set of passengers in my life! Why, even the Sunday excursionists aren't so bad—Jim and 'Arry, and the rest of 'em. Well, I'm glad I never went to school, if there's no more sense to be got there. My youngsters shall go to sea as soon as they can pull a

rope—that's where boys learn how to behave themselves!"

"Were you never at school, captain?" I ventured to ask.

"Not much, my lad; boys didn't waste their time in my day. I served aboard a Newcastle collier when I was twelve years old; and look at me now!"

There was no answering such an argument, even if I had been prepared to discuss theories of education. My own private opinion at that age was much the same as his, and it astonished me for once to find a grown-up person agreeing with me. But here our conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Gooderidge standing half dressed by his cabin-door, clutching desperately at the handle to keep himself on his legs, as he gasped out, in lamentable accents,

"Captain! captain! is this wind not going to stop, please?"

"I hope not. Won't you come and have a bit of dinner?"

"Oh!" was Gooderidge's only reply.

"It's worse than wind I am afraid of."

"Worse!" echoed Gooderidge, dolefully, and sympathetic murmurs arose from other sufferers, who had overheard what was said.

"Fog! That's what we have to look out for if the wind drops. How would you like to lie off Ushant for a couple of days, rocking in the swell of the Atlantic, eh?"

The captain winked at me, cruel in his hour of triumph. Gooderidge opened his mouth once more, but at this moment there came a terrible heave and rattle of crockery, and he disappeared precipitately, like a perturbed spirit vanishing into the tomb at cockerow.

After dinner there was not much to tempt me to remain below in that close, ill-smelling atmosphere of the cabin. Most of the fellows appeared to ask nothing but to be left alone; as for Gooderidge, he was quite speechless; so I went on deck and spent the rest of the day there, watching the foaming sea and the few vessels which could be seen trying to beat up against the wind or running gallantly before it. Towards evening the captain, coming down from the bridge in dripping oilskins, took me under his wing and became quite communicative. He showed me Alderney looming through the clouds, and the Casket rocks and other landmarks. We had tea together cosily in his cabin, and he talked to me a great deal about "Number twenty-nine," by which I found he meant a certain house at Stepney where his wife and children lived. That was how the rough skipper had a soft spot in his heart for youngsters like me. Then he advised me to shake myself down for the night in a snug little place beside the cabin hatchway, generally reserved for ladies. There I turned in with my clothes on, and slept like a top through all the heaving and pitching.

I was awakened by the sailors washing the decks, a very unnecessary proceeding, as appeared to me. Land appeared close at hand. We had passed Ushant, and were making our way by a group of low rocky islands, hardly noticeable except for the lighthouses that marked them, which the captain told me were called the "Saints," but ought to have a worse name for the trouble they gave to mariners. Here we rounded the corner of France, and came fairly into the Bay

of Biscay, that, in spite of its evil repute, proved not so bad for us as the English Channel. The wind had gone to the north-west, blowing strong and sharp, but favourable to us now that we must run south. Some sail was set, which helped to steady the boat, and on we went with wind and steam, catching sight here and there of the rocky shores of Brittany on our left, then, later in the day, of Belleisle, and other islands off the French coast.

The great waves, chasing us now from behind, did not shake the vessel about so much as on the day before; still there was quite enough motion to keep the invalids from getting their sea-legs. A few of them ventured to crawl on deck for a little, shivering in the cold wind. Others might be seen faintly nibbling at a biscuit, but most of them continued prostrate. Gooderidge lay on his back all day, having reached that stage of seasickness in which he seemed neither to know nor care what happened to him, and for my part I was well satisfied that he did not recover too quickly. I had nothing to fear from any of them that day. No more mischief, no more chaff, no more singing; but if these woeful wights had found voice for song, their quavering chorus would have surely been—

"As we lay,
In the bay,
In the Bay of Biscay—Oh-hh!"

If it is so much misery to be sick in the first-class cabins of a passenger steamer, what, I have often asked myself, must have been the sufferings of our Peter Simples and Midshipman Easys in their gloomy cock-pit berths?

Thus the day passed away. After dark a light was seen from a boat close ahead, and we slackened speed.

"I hope this is one of the frog-eaters, to let me turn in and get a quiet night," quoth the captain.

We burned a blue light at the bows, there was a hail from the boat, the steamer stopped, and a man scrambled on board—my first Frenchman! He was the pilot for the bar of the Gironde, but he looked such a ferocious character, with his big cloak, his fur cap, and his scraggy beard, that I thought him much more like a pirate.

Now our voyage might be considered as almost at an end, and I went snugly to bed, full of pleasant expectations of seeing foreign parts. Gooderidge was, or pretended to be, asleep, and to-morrow I should be done with him—happy thought!

Next morning we found ourselves in the calm waters of the Gironde, with the low shores of La Belle France on either hand, not very enchanting, certainly, in this part; a somewhat monotonous scenery of flat fields and naked vineyards. But the wind had gone down, and the sun had come out to light up the spring green, and any land would have appeared beautiful to most of my pining fellow-passengers.

Up they came to enjoy the sunshine, very much subdued, no longer making any show of familiarity with the ocean. They had had enough of that for a time. The Eton boy was civil, the Bluecoat was silent, the army tutor's pupils had no heart to display their big pipes; the tourists addressed themselves to serious study of their guide-books; the French

boys kept longing eyes fixed on the familiar shore. The acrobats crept up to sun themselves, looking more dishevelled and unshaven than ever, but had not an antic left in them to celebrate their approach to firm land.

And Gooderidge! All his bullying and bumptiousness had been washed out of him for the nonce. After his recent experiences he seemed quite meek, even evincing a certain surly thankfulness to me for the various attentions I had paid him in his hour of need. When he talked of making me fag for him, he had little thought how dependent he should be on my voluntary services; and indeed I can wish no worse fate to a tyrant than being badly sea-sick before the eyes of his victim.

This day, for the first time, we all sat down to dinner, and did ample justice to our last meal in good substantial British style. Foreign kickshaws must henceforth be our fare till again we should face the briny ordeal that lay between us and the roast beef of Old England. The boys were all on their best behaviour now. There was very little conversation among them, for they all attended strictly to the business of eating, having indeed to make up a long leeway, as the captain facetiously remarked, glancing round at the active knives and forks of his reunited party.

"Had enough playing pitch and toss, eh?" he asked them, more than once, with a chuckle and a wink to me. The skipper evidently "fancied himself" for his wit, and was not magnanimous enough to refrain from crowing a little over those fallen rebels.

It was slow work ascending the pea-soup-like flood of the Gironde. We had to wait for the tide, and to take two fresh pilots on board at different points, but at last, towards evening, we were safely moored at the quay of Bordeaux; and among the little mob of curious idle, red-legged soldiers, blue-bloused workmen, turnip-headed children, and so forth, who had gathered to watch our disembarkation, I caught sight of my father looking out for me. I waved my hand, and he waved back, hurrying towards the gangway; and now, what need I care for all the Gooderidges in the world!

Then came a great confusion: porters gesticulating and shouting to secure a job; custom-house officers boarding the boat; luggage being dragged up from below and opened on deck for their inspection. In the middle of it Gooderidge accosted me with a slap on the back, in a tone that was meant to be friendly,

"Good-bye, you young Smout! Hope you will enjoy yourself in the holidays. See you again next term?"

"Yes," replied I, not very enthusiastically.

I never saw him again. After the holidays, for some reason or other, he did not come back to school, and nobody that I know of was sorry; at least, I for one was certainly not so. But at this time I thought nothing more about him, for there was my father pushing his way across the deck, who could now protect me as surely as, during the voyage, old Father Neptune had paralysed the hand of a bully. *Oh, si sicut omnes!*

(THE END.)

TIGER TALES; OR THE ADVENTURES OF A HOLIDAY



"MISSED, I believe!" shouted Norman, as he began to reload. "Keep a good look-out at the end of the jungle, Mac."

Mac did so, for the animal was only in sight for a few tremendous leaps, and he did not think it worth while to fire. But nothing broke from the end.

At the first roar some of the beaters had scrambled into low trees, but most of them huddled together like a flock of frightened sheep; and in this form they were now led by old Rugonauth out of the jungle on the side opposite to the sportsmen, with the object of beating from the remote end and driving the tiger from the thick patch in which he had disappeared.

Advancing in a compact body, and not scattered as heretofore in parties or singly, they approached the place, throwing stones and an occasional rocket or flower-pot as skirmishers in front.

This was evidently not to the tiger's taste, for he slipped down a few feet of bank into

the river, and partly in water, partly on the shingly shore, galloped back down the river side in a direction almost straight towards Mackenzie. Having a good command from his position on the bank, Mac let him come on; and, when within some thirty or forty yards, let drive. The bullet told, evidently behind, for the beast, pulling up in his head-long career, performed a regular waltz, partly rose on his hind legs, springing round several times as if to get at the wound, roaring with full tiger power during this gymnastic performance. But Mac's left barrel warned him of the propinquity of danger; so he abruptly reascended the bank and turned into the jungle, receiving right and left from Norman before he became concealed in the friendly cover.

The beaters were again withdrawn to the outside of the jungle, opposite to the place in which he was now supposed to be lying. A lucky and well-directed flower-pot stirred him up, however, and again he sneaked to the

end; but this time quietly glided down the bank into the deep water, and commenced swimming directly across.

Once on the other side, the same as that on which the hunters were stationed, the dense jungle in their rear, which extended for miles, afforded a secure retreat. That attained, there would be small chance of recovering him, wounded though he was. The effort was a bold one, but it was not fated to be successful.

The distance was over a hundred yards, but Mac's deadly heavy rifle was quickly brought up, and, after a momentary steady-ing, growled forth its anathema. Swimming as the beast was, with only the head, line of back, and the tail visible, it was a good shot to strike it. But the aim was true. Rearing half out of the water, he pawed at the air, receiving from Norman also a well-planted bullet. Turning round, he gave up his intention of forcing the passage of the river, and again retreated to the dense cover of the bushes at the end of the jungle.

"Well done, Mac, old fellow; well shot!" Norman had shouted as the first bullet told; "just stopped him in time."

"Same to you," was the reply, as Norman followed suit; "that's another for his nob."

"He got it severely there," said Norman, as he joined his friend when the tiger disappeared. "I don't like allowing the men to go in again."

"I don't think there will be any danger, if they'll only stick together and shout from the end of the patch, and be liberal with the crackers and flower-pots. But let us hear what Rugonauth says. I see Hawkes has gone round to the other side too."

It was soon ascertained that the tiger was lying about a dozen yards from a small tree, in which one of the markers was standing, whitey-brown with funk; for although he had crept as high as the branches would bear him, he was not more than twelve feet from the ground.

"We can't get the marker to speak, Sahib," shouted Rugonauth, "but he is pointing towards the tiger; and on this side we can



The First Tiger—A Swimming Shot.

see the bushes moving where he is tearing them in pain." And in effect the two friends also saw from their place the tops of some of the larger jow bushes swaying to and fro.

After a brief colloquy it was determined that all three of the hunters should join on the other side; and, should the beast not prove amenable to all their persuasive efforts to rouse him, advance directly on the place of his retreat. But before performing this dangerous manœuvre, they decided to exhaust all possible means of inducing him to show.

It occurred to Norman that if the marker could be induced to get the brute to charge up to his tree, they might roll him over as he crossed an intervening open space. At any rate the man was safe, covered as he was by the three sportsmen then standing not more than twenty yards from him.

The man was appealed to in affecting terms by Rugonauth; but, shivering with fright, he steadily declined to hold any verbal communication whatsoever.

"He is ready to drop out of the tree with funk, Sahib," said the old shikaree; "there

The brute immediately started up and made towards the tree; but ere he had covered half the intervening space three rifle bullets crashed into his body, and he rolled over into a dip in the ground, where the bushes concealed him.

"Is he dead?" was shouted to the marker; and that individual, plucking up spirit as he saw the dreaded beast lying prostrate before him, managed to find a husky voice, and answered that "he thought it was, though still gasping."

"I'll go and see, and make sure," Mackenzie said, "while you be ready here to cover me in case of need." Accordingly he went to the tree, climbed into it, fired a shot to make certain, and then proclaimed the tiger to be dead.

Not a bad opening for the holiday trip of the three officers from Jehangerepore, whose adventures have been so graphically related by Captain Newall! His "Eastern Hunters" is one of the pleasantest of books dealing with jungle life in India, and from it we pur-

gentlemen, and have your day's pay without deduction. Keep that in mind. To-day I shall give you an extra half-day's pay; and so I will always do when we kill."

After a buzz of approval as the speech was translated by the shikaree out of the Hindustani in which it was spoken into the dialect of the district, and various ejaculations in which "Cherisher of the poor" was generally distinguishable, the money was paid and the ring broke up.

As the sun went down the three friends strolled down to the pool, and found they had not deceived themselves as to the delight afforded by a plunge after the hard day's work. A swim and roll about in the water invigorated them immensely, and they shortly sat down to dinner in a state of mind and body it is rarely given to the dyspeptic shunner of air and exercise or the contemner of energetic inuring sport to enjoy.

Before and during dinner the noise of many voices indicated where the process of skinning the dead tigress was being effected by the choomars (tanners), who had been summoned



The Camp.

is no getting anything out of him, but I'll try and get him to break off a bit of branch and throw it towards the tiger, while you be prepared in case he gets up."

Sending the beaters to a distance, and standing shoulder to shoulder, the hunters advanced to the nearest spot attainable, at the same time covering the opening I have spoken of, and Rugonauth commenced exhorting the marker in the most moving and feeling manner. "Why, look here!" he said; "do you think you can be in any danger with these three tiger-slaying lords to defend you? What animal dare show itself before them without being made to eat their invincible bullets? Arree! wah! You are like a miserable crow in a tree. Find courage, you poor wretch, and then you will receive much honour and *baksheesh* for being the means of causing that infidel tiger to die."

Several of his fellow-villagers also chimed in from a distance, entreating him to do as desired.

Whether it was owing to the moving eloquence of Rugonauth, the exhortations of his brethren, or the magic name of "*baksheesh*," the wretched man did at last, hesitatingly, snap off a large twig and throw it at the tiger.

pose quoting freely, more especially with regard to the shooting of tiger and other big game. But before entering on another incident we may as well appropriately finish the first day's work.

The tiger proved to be a splendid tigress, and loud was the chattering among the beaters as they gathered round and boasted of what each had done towards the result, the hero of the tree being prominent in telling with great volubility and much repetition the story of his danger and escape. After a short rest under a tree the ponies were sent for, and Mackenzie, Norman, and Hawkes cantered off to camp; but it was nearly sunset before they were joined by the beaters, who, in relays, staggered under the weight of the tigress, which had been tied by the legs to a long branch. Having deposited their burden with much grunting and rubbing of shoulders, they were, under the captain's orders, marshalled into line and then desired to sit down in a ring. This being accomplished, the captain, with a bag of money in his hand, thus addressed them:

"You have all done well. The other sahibs and myself are pleased. You shall always be fairly paid by myself or one of the other

from a large village about three miles off. A spot had been selected for this purpose a little to the leeward of the camp, and to this, after dinner, the hunters betook themselves personally to superintend the stretching and pegging down of the skin.

When the hide is taken off, and the pieces of flesh and fat still adhering are carefully scraped away, it is pegged to the ground by means of a number of little wooden pegs, two or three inches long, driven through the skin at intervals, just within its outer edge, all round. This is done with the hairy side of the skin downwards, so that, after being well washed and scraped, the interior may dry from the exposure, and thus the hide retain, without shrinking, the dimensions it has been stretched to. It therefore follows that a skin is somewhat longer in measurement than the animal who at one time actually wore it.

Cheroot in mouth, and lolling in their chairs in loose undress, the hunters sat and superintended, smoking and chatting over the incidents of the day, in the pleasant light of a young tropical moon. The hum of many insects was around, seeming to pervade the air. Bats fluttered to and fro, and fireflies glittered in the shady nooks about the pool.

A hungry impatient family or two of jackals set up their clamorous demands for supper, having already scented death on the still air. And more than once the ghost-like form of one more daring than the rest would approach, only, however, to glide away, followed by a stone or stick from one of the village watch-

men or other detector of the intruder. An owl, flitting about, hooted its low wailing notes, like some ubiquitous demon; and all listened as, once or twice, the distant roar, or rather grunt, of a tiger came borne on the gentle night air. The hot sirocco wind, which had blown strongly during the day, had given

place to one, not cool certainly, but now in comparison fresh, gentle, and balmy, though even yet puffs came laden with the furnace heat of the parched and desiccated soil. Occasionally a thump would be heard, causing a general rush and scramble among some of the followers, as a ripe mango fell to earth.

(To be continued.)

THE SALT-WATER AQUARIUM.

BY THEODORE WOOD,

Author of "Our Insect Allies," etc.

(Continued from page 671.)

IF you can get a Dragonet, do so by all means, if only for the sake of its singular appearance. It is by no means an uncommon fish, but seldom visits the shore, and prefers to remain near the bottom of the sea beyond low-water mark. When young, however, it is rather more venturesome, and is occasionally found in the nets of professional shrimpers, who invariably discard it in company with other "rubbish" of a similar character. If you are on good terms with one of these gentry, you ought to have no difficulty in supplying yourself with as many examples as you want.

There are few of our British fishes more striking in aspect than the dragonet, or "sculpin" as it is often called, whose dorsal fin is exceedingly narrow, and is prolonged to such a degree that it reaches as far as the base of the tail. This curious fin is boldly arched, and is in itself quite sufficient to point out the identity of its owner. Nor is the fish lacking in beauty, for its scales glitter at every movement as though set with gems, for which the golden ground-colour of the body affords a kind of setting. Only the adult male, however, is thus gorgeously clad, his gentle spouse and the young of both sexes being very dingy creatures in comparison.

If you are lucky enough to obtain a dragonet, you may feed him upon small molluscs and marine worms. He will not require very many, and you must be very careful to remove those which he does not devour before the water becomes tainted by their dead bodies.

Flat-fish are interesting creatures, and may often be caught by the aid of the hands alone. If you wade into the water at a spot where the sand is mingled with a little mud, you will often feel the fish wriggling away from beneath your bare feet. Wait until your foot is firmly placed upon one of these, stoop quickly down, grasp it firmly with your hands, and transfer it to your bottle before it can contrive to make its escape.

It is best to put a little sand in the vessel containing these fish, as they are very fond of lying motionless at the bottom of the water, and will be sadly disconcerted if they have nothing but metal or glass upon which to rest. It is also advisable to isolate them as far as possible, for they are gifted with tolerably large appetites, and will almost certainly prey upon their fellow-captives if you give them the opportunity.

Another animal that is well worth keeping, even at the expense of a little trouble, is the well-known Cuttle-fish, or Squid, which is plentiful enough upon most parts of our coast. This is also one of those beings for which solitary confinement is advisable, for it is decidedly a creature of prey, and is not averse even to a meal upon its own species.

You may sometimes find the eggs of the cuttle-fish, looking not unlike a bunch of purple grapes, and can frequently hatch out the young animals by keeping them in water for a short time. It is well worth while doing so, if you have the chance, for then you can watch the entire life-history, and make yourself acquainted with the habits of the animals during every stage of their growth.

Notice especially the manner in which they swim. You will very likely find it somewhat difficult to do so at first, for they seem to propel themselves through the water without any visible means, and to move to and fro merely by the exercise of their will alone. If you can manage to startle one, however, as he is resting at the bottom of the vessel, you will notice that the sand in front of him is disturbed as he darts away, just as if the contents of a small syringe had been discharged along it. And this, in fact, is exactly what has taken place. By examining the body of the animal you will discover that it is furnished with a small tube called the "siphon," which is connected with the breathing organs, and through which water is continually passing. By forcibly ejecting the contents of this tube the animal is of course driven backwards, for the water which is expelled acts on that around it, and jerks the creature for some little distance, just as the gases rushing from the interior of a skyrocket drive the case into the air by their action upon the surrounding atmosphere. This is the entire secret, and by the exercise of a little care and patience you may easily see it in operation for yourself.

There is another habit for which most of the cuttles are famous, and that of a rather peculiar character. If one of these animals be alarmed in any way, the water around it suddenly becomes as dense as ink, without any apparent reason. The fact is that the little creature is furnished with a reservoir containing a supply of a thick black fluid, which can be ejected at will, and darkens the water with which it mixes so thoroughly that the cuttle-fish is concealed for a moment or two from the sight of its foe, and so has time to make its escape. It is from this singular fluid that the colour known as "sepia" is manufactured.

Still another point of interest we may find in the arms, or "tentacles," of the cuttle-fish. These, it will be found, are studded with a number of small but powerful sucker-like organs, each composed of a kind of fleshy cup, and provided with a piston, so to speak, which can be worked to and fro at will. It will thus be seen that, when the disc of one of these suckers is placed against the body of the victim, and the piston withdrawn, a vacuum is formed, and the prisoner held securely until it is carried to the mouth and devoured.

Sea-anemones, which of course must be represented in every aquarium, capture their prey in a somewhat similar manner. Their long wavy tentacles are not furnished with suckers, it is true, but nevertheless possess weapons even more deadly, in the shape of multitudes of envenomed darts, which can be shot forth when their owner has need of their services. Each of these darts, when not in use, lies coiled away like a piece of watchspring in a tiny cell, so small, indeed, that a tolerably powerful microscope is needed in order to distinguish it. But woe betide the shrimp or even the small fish that comes into contact with one of the tentacles! As if by magic, it is arrested in its course, its struggles grow fainter and fainter, and before very

long it disappears into the stomach of the anemone, the poisoned darts having done their work and slain their victim almost before it was fairly seized. So powerful are these thread-like weapons, indeed, that they can make their influence felt even by the human finger, and will raise painful blisters upon the hand which touches them if the skin be at all sensitive.

In transferring anemones from the rocks upon which they are resting, force must never be employed, for they are delicate creatures, and may be fatally injured if not treated with the utmost care. By far the best plan is to chip off the fragment to which they are attached by means of a chisel, and to place them in the aquarium without attempting to remove them from their hold. They will not require food very often, and will eat scraps of raw meat if living victims cannot be obtained.

Crabs, as a general rule, are unsatisfactory creatures to keep in confinement, for their appetites are so insatiable that they will devour all their fellow-captives in the course of a day or two, and, moreover, they require far more space than can generally be allotted to them. There are one or two of the molluscs, also, which *must* be excluded, such as the common Dog Winkle, which has a bad habit of attacking his shell-bearing relatives, perforating their shells by means of his "tooth-ribbon," and extracting their bodies piecemeal through the aperture. Another of the whelk tribe—namely, the Sting Winkle—which may be known by its peculiarly corrugated shell, is equally destructive, and must be sentenced to solitary confinement if it is kept at all.

Two or three examples of the common Periwinkle should find place in each vessel, however, for they will prove invaluable in keeping the sides free of the vegetable growth which is so apt to overspread them. These may generally be procured in multitudes by searching the rocks at low water. Other molluscs you will probably find in company with them, and may admit by far the greater proportion to your aquarium without any fears as to possible consequences. As a general rule, however, it is as well to select the smaller specimens only, and to pass the larger by.

Shrimps you will want, of course, for they are most interesting creatures to watch, and may be obtained without the smallest difficulty. Notice, if you can, the peculiar manner in which they swim, jerking the broad fan-like tail sharply towards the head by a sudden contraction of the body, and so driving themselves *backwards* through the water. Lobsters, by the way, swim in precisely the same manner, and dart along with wonderful speed and precision. Get one or two Prawns, also, if possible, for the sake of their beauty, if for no other reason, and feed them upon the dead bodies of small shrimps, sand-hoppers, etc., or upon tiny morsels of raw meat.

By carefully searching the rock-pools near low-water mark you will most likely come upon a number of Sea-urchins, each with its array of bristly spines. Take two or three of these by all means, for, although they are

somewhat sluggish in their movements, they are nevertheless most interesting creatures, and are worth a little trouble, if only to see the singular manner in which they travel along. By way of food you can supply them with very small molluscs, etc., and they will also eat fragments of vegetable matter.

Star-fish, if kept at all, must be doomed to solitary confinement, for, inoffensive though they may appear, they are terribly voracious creatures, and are sure before long to devour most of the other occupants of the tank. Even oysters are not safe from them, in spite of their almost impregnable habitations, as many a fisherman can testify to his cost. The star-fish cannot get the oyster into his stomach, it is true, but there is another plan which is almost equally simple, and that is to put his stomach round the oyster. This, accordingly, he does, first turning it out of his mouth in order to render his task more easy of accomplishment. Probably by means of some irritant liquid, the oyster is then induced slightly to open his shells, the stomach is inserted between them, and the body of the mollusc wrapped in its folds.

Digestion takes place at leisure, and, finally, the star-fish, having first turned himself inside out, reverses the process and turns himself outside in, whereupon he is in perfect readiness for another meal of a similar character. This statement reads rather like a story from the adventures of Baron Munchausen, but it is none the less a fact, and one which the owner of an aquarium may verify for himself without any very great difficulty.

The Sea-mouse, which is far more like a bristle-clad slug than anything else, is also a dangerous creature to introduce into society, and must always be placed in a vessel by itself. In spite of its mud-dwelling proclivities, it is a wonderfully beautiful creature, its spines, when thoroughly cleansed from the dirt which invariably clings to them, glistening with all the colours of the rainbow, which change and intermingle as the light plays over the bristles in a manner which must be seen to be appreciated.

Lastly, we come to the Jelly-fish, and these, although many of them are of singular beauty, are beings which can scarcely be

recommended as inmates of the aquarium. It is not that they are unduly voracious, or that they give any particular trouble, but merely that they refuse to live in confinement, and are perfectly sure to die before they have been prisoners for many days. These, therefore, you had better let alone, or, if you specially desire to keep them, you must be always on the watch to remove their dead bodies when the inevitable result ensues.

In conclusion, let me once more urge you not to be discouraged by a few failures. You cannot expect to become an adept without first gaining a little experience, either in aquarium-keeping or in any other pursuit, and until this experience has been acquired a few mistakes must be regarded as inevitable. Each error, however, will teach you a lesson, and before very long you will find that your difficulties clear away as if by magic, and that your tanks are stocked with healthy and interesting captives, in watching whose habits you may find an unfailing source of interest and amusement.

BOY LIFE AFLOAT.

By CAPTAIN H., LATE R.N.

IV.—DHOW-CATCHING.

TO England belongs the honour of having given the death-blow to that nefarious traffic the slave trade. For although it is not entirely dead, slaves are no longer imported by civilised nations, and the small trade that is still carried on by water is almost entirely confined to the East Coast of Africa and the Persian Gulf.

No longer is the "saucy schooner" or the "rakish-looking brig" employed in carrying away the unfortunate negro condemned to a life of labour and servitude; they are dreams of the past, and the business is now carried on in native vessels, which are termed dhows.

An average dhow is about the size of a large fishing smack, the planks of which it is composed being sewn together with cocoanut fibre instead of being fastened with nails. They carry large triangular sails, and make very good weather at sea in spite of their awkward appearance.

But their interior economy is the most wonderful, for although the space is so limited, they manage to carry a wonderful number of slaves, as many as two hundred and fifty having been captured in one dhow.

The way in which they succeed in economising their space is as follows. They make the slaves sit down all round on the lower flooring of the vessel, with their backs to the side and facing inwards. Then about two inches above their heads is fixed a plank which runs all round the dhow, and on which are seated another layer of prisoners; and finally in the largest dhows there is sometimes a third plank containing a third lot of these human sardines. A plank runs down the centre, on which a man walks up and down armed with a bamboo in order to maintain discipline, and from this plank the poor wretches receive their allowance of rice and water, upon which they are fed during the voyage.

Of course the passage is generally short, but as the slaves are never allowed to move, the reader may imagine—for it is impossible to describe—the state of dirt and filth they are usually in when captured by our cruisers or their boats.

In order to instigate the commanders and crews of our men-of-war to greater efforts, and also reward them for the extra work and danger that the service entails, prize money is paid for every slave captured.

We believe that it can be obtained either by "tonnage" or "head money"—i.e., if the vessel is a large one, but only scantily filled with slaves, the capturer may claim to receive the five pounds a ton; if, on the contrary, it is a small dhow crammed with slaves, they may

claim the three pounds per head for the slaves captured.

This is divided according to classes, from the admiral of the station down to a ship's boy, the former receiving a thirtieth part of the whole sum, and the latter getting one share of the remainder.

The greater number of dhows are caught by ships' boats, the boats being armed and provisioned for a fortnight's or three weeks' cruise, and a rendezvous having been appointed, they are dropped close to the coast and allowed to hunt for themselves.

This permits of examining bays, creeks, the mouths of rivers, etc., which would be impossible for a large ship to do, besides which the knowledge of a man-of-war being in the neighbourhood would keep the slavers quiet, while they would probably not be aware of the vicinity of a boat.

Lately steam launches have been much used for the suppression of the slave trade, but when we were in the service they were only curiosities, and were not in general use even at home, much less abroad.

Nevertheless we managed to get along pretty well without them, as the following short account of a cruise in which we participated nearly twenty years ago will testify.

For some days previously the lieutenant who was going in charge of the boat had been superintending the preparations necessary for our safety and comfort.

When a boat is detached from the ship in the manner we have mentioned, she is supplied with a stove, an arm-chest, containing cartridges, rifles, and revolvers, and a small gun which is mounted in the bows.

In addition to this she carries biscuit, meat, water, etc., sufficient to last for the time she is going to be away.

The ship was hove-to after breakfast one morning, just in sight of the coast, and the launch was hoisted out. The arms and provisions were placed in her, and then her crew took their places. "Shove off" was the order, then we hoisted the lugs and stood in for the shore.

The lieutenant had been on the station before, and knew all about boat-cruising, and as he was a cheerful agreeable fellow the time passed away pleasantly enough relating anecdotes of bygone dhow-catching.

It was a lazy time, however, for there was but little to do beyond sleeping, eating, and looking out for the dhow, which it seemed to us never would appear. We had been hugging the coast for about a week, running a little way up every creek and river, and hunt-

ing bays and behind points, so that it was impossible for anything larger than a walnut-shell to have escaped us.

We had been at anchor all night, and breakfast was just over as we rounded a high projecting headland, and at length beheld the sight for which we had been straining our eyes so long.

A large dhow lay at anchor within a hundred yards of the shore, and from her depth of water it was easy to see that she was well laden with *something*. In five minutes every one was armed and eager for the fray.

As we neared the dhow we looked in vain for anybody on board, she appeared to be entirely deserted.

The lieutenant ordered a Krooman who could speak a little of the language to hail her, and he did so three times but without any response.

"This is very funny," remarked the lieutenant; "there must be somebody on board. I hardly like it."

Hardly were the words out of his lips when suddenly about a dozen heads appeared in different quarters, and the next moment we received the contents of their firearms.

Fortunately they were old-fashioned weapons and did not carry particularly accurately, for we were so close that every shot might have told. As it was we had only one man wounded. Another minute and we were alongside.

"Follow me, lads!" cried the lieutenant. "We'll pay the cowardly scoundrels out in their own coin."

But they did not give us much opportunity for that. They struck about half a dozen blows, and then, as though with one consent, turned tail and sprang overboard, swimming to the shore.

As soon as we recovered our breath we inspected the prize and found that she contained one hundred and twenty slaves.

They had evidently not been long on board, most likely only just received, and were all well and healthy.

Weighing anchor we made sail and steered for Zanzibar—our rendezvous—where we arrived ten days later with our cargo all in good health.

The ship was there waiting for us, and the dhow was speedily condemned, the slaves removed on to our upper deck, and we sailed for Seychelles Island. On our arrival there we landed our passengers, each of whom received a portion of ground with a hut, food, and seeds for planting; and last, but not least, they were instructed in the truths of Christianity.



THE TROUT, AND HOW TO CATCH IT.

BY J. HARRINGTON KEENE,

Author of "The Practical Fisherman," "Fishing Tackle, and How to Make It," etc.

XIII.—WORM FISHING FOR TROUT.

THE last style of fishing for trout is termed "swimming the worm," and though if it be practised in coloured or flood water it ranks in the opinions of true sportsmen with the poacher's arts, yet if practised in the low clear streams of summer it requires almost as much finesse as the fly, and indeed in manipulation requires a somewhat similar method. The worm fisherman always should cast the worm as he would the fly, and not let it float down stream from him.

The rod to be preferred for worm fishing is one some ten feet or so long and made with rather a stiffer top than that of the fly-rod. The spinning rod will serve admirably if you provide yourself with a rather more pliant top joint, for in casting you are to be very

careful not to break or injure the worm in any way. The winch and line may be the same as that used for the fly-rod, but it need not be added that the bottom tackle is altogether different.

Fig. 15 roughly indicates the tackle known



Fig. 15.

as Stewart's, and consists, as will be seen, of three hooks tied one below the other on fine gut. The worm is looped on this, and so as it comes down the stream forms an almost irresistible lure. The only drawback to the tackle consists in the facts that it easily entangles in weeds and other obstructions, and that when the fish are feeding rapidly so much time is wasted in taking the hooks out of the mouths of those you catch. Taking

this into consideration, it has latterly been my practice to use only the single-hook tackle represented in Fig. 16 with a bristle tied at the end of the shank so that when the worm is threaded it cannot slip down. If the former three-hook tackle is most attractive, I am certain that the time saved renders the one-hook arrangement quite as deadly, besides also not allowing the worm to break so readily when the cast is being made. Fig. 16 shows it.



Fig. 16.

Fig. 17.

There is a device recently adopted in the making of hooks which obviates this bristle. The hook itself is slit in the shank (Fig. 17), and, of course, it is impossible for the bait to slip. If this slip of wire does not weaken the

original shank from which it was cut in the making, it promises to be a very useful little adjunct. Not having tried it, I am quite unable to say how this is.

The worm itself next claims our attention, and here I must indulge in a few remarks on the natural history of this useful bait. Of course, every one knows the big garden lob-worm. Well, there are two sorts of this particular worm—namely, the worm with a yellow band near its head, and the dew-worm, as it is termed, without this marking. The latter I look upon as only the miniature form of the other, and, perhaps from its superior beauty—it is a pearly pink with a bright line of scarlet down the middle from head to tail—it is also called the “maiden” lob. Well, that is the one you must use, and not the banded worm. Then there is the brandling. This is a lively yellow-banded worm with a yellow tip to its tail, and is usually found in rotten heaps of tan or manure. It is pretty enough, but, faugh! there is an indescribably nasty odour about it when handled. Nevertheless, it is a very attractive bait. Then there is the cockspur or gilt-tail, which is perhaps the prettiest in colour of all, found in rotten manure also. This is often found to be the best of all the worms for trout. Another class of worm is found under old eow droppings. I do not mean the cow-dung bob, though that is often very useful, but a reddish-brown earthworm with a darkish head. Finally there is the larva of the beetle, *tenebrio molitor*, which is found in old flour mills. This is best kept in bran or flour, and will keep a very long time.

The earthworms, however, require a much different treatment to render them fit for the hook. Some clean moss should be procured and damped and squeezed close between the hands, and the worms strewn over it so that they crawl in, which they will speedily do. This scouring process renders them more transparent and tougher, so that when you are fishing they do not come off so readily or break. If you previously put them in bran for an hour or two they may be prepared more readily. When they are to be taken out fishing be careful to let there be plenty of damp moss, or in the sunshine you will speedily find they become almost baked. There is to be procured at the tackle-maker's a specially made tin to hold your worms (Fig. 18), which is remarkably handy. Of course, it is not indispensable, but being inexpensive it doubtless would be found to outset its cost by its convenience. A strap passes through the bands A A, and is drawn tight to the side.

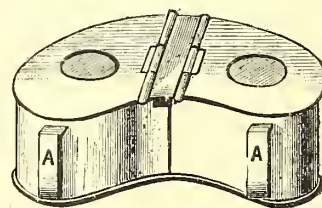


Fig. 18.

(To be continued.)

OUR BUOYS.

THE buoy at Spithead is said by the poet to be engaged to the bell off Ryde Pier; and the bell on the Incheape Rock, placed there by the Abbot of Aberbrothock, and the buoy at the Nore, “The rolling Nore, the stormy Nore, where the waves go tumbling o’er and o’er,” have also been immortalised in song. But no one, as far as we are aware, has yet told us how all the other buoys and bells started in life, and what is the object of their ceaseless work. The buoy's occupation is no child's play, and as there are about a thousand of them continually making themselves conspicuous, heaving and ducking and bobbing round Britain, it is only reasonable that many of their namesakes, excepting “u,” are anxious to have some account of their origin and profession.

Buoys are of many varieties—plain, belted, striped, and chequered; nun buoys, can buoys, cylinder buoys, drum buoys, spar buoys, mast buoys, cask buoys, convex buoys, conical buoys, spiral buoys, spherical buoys; in fact, they are almost of all colours, patterns, and sizes, varying from four feet long to twenty feet, and bearing almost every figure in applied geometry. And all of them are of very serious import to the mariner. In the old days a buoy was any old barrel, tub, or spar that was handy, but now he has to be specially built for the purpose, and built as carefully as a passenger steamer. For the buoy has a rough time of it, and as he is one of the few correct guides to coastal navigation, it is most important that he should stick to his post as long as possible. He is built in watertight compartments, so that if one side is stove in he can still float; and he is weighted, like the newest ironclads, with water ballast, so that he can ride properly and keep his head out of water. To prevent him straying from his beat he is anchored to a flat sinker, or cup-shaped anchor, and the iron chain that holds him is just three times as long as the vertical depth of the water in which he floats, so that his constant jerking and tumbling may not snap its links and set him free. For a very roving customer is a

British buoy when he has broken loose; and when our buoys manage to escape from their monotonous sentry-go, started by a collision probably, they swim off on a long cruise, some to make a tour up Norway, others to look in at Denmark, others to visit Belgium, France, and the Continent in general, a few to get into the Baltic, and here and there one to steer boldly north, get gripped in an ice-flee and ride to and from the Pole. Our buoys are all twin brethren, and every one afloat has his counterpart ashore waiting to take his place; built like him of riveted three-eighths iron, shaped and painted like him, and identical in every particular, so as to be able at any moment to do duty for the runaway.

Wherever there is a harbour, or a shoal, or channel, there is the buoy to mark it, and from the shape and colour of the buoy the direction of the fairway can be made out. Unfortunately we have not yet got all our harbours marked on the same system, but much has been done towards proper organisation in the matter; and not so very long ago a representative congress met under the presidency of the Master of Trinity House, H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, and drew up the following uniform system of buoyage for the education and regulation of the buoys of the future.

Having cleared the ground by defining the starboard side to be that on the right hand of the mariner as he sails with the stream of the flood tide or enters a harbour or estuary, this code proceeds to define a conical buoy as a “buoy showing the pointed top of a cone above water,” a can buoy as a “buoy showing a flat top above water,” a spherical buoy as one “showing a domed top above water,” a pillar buoy as one “with a tall central structure on a broad base,” and a spar buoy as one only showing a mast. And then it lays down that all conical buoys shall be to starboard, and all can buoys to port; that spherical buoys shall mark the ends of middle grounds; and pillar buoys, bell buoys, gas buoys, automatic sounding buoys, *et hoc genus omne*, shall be placed to mark special posi-

tions. Further, it enjoins that starboard buoys shall always be painted in one colour only, while port buoys “shall be painted of another characteristic colour, either single or parti-colour;” that spherical buoys at the ends of middle grounds shall always be distinguished by horizontal stripes of white colour; that surmounting beacons shall always be painted of one dark colour; that staff and globe shall only be used on starboard-hand buoys, staff and cage on port-hand, diamonds at the outer ends of middle grounds, and triangles at the inner ends, and that buoys for moorings may be of any shape or colour, but that those used for submarine cables should be green, and lettered “Telegraph.” Wreck buoys are also dealt with. They are always to be painted green, just as a vessel marking a wreck is painted green; and if the vessel is employed she is to have three balls aloft on a yard, one of the balls to be towards the wreck and two away from it, so as to give a sort of vane to show where the obstruction lies; and this yard, like the corresponding lights at night, is to be twenty feet above sea level.

In the good time coming all our harbours and channels will be buoyed on this method, but at present the various local authorities round the coast have not seen their way to adopt the new system, and their own peculiar arrangements, known only to their own pilots, are in many cases still retained. One very common system of buoyage is that wherein colour plays a conspicuous part. If in entering a harbour you find that the buoys are not of the can and conical shape, so as to agree with the recommendations already alluded to, but that one of them is red and another black, and another red and black, and so on, you may safely conclude that the following is the system. The red buoys are all on the starboard side of the channel, and the black buoys are all to port. When you come up with a red and black in horizontal stripes you may be sure you are in the centre of a narrow channel, and that the nearer you pass the buoy the safer you will be. Should

the red and black be in vertical stripes, a different state of affairs altogether prevails, and it is most important that you should remember this once for all: horizontal always means something different from vertical—in other words, a level differs entirely from an upright, for an upright means shallowness, while a level means depth. A red and black vertically striped buoy, then, marks the end of a reef or spit with a channel on both sides of it, and you can give him a wide berth to right or left. Sometimes, instead of stripes, you will meet with chequers, and come across a buoy all painted over with red and black squares like a chess-board. Avoid him! He is a delusion and a snare, bobbing about on the top of a dangerous solitary rock or obstruction, and set there to warn you to heed him not but pass by on the other side.

All chess-board buoys are objectionable, so never seek a close acquaintance with them. Sometimes you will light upon a pair of them, one with red and white chequers, the other with black and white chequers, and you will then know that there are two obstructions, and that the red is on the starboard side of the channel. It is a great pity that the red should not be on the same side as the red light, but the idea is that the buoy is an "approacher," and that to pass him you keep "red to red" as if he also was coming down on you at full steam. When you get a couple of green buoys, as you occasionally do, you may look out for your figures, for the buoys show a wreck, and the even number is on the starboard side and the odd number is to port.

Always look out for the name on the buoy, and check it with your chart so as to be sure of your bearings. And at night keep your ears open for the bells. We have not yet reached the point which requires that all buoys round our coasts should be lighted with the electric light, and luminous paint fails at long distances, so that we have to trust to compressed gas such as is used in Pintsch buoys, one of which keeps alight for six months, after being started at a pressure of one hundred and fifty pounds to the square inch. But as soon as the pressure is equal

only to that of the air, out goes the light and the night warning ceases. Hence if the Pintsches were generally used there is a risk of their subsiding into darkness, and the only safe course after all is to give ear to sound as well as doing your best with your eyes.

Sound buoys are of two kinds, bells and whistles. A bell buoy shakes about like a dumpy figure in unstable equilibrium with a cage on its base instead of a man. In the centre of the cage is fixed a bell, and round it on the outside ring are hinged the four clappers, so that at every heave of the wave the one on the highest side will fall on the bell and give the sound. In a curiously irregular manner this harsh elangour breaks on the ear at night. It seems to take every pains to prevent its being the "rhythmical sound" we always hear it called. Nothing more unrhythmical can be well conceived than the bang! ching! clang! clang! cluck! boong! ching! of a bell buoy on a lively night.

But bad as is the irregular clang of the bell, it is as nothing compared to the ghastly squeak of the Yankee whistle, which we are confidently told is to be the sound signal of the future. This "screamer of the seas" is a buoy a dozen feet in diameter, with a thirty-three-inch tube run down its centre. This tube is thirty-two feet long, and extends to some twenty feet or so beneath the water level, so as to reach to the depths where the waters are still and the waves cease from troubling. In the top of the tube is a whistle, and just beneath it is an arrangement of valves. As the waves rise and fall the buoy moves with them. As they go up the valves of the tube open and in rushes the air; as they descend the valves close, the air in the tube is compressed, and the whistle gives a wailing squeal like the cry of an expiring porker. Anything more melancholy than the cry of the Courtenay it is difficult to conceive; the mermaids' dying scream must have been music itself to it. Once you have heard it you will begin to hope, as we do, that in these days of the advance of science the sea whistle, by some arrangement similar to that

of our own never-to-be-forgotten "mechanical penny whistle," may be some day induced to substitute for its squeal some lively popular tune.

These noisy buoys are danger-signals like the beacons on land. Mysterious things are beacons at high water, but at low water their purpose becomes clearer. Take Lynnington Harbour, for instance. What a strange array of trees, sticks, and baskets the waters seem dotted with when the tide is in; but when the ebb has run its course, and all the mud is visible, these singular marks are seen to show the narrow channel and lead the steamer into safety. Up the Thames, too, at the end of each reach, and oftener, we get some singular beacons, whose purpose is best seen when the tide is out. On the British coasts there are over two hundred and fifty such beacons to mark the passages, some of them specially built, some of them church towers like the Reculvers and St. Helen's; obelisks like Lord Yarborough's on Bembridge Down, and other monuments kept in repair for the convenience of mariners; and others triangles, globes, diamonds, rings, ovals, and crates specially built on prominences and headlands. Some of these beacons are fixed away from shore. That on the Shingles off Margate is a thirty-inch tube which was lowered on to the sand, and then the men went inside it and dug out the sand until it gradually settled down. When it had sunk far enough another length was screwed on, and so the work was continued until a steady foundation was reached. In conclusion we may note the wonderful beacons at Ayr on the Clyde, at Grangemouth on the Forth, and at Stornoway on Lewis, from which the light streams out at night. A highly ingenious arrangement is that of this light. It looks as though it came from a lamp in the beacon. Nothing of the sort! In the beacon is a mirror, and round the mirror are a set of prisms; a beam of light is kept playing on the mirror from the lighthouse on shore, and this, split up by the prisms, gives the beacon light a "borrowed light that lights the fisher home."

(THE END.)

ENTOMOLOGY AT THE SEASIDE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"Beetles, and Where to Find Them," "An Evening at the Sallows," etc.

(Continued from page 672.)

THE beetle-collector at the seaside is perhaps even more fortunate than the lepidopterist, for he will experience almost the delight of working in a new and unknown country, so different are the maritime coleoptera from those found inland. Whether he searches the shore itself, or the cliff, or the fields, or even the roads, he is sure to come across something worth having at almost every step, and his captures upon his first expedition or two will probably be so numerous that setting them will be found an utter impossibility. In order to meet with success, however, it is necessary to set to work in the right way, or many profitable localities will be passed by, and others more or less neglected. Let us therefore briefly describe the several methods of seaside collecting, as far as beetles are concerned, in order that opportunities may not be lost by the young collector owing to his lack of special knowledge.

Beginning with the shore itself, Seaweed is very productive, especially that which lies above high-water mark, and is sufficiently fresh not to have become half buried in the sand. Shake this, a handful at a time, into the sweep-net, or over a large sheet of paper, or even a stretch of level sand, and you will probably be surprised at the result. If the

weed you have hit upon is a productive one, beetles, flies, carwigs, etc., will come tumbling out in such abundance that you will find it scarcely possible to examine them all, and one pair of hands will seem quite unequal to the task of bottling those which you require. The most attractive weed to beetles is generally that which is lying at the very base of the cliffs, but this is by no means an invariable rule. Even that to be found in layers, mixed with shingle, etc., below high-water mark is well worth working, for many beetles are found nowhere else.

Turn every stone you meet with, and examine its under surface as well as the sand beneath. Sometimes you may find a loose heap of large pebbles at the top of the cliffs, and will probably be surprised to find how little they yield in the way of captures. Do not be disheartened, however, but scatter them loosely about in the grass, taking care that they do not lie more than two or three inches from one another. Next day come again, before the sun is high, turn them once more, and look, not on the ground upon which they have been resting, but upon their lower surfaces, and you will be astonished at the number of visitors. Some stones will have twelve or thirteen insects clinging to them, by far the greater number being

beetles, which have there sought refuge from the unwelcome daylight, and some of which very few collectors would care to pass by. Only last year, at Bognor, I was fortunate enough to take in this way three specimens of one of our very rarest beetles, which scarcely any one had ever met with in England before.

If you can find a dead bird, or other small creature, you will almost certainly discover some of the shore-loving carrion beetles hard at work beneath him. Take him up by his tail, hold him over the sweep-net, and give him a sharp tap or two with a stick. This will have the effect of bringing out those which were feasting inside him, and which you would otherwise have been unable to capture. If he was lying upon the sand, turn up the ground just beneath him. Many beetles retreat into their burrows at the first sound of an advancing footstep, and these, if you do not dig them out, you will never get at all.

Sand-hills are always very productive. If the weather is suitable, the grasses and other plants growing upon them often swarm with beetles, among them some of the best of our British species. Sweeping in such places, however, is seldom of much use, for the herbage is so thick and stiff that most of the in-

sects resting upon it are jerked off long before the net comes near them. A far better plan is to violently shake the leaves, etc., covering a small patch of ground, and then to carefully examine the soil beneath, when the fallen beetles may be picked up without trouble. If you can pull up some of the weeds bodily, and shake the roots over paper, do so by all means. Numbers of beetles take refuge in such situations during the day, and others reside there altogether. There is a certain weevil, for instance, which you will only find at the roots of the Yellow-horned Poppy, another at those of the Kidney Vetch, or Lady's Fingers, a third at those of the Stork's-bill, and so on. If you care for bugs, you will find many specimens in like situations.

When the sun is hot, and there is little or no wind, large numbers of beetles may be found climbing the cliffs, or sunning themselves upon large stones and lumps of chalk. Any little hollow or depression in the sand should also be carefully examined, for insects of various kinds are pretty sure to tumble into it by dozens, and to find great difficulty in scaling its loose and yielding sides. When beetles are plentiful, indeed, it is quite worth while digging out a shallow trench or two for the express purpose of capturing these wandering specimens.

Leaving the shore itself, a great deal is to be done upon the cliffs, or in the neighbourhood of the sea, both with the sweep-net and otherwise. Flowers in bloom should be carefully examined first, and swept afterwards. There is a rather scarce blue weevil, for in-


stance—yelept *Baris abrotani*—which has a trick of burrowing into the blossoms of the wild mignonette, and if he is not dislodged before the net is used you will hardly be able to take him without destroying the flowers. Umbelliferous plants, such as henlock, etc., are always very productive, and the interior of the net, after a few minutes' work, presents a scene of an especially lively character. Take care how you examine your captures. Many of the leaping *Chrysomelide*, near relations of the destructive Turnip-flea, are sure to be present, and if you are not very cautious will be out and away before you can even recognise their species. The best plan of capturing these active little gentry is to give the contents of the net a slight shake before examining them. This will have the effect of bewildering the beetles for a moment or two, and if you are quick you will be able to bottle them before they recover their senses.

Many good beetles are to be taken in the sandy hollows which are often found near the sea. Some of the cocktails belonging to the genus *Bledius*, for example, are frequently common in such situations, and may be found burrowing into the sand, or crawling leisurely upon the ground. There are also certain small, narrow, and highly-polished ground-beetles (*Dyschirii*) which feed upon these burrowers, and follow them into their tunnels just as a ferret follows a rat. These, of course, you must look out for in the same places and at the same time.

(To be continued.)

DOINGS FOR THE MONTH.

AUGUST.



AS regards the POULTRY RUN, all we said in last month's DOINGS with respect to the care and cleanliness of the run to prevent disease is applicable for this month of August. We generally have two kinds of weather in August, however, for during the first or middle part of the month the heat is often extreme; and towards the end rain, storms, and generally unsettled weather often set in. The middle of the month, therefore, will not be too soon to see after autumn repairs. And if limewashing be deemed necessary that also should be set about.

Continue to weed out the birds it will not pay to keep; fatten and kill, or send off to market. Your fowl-run, if you have been sitting many birds from the beginning of the season, will now contain some of all sorts and sizes. The young are very apt to be snubbed and starved by the bigger and older; be careful, therefore, to see that all get enough to eat.

The older birds will be moulting. If your run is well seen to they will need little attention, except a good allowance of generous diet. But if you see any one moping take it in hand at once. Put the ailing bird in a place by itself where it will be very warm and comfortable. Feed it at first as it was fed in the run; if it still continues to all give warm, soft food, and a dust of cayenne in it. Feed often, too, and put an iron nail or two in the water. A little butcher's meat, such as boiled lights, helps to hasten the moult. Some give two or three grains of quinine in a bolus. This is hardly needed unless the weather is cold, which it will not be for some time. A dose of castor-oil—it is to be had in capsules, and is very easily administered—helps to hasten the moult. It may be given to valuable birds about once a week. Do not forget green food. If the birds have no grass run it is essential to their health that they be supplied with this necessity of healthful life.

If you have birds that you intend to show, do not forget our previous instructions. Keep them by themselves, for any fighting or scrambling is very likely to spoil the plumage. They should be kept well sheltered, etc., and they will do far better if the soil on which they run is clean and dry gravel. There is little else to be done this month. Ducks may be hatched whenever you have the chance.

Turkeys, we believe, are seldom kept by any of our young readers; but, nevertheless, those who are ambi-

tious might do far worse than attempt the breeding of them. They will not do well, however, unless they have a good large range, and the housing must be dry and warm.

Spratts' food is handy to feed young ones on, but they should have in addition a mixture of egg and chopped chives. More about turkeys another day.

THE PIGEON LOFT.—Read over the DOINGS of July and June. It will be time shortly to separate the birds and allow no more matchmaking, else you will succeed well only in one thing, viz., in weakening your stock. Continue to feed well, and beware of getting your loft overcrowded. It is highly dangerous. Weed out, therefore, and go in for pigeon-pies if you do not succeed in selling the birds so weeded out.

Look out for cases of illness. If you find any birds going light take them in hand at once, else you will not have the slightest chance of saving them. Put the bird away in a place by itself, namely, in your hospital pen; scatter the floor of it plentifully with old mortar and gravel. Put a dish of salt-cut in a corner. This should always find a place in the hospital pen. If there be running at the bowels your sheet-anchor will be laudanum, about three drops thrice a day in a little water. Do not forget that laudanum is poison. Feed on oatmeal and milk, cramming the bird; but take care not to overdo it. Give also about ten to fifteen drops of cod-liver-oil twice a day.

We shall treat of cold and canker next month.

THE AVIARY.—Put away breeding-cages now; you may have already done so as advised in last month's DOINGS. The principal work for the month will consist in the usual attention to the comfort of the birds, regularity in feeding, and supplying the fountains with clean water, etc., tidying up and putting away all breeding paraphernalia, thoroughly cleaning out the breeding-room, and attending to cases of moult. If the cages have stood upon shelves, these latter must be carefully scoured. It will be well if, before turning your birds into their flight-cages, you thoroughly clean these. Vermin in birds is much more easily prevented than banished after they once get a footing, and no bird can be healthy where they exist. We trust that many of our boys have been moderately successful this year in their breeding attempts. They may have bred some that are quite fit to keep all winter with a view of breeding from next season. Well, let them not forget that success depends much upon the constitution of the birds, and they are very often neglected from this time forward till spring-time. Be extra careful with them during moult. They then need to have more warmth; the cages should be covered over all night and partially during the day, the water always fresh, and the food more nutritious than usual, not forgetting the cayenne, if you mean to go in for K. N. breeding for colour. Give also an allowance of green food.

THE RABBITRY.—Get rid of all extra stock. Overcrowding the rabbitry is a fruitful cause of disease. Continue to feed well. Let your eye tell you whether

you are doing right by your bunnies or not. A healthy rabbit is merry, clean, sleek, and moderately fat.

Mange in rabbits is by no means an uncommon disease where they have been neglected. It is recognised by a general scurfiness of the skin, and scabbiness, with falling off of the hair. The hair should be cut off entirely over inflamed parts, and an ointment composed of oil and brimstone rubbed well in. Some use glycerine and sulphur. At all events, whichever is used, the rabbit must be kept away from the others, and well fed. Meanwhile, alter your management of the others. Clean and wash the hutches out thoroughly one by one, and let the last water contain carbolic acid in the proportion of a wineglassful to a gallon. Dry them well before you put in the dry bedding. Then you may restore the inmates. Mange is infectious in that it is caused by a parasite. Sore hocks will form a subject to be noticed in our next month's DOINGS.

DOMESTIC PETS.—Hedgehogs may be captured now if one is wanted as a pet. They get very tame, but we would not advise their being kept in constant confinement. Let them have the run of the yard. We have known them often get quite as tame as cats. They sleep a good deal during the day, but are lively enough in the evening, and often keep awake all night. They are fond of bread-and-milk, but beetles, garden-worms, etc., are their food in the wild state, and should be partially so when tame. They are very amusing.

THE KENNEL.—Just a word about washing dogs. Do not do so too often; if you brush your favourite every day, once in a fortnight will be often enough to wash, and once a month in cold weather. Remember the water must be lukewarm, and the soap the mildest and best procurable. We use Field's Sapphire soap. It keeps the gloss on the hair. Always wash the soap out of the coat, and rinse down with cold water, then dry thoroughly, give the dog at once a little food, and take him out for a run to make the blood circulate and prevent his catching cold.

THE KITCHEN GARDEN.—Keep celery earthed up. Plant cabbages. Plant out endive as soon as fit. Sow lettuces. Store onions. Sow spinach and turnips. Keep down weeds. Water if needed. Make mushroom beds.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.—Tie up all flowers that trail and look untidy. Cut off withered blooms. Gather flower-seeds; dry and store in a bag, which may be labelled and hung up. Sow silene, forget-me-nots, Canterbury bells, etc. Continue to bud roses.

THE WINDOW GARDEN.—Read DOINGS for last month. Transplant blooming flowers from the garden, and do everything to keep up a show. Take away all dead leaves from the plants and from the boxes as they fall.

OUR PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

(SEVENTH SERIES.)

III.—Fretwork and Carving Competition.

IN announcing this competition subject we wrote, it may be remembered (see p. 15), as follows:—

"So great was the interest shown in our previous Fretwork Competition, that we have determined to give further Prizes in connection with the subject. We now therefore offer *Three Prizes, of Two Guineas, One Guinea and a Half, and One Guinea* respectively, for the best blotting-case or blotting-pad cover. The size, wood, tools, etc., are left entirely to competitors' own choice, but the natural difficulties presented by some woods over others will of course be taken into due consideration by the adjudicators. The cover may be entirely fretwork, or carving—whether sunk or in relief—may be combined with it."

We have now much pleasure in publishing our Award:—

JUNIOR DIVISION (ages up to 14).

In this Division three competitors run each other so closely with some admirable specimens of work that we have been led to increase the first prize by half-a-guinea, and divide it amongst them. We have also given a smaller additional prize.

Prizes—10s. 6d. each.

BENJAMIN LEAFE (aged 13), 18, Post House Wynd, Darlington.

HERBERT G. NORRIS (aged 13), 32, High Street, Nottingham Hill Gate.

WILLIAM HALLIDAY (aged 13), 4, Northampton Terrace, Harrow, N.W.

Prize—5s.

GEORGE SPEYER (aged 12), 48, Sterndale Road, West Kensington Park, W.

Certificates.

WM. C. SIMPSON, Clyde View, Partick, Glasgow.

GEORGE ELLIOTT, Newland, Sherborne, Dorset.

WALTER A. DENSHAM, Warcham, Dorset.

A. E. HALLIDAY, 4, Northampton Terrace, Harrow.

CHAS. E. SPEAIGHT, 13, Granville Road, Finsbury Park.

HERBERT H. SMITH, care of Mrs. Wrayling, Lord Street, Gainsborough, Lincolnshire.

FRANK LENEY, Buckland House, Dover.

GEORGE HORNE, The College, Inverness, N.B.



PATIENT LEARNER.—1. You will do no good unless you have a certificate from the Science and Art Department, and to get that you must attend the classes. There is no opening for outsiders. 2. The plates are given with the parts.

A COLLECTOR.—1. It is currently reported that a cuckoo lays its own eggs, but we cannot personally vouch for the fact. We are content to take the statement on trust. 2. Why not try the experiment? It is not usual to hard-boil a bird's egg before you blow it, but we live and learn, and you might solve what to others may seem an impossibility. If you *do* succeed in blowing a hard-boiled egg we shall be glad to hear full particulars as to how you managed it!

LILY.—You can estimate the cost of a boat at about a sovereign per foot over all. You could get a good angling outfit for a sovereign from almost any London maker.

NEWCOMER.—The diagram of a cutter's sails and rigging was in the second volume, not the fifth.

IGNORANCE.—"Uito" is an abbreviation for "ultimo," and means the last month. "Curt" is an abbreviation for "current," and means the present month. "Inst." is an abbreviation for "instant," and also means the present month.

J. WILLIAMS.—The pressure in the binding has caused the plates to stick. You can get them apart by ironing the backs of the pages with a warm iron.

A. RUMSEY (Oporto).—1. The bicycle is faster than the tricycle, and better times have been made on it. 2. The Coventry Machinists' Company, 15, Holborn Viaduct.

H. A. F.—The makers of the Kangaroo safety bicycle are Hillman, Herbert, and Cooper, of 14, Holborn Viaduct.

BRITON.—For a list of athletic clubs apply to Goy, of Leadenhall Street.

M. ADLER.—There is no such word as "roundation." The word in Isaiah xlviii. 13 is "foundation," and you must have got hold of a copy with a battered f, as misprints in the Bible are not uow probable.

T. F. S.—The best time to start for India or Ceylon is in December. Try "The Coffee Planter in Ceylon," by Sabonnadiere, published by Stanford; or "Tropical Agriculture," by P. L. Simmonds, published by Spon.

TENNISUN.—For the singlehanded game the court is twenty-seven feet in width and seventy-eight feet in length. The height of the net is three feet in the centre and three feet six inches at the posts, which stand three feet outside the court on each side. The service lines are twenty-one feet from the net. For the three and four-handed games the court is thirty-six feet wide, and the service side lines are four feet six inches from the side lines of the court. See our series of illustrated articles on Lawn Tennis in the fourth volume.

F. C. G.—1. Try Professor Coleman's "Cattle of Great Britain," and "Sheep and Pigs of Great Britain," costing eighteen shillings each, and published at 346, Strand. 2. To clean a sponge give it a good rinsing in Condy's Fluid.

M. Y. L.—If you can use a camera so deftly why draw the plans? All you have to do is to put a foot rule along the deck of the boat and photograph it. Photograph the boat all round, and in every photograph let the rule be introduced, so as to afford a scale. Remember that the rule must be at the same distance from the lens as the boat.

C. R.—To clean copper use soft soap and rottenstone, made into a stiff paste with water, and dissolved in a water bath. Rub on the mixture with a woollen rag, and finish off with rottenstone and dry whitening.

DOVEKEEPER.—Your feeding will do. Give rice and small grey peas also. The wounds are probably well by this time, if not use a little vaseline.

G. W. V.—Don't attempt to make dog-biscuit. You can buy them cheaper. If a small dog, a suet dumpling, or dumpling made of fatty scraps and flour, is a great treat, and very nourishing.

J. BEVERLEY.—Like almost all those who send us birds' eggs to identify, you selected a box of the most fragile description, and packed it, moreover, without the least consideration for the energetic proceedings of the post-office officials. The natural result followed, and your eggs reached us in a condition of almost impalpable powder.

EGG COLLECTOR.—It is very difficult, and often impossible, to name birds' eggs from drawings. Of the six sketches you send us, the first is that of the egg of the robin. No. 2 belongs to the greenfinch; No. 3 to the thrush; No. 4 to the whitethroat; No. 5 probably to the yellowhammer; and No. 6 possibly to the sparrow. The colouring of the last two is rather peculiar.

NELLIE.—We cannot suggest any improvement on your treatment of doves, except in the feeding. You must give small peas and barley rice, and grains of that size. Give hemp but seldom, and plenty of clean water.

H. B. K.—The places of the outriggers in a boat depend upon the seats, and the places of the seats depend upon the weight of the crew. The crew should be in the centre, with the seats so placed as to keep the boat on an even keel, and the distance between the seats should be such as to allow full working space for the oars inboard. Do not scatter your men; do not cramp your men.

HALSTEAD.—1. To preserve flowers in shape and colour do as follows: Get a vessel with a movable cover. Fit to the top a bit of metallic gauze and replace the cover. Pass through a sieve into an iron pot sand enough to fill this vessel, and heat it with half per cent. of stearine, carefully stirring. Put the flowers on this gauze, and, removing the bottom of the vessel, pour in the sand to cover them. Place on the top of the oven for forty-eight hours. Then remove the cover and let the sand run away from the flowers through the gauze. It is altogether a pretty experiment. 2. Use plenty of absorbent paper and a good weight on top. But the paper must be frequently changed.

D. L. C.—Certainly. No doctor would pass a boy into the Royal Navy whose teeth were not perfect.

S. P. L.—1. About sixpence to a shilling. 2. Vegetable food.

C. A. O.—Best disinfectant for fowls is fresh air and cleanliness. But you may use Sanitas, or carbolic acid, in places where the food does not lie.

AVIS.—A little sulphur in neck of bird, camphor in the cage, and perfect cleanliness.

ANXIOUS ENQUIRER.—Eat but very little bread. No pudding, potatoes, or starchy food, and no sugar. Take plenty of exercise. Save your pocket-money and buy a bicycle or tricycle.

E. C., M. C. L.—The poem is "In the Signal Box," by Mr. George R. Sims. We gave it in the Christmas Number for 1884.

DIDO.—1. The chief water-colour makers are Winsor and Newton, of Rathbone Place; Reeves and Sons, of Cheapside; and Rowney, of Oxford Street; and your best plan would be to refer to our articles on Water-Colour Painting, and get a tin box with the colours therein named. Colours in pans, cakes, and tubes are sold separately, and you can get the prices from the catalogues of the colourmen. 2. Engraving on steel has almost died out, and engraving on wood is being seriously menaced by the various processes.

R. M. H.—You can only get the first volume complete in volume form. Some of the parts are now out of print.

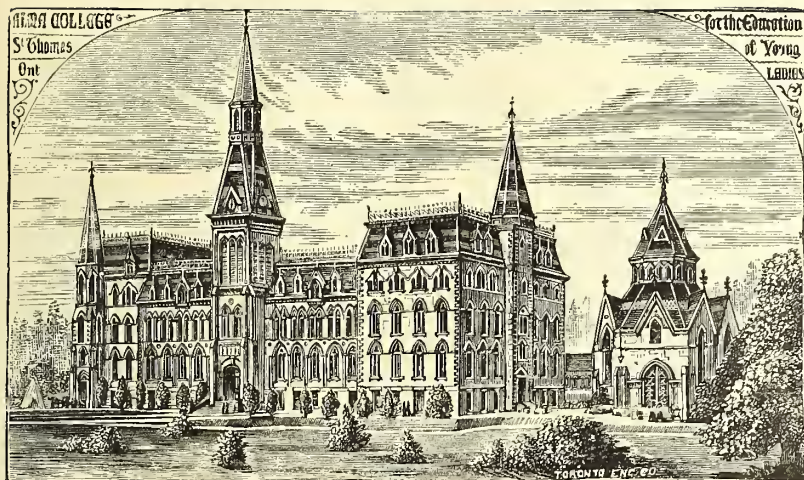
OSWESTRIAN.—In the September part for 1883 we gave an article on making pantographs. Refer to it.

THE "BOY'S OWN" GORDON MEMORIAL FUND.

(Contributions received up to June 29.)

	£	s.	d.
Brought forward..	82	4	1½
June 18.—Collected by R. C. Curtis (Dawlish)	0	7	6
June 19.—Erotostratus (Canada)	0	4	0
June 20.—Collected by C. Butcher (Ilfracombe)	1	12	6
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June 23.—Collected by Herbert Manu, £2; E. K. P., F. C. P., and G. S. P. (Bitterne), 4s.; A Soldier's Six Children, 4s. 6d.; Collected by Francis H. Jordan, 12s.	3	0	6
June 24.—Constance E. Treasure (Shrewsbury), 1s.; H. (a thankoffering), 10s. 6d.; Collected by John Edwards, 16s.	1	7	6
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June 26.—W. B. S. (Wallington), 2s.; Euling (Kingstown), 4d.; E. W. T., 1s.; Mrs. Wm. Sale (Derby), £5 5s.	5	8	4
June 27.—R. F. H. Grosvenor (Hull), 1s.; Collected from the Boys of the Cathedral School, St. David's, by the Rev. W. Matthews, 5s. 9d.	0	6	9
June 29.—W. S. O. (Plymouth), 1s. 6d.; From Eastbourne College, through the Rev. Thompson Todmore, offertory and especial donation, £3 3s. 5d.; Collected by F. G. Dorey (Devonport), 17s. 6d.; Collected by W. C. Anderson, jun. (Breachin), 2s.; Collected from the boys of All Saints' School, Bloxham, by J. G. McLannahan, £2 0s. 9d.; Colin McLeod, 1s.	6	6	2

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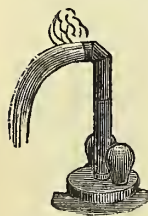
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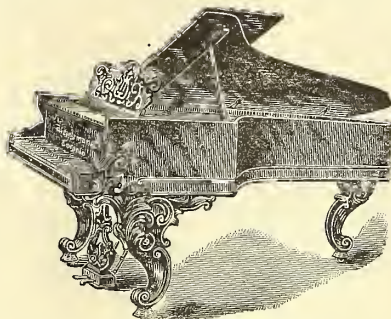
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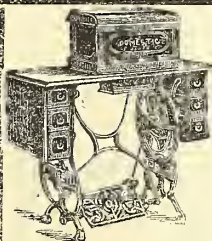
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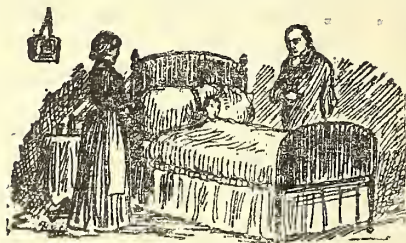
No. 98 YONGE STREET, . . . TORONTO, ONT.

Catarrh—a New Treatment.

From the Montreal Star, Nov. 17, 1882.

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern medicine has been attained by the Dixon treatment for Catarrh. Out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefitted, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissue, Mr Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination—this accomplished, he claims the Catarrh is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, as cures effected by him four years ago are cures still. No one else has ever attempted to cure Catarrh in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured Catarrh. The application of the Remedy is simple, and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure, the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King Street West, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on Catarrh.

Prevention Better than Cure.



LADY.—Oh, Doctor, my little boy is so ill, do tell me what ails him?

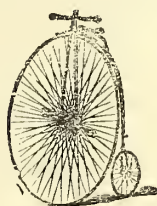
DOCTOR.—It's a bad case of fever, madam.

L.—How can he have caught it; we have paid every attention to sanitary matters.

D.—Have you had your bedding cleaned?

L.—No, we have never thought of that, though we have used it for several years.

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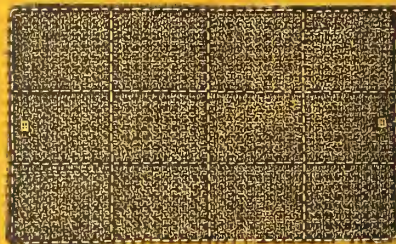
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